

Quincy Monitor.

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FIVE CENTS A NUMBER.

IT CAN BE DONE.

But the trouble is that no lover will ever try.

He walked up and down the room in a very ecstasy of joy, and yet there was an element of doubt in it all. Was it not too good to last?

"Mine!" he said. "All mine!"

"Gold, silver or coal mine?" asked his chum.

"Oh, laugh at me if you want to," exclaimed the enthusiastic one. "I can stand it. It will not detract from my joy, from that pleasing sense of possession. She has promised to be mine."

"Oh, is that all?" returned the chum. "Nothing but a love affair, is it? I thought it was something of some importance."

"Importance!" cried the lover. "Don't you think it's of some importance to win the best girl in the world?"

"But there are so many best girls in the world," protested the chum. "Men are always winning them, you know."

"Ah, but there never was the equal of this one! I tell you, I am the happiest man in the world. I have won her love from a man who was in a position to offer her every luxury, who had golden eagles to my pennies, and now my only fear is that I may not be able to keep it. I have seen so many cases where love has come and gone."

"I wouldn't let that worry you," returned the chum, puffing at his cigar meditatively. "If you are satisfied that you really have her love, the question of keeping it becomes a very simple one."

"Ah, but does it?"

"Unquestionably, if one cares enough about keeping it to do what is necessary."

"There is nothing that I would not do to accomplish that."

"Then let her marry the other fellow. I've never known that to fail."

Yet the lover would not do it. However much the plan might appeal to him, reason it could not be passed over the veto message that came from his heart. And it has been ever thus. Man studies woman and then fails to profit by what he learns.—Chicago Post.

Had to Be on His Guard.

"What is a snob?"

"He is a man in good society who lives in perpetual fear lest he shall run against somebody who knows him."—Chicago Record.

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HEARTSEASE.

While over my life still hung the morning star,
Dreamy and soft in tender lighted skies;
While care and sorrow held themselves afar,
And no sad mist of tears had dimmed my eyes.

I saw love's roses blowing,
With scent and color glowing,
And so I wished for them with longing sighs.

The brightest hung so high and held aloft
Their crimson faces, passionately bright.
The gay, rich, golden ones escaped me oft
And hedged with sharpest thorns the lofty white.

From all my eager pleading
They turned away, unheeding,
Among love's roses none were mine of right.

Yet, of sweet things those roses seemed most sweet,
And most desirable until a voice,
Soft as sad music, said, "Lo, at thy feet
A little flower shall make thy heart rejoice!"

And so, the voice obeying,
I saw in beauty straying
A wealth of heartsease, waiting for my choice.

Great purple pansies, each with snowy heart,
And golden ones, with eyes of deepest blue;
Some "treasured with jet," some pure white ones apart.

But all so sweet and fresh with morning dew
I could not bear to lose them,
I could not help to choose them,
For sweet content sat singing where they grew.

So, now, love's roses shake their scented leaves,
But tempt me not to their enchanted quest.
I gather heartsease set in dewy leaves
And an content. For me it is the best.

Be glad if, sweet and glowing,
You find love's roses blowing,
I sing through life with heartsease at my breast.

—Mary A. Barr in Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

A STRATAGEM.

Captain Levi Skullcap sat on the gunwale of the Miriam, leaning forward so that his elbows rested on his knees. With both hands he grasped the short stem of his cherry pipe, and his one eye gazed seaward across the smoking bowl. The tiller creaked idly to and fro and the sail flapped listlessly in the light breeze that scarcely ruffled the surface of the bay.

"You know that young Mr. Archer tha's stayin at the hotel?" The captain shifted his one eye inquiringly in my direction.

I raised my hand in warning and whispered, "Sh!"

The captain acceded to my request in silence, and a moment later another fine fish joined its fellows that were flopping about a box in the cockpit. A faint splash and the treacherous bait was scurrying away in search of new victims.

"Now, captain, what were you remarking?" I asked, glancing up from the water.

"I was about to remark that it was right off here that me an that sentymantal Mr. Archer was one day last week when he says to me, 'Cap'n,' he says, 'do you s'pose a man could commit suicide here?'

He was lookin mighty melumcholy an'—"

"Do you mean the quiet young man with a black beard who has the second table from mine at the hotel, Skullcap?" I interrupted.

The captain lowered that he had never eaten at the hotel and consequently could not locate Mr. Archer at his dinner, but he admitted that the sentimental young man did have a short black beard, usually carried a pipe and pouch of tobacco in the starboard pocket and a few books and magazines in the one to port.

Having completed the identification, I was not surprised at the suggestion of suicide, for my attention had been attracted to Archer by his avoidance of all companionship and his distraught air. In fact, I had last seen him sitting alone in a quiet nook on the hotel veranda, striking match after match in an attempt to light an empty pipe and accompanying each failure with violent language softly spoken. I mentioned this to Levi Skullcap.

"Soocide was the word he used," my skipper said when he had stoked his pipe, as he called the operation, for the captain was fond of using what he deemed nautical expressions, though he had never ventured to poke his nose ten miles offshore.

It was a failing of Levi to talk a great deal about the deep sea, and at times he even dropped mysterious hints that he had circled the globe as commander of a trim clipper, though, in common with the other Great South bay captains, he derived his title from the ownership of a small catboat and the six aluminum buttons that adorned his patched coat.

"You might commit soocide here, Mr. Archer," I says," continued he, "providin you dove overboard first an then doubled up, or

else walked two miles out to the channel."

"He looks at me kind o' solemn, then sighed an went on crabbin. The day was just like this here, only there was a dead cat'm, an over yander toward Fire Island the clouds was beginnin to rise. I mention them clouds because I was a-hopin they'd bring a breeze with 'em, fer I was tired floppin round in the sun while he lay there on the gunwale, sometimes readin, sometimes crabbin, an most o' the time jist watchin the water. That kind o' thing's all right fer a man that never done nothin an don't have to, but fer a feller like me ez has been used to sailin throo life in a 20 knot breeze, topsails up an every inch o' canvas set, studdin sails included, to have to flop round in two feet o' water like a steam dredge, with the sun blisterin me paint—why, sir, it's hard to bear."

Levi was shaking his pipe vigorously, and I deemed it wise to assuage his anger by exclaiming with an ominous wag of the head, "Oh, you old barnacle!"

This had a soothing effect on the captain, for in a milder tone he continued, "We'd been that way 'bout four hour when I seen another boat edgin down our way. Her sail was hangin like clothes on a line, but she was a leetle furdier out an caught the tide. A man was sittin in the stern an a lady on the gunwale. Mr. Archer, he seen 'em, too, an watched fer a long time. Then he turns to me an says, 'Cap'n, the glaws.'"

"That's jist what he called—the glaws."

"A trim little craft, cap'n," says he. To do him credit, he knows a good boat.

"I don't like the lines o' her body, sir," I ventures.

"At that he kind o' smiles an says, 'I means the lady.'"

"He was right there, too, fer a trim enough craft she looked, with her white duck suit an sailor hat, though I couldn't see her face. I was jist gittin my eye fixed on that part o' her hull when Mr. Archer jumps up, runs for'a'd to the mast an stood there like he was sightin land after a month adrift on a raft."

"Cap'n, kin you run a leetle nearer that craft? I know her," he calls.

"In this win' I asks."

"Pole!" he yells.

"I could pole," I says, "had I a pole, but I hain't."

"He give a long groand an set down on top o' the cabin yander an kep' his eye throo the glass at the other boat that was foolin aroun 'bout a mile off our bow."

"By an by he says, 'Cap'n, there's a breeze comin.'"

"I've been a watchin it, sir," says I, an I ups with me anchor an sail.

"It caught the other feller first, an of a sudden her canvas filled, an she begin to cut throo the water on a beat up the bay. I had the tiller ready, an it wasn't a minute till we was movin too. It was slow at first, but we soon had to reef an went tearin throo the water to beat a steam launch. The clouds had brought a reg'lar hurricane an she pilin up aloft an roarin full o' thunder. You otter 'a seen Mr. Archer then. He kep' runnin from bow to stern an back, forever askin whether I thought we was gainin. Now I'm proud o' this here Miriam o' mine. I'll back her ag'in anything on the bay but that there strange boat. Why, that craft jist slipped throo the water like she was iled. We kep' up pretty well, though, an might o' caught her if the rain hadn't come, an us lost sight o' 'em. I wanted to put back, but Mr. Archer, he wouldn't have it, an kep' runnin up an down, pipin his eyes this way an that way an usin bad language till it come dark an the storm had passed. Then he throwed himself down in the cockpit an lit his pipe an says, 'Home, cap'n!' That was all—jist 'Home, cap'n!'"

I had thrown aside my lines, for Levi Skullcap's account of the sentimental man had awakened my interest, and when he had finished his recital I had turned my back on the water, my feet were dangling in the cockpit and my eyes were fixed on the bayman.

"Didn't he explain why he was so anxious to see her?" I asked after a silence of some minutes.

In reply the captain clambered into the cockpit and, bracing himself against the end of the tiller, fixed the long glass to his eye. I followed his gaze to where it rested on a

small white sail that was moving across the bay, about a mile away.

"I'll be blowed!" he cried. There was a pause, and then he muttered: "Small jib, white duck dress, spoony bow, white hull, black hair! I'm blowed!"

This exclamation was accompanied by a loud rattle as he closed the glass.

"Git to win'ward, quick!" he yelled.

The boom swung around, allowing me jist time to dodge it, and before I had fully recovered from my surprise we were moving through the water under the fast freshening breeze.

"Where are you going, captain?" I asked in a tone of remonstrance.

He gave the sheet a few turns about a cleat, tucked the tiller comfortably under one leg, filled and lighted his pipe, and when the smoke was rising in great volume from the bowl and trailing astern in clouds that must have made our boat at a distance present the appearance of a small steamship he exclaimed again, "I'll be blowed!"

Then I arose in my wrath and, supporting myself by grasping the centerboard and facing the obdurate mariner, cried, "See here, captain, I was under the impression I had hired this craft, and—"

"I'm goin fer Mr. Archer. Yan's her," he said in a firm, solemn tone that brooked no trifling and forced me to submission.

Hardly had the Miriam touched the dock when Levi Skullcap was ashore, and after giving me a hurried admonition to be all ready to push off on his return he clambered into a rickety vehicle and soon disappeared in a cloud of dust. For some ten minutes I struggled with the rising wind and sea that kept incessantly pounding the boat against the dock. At length I was relieved to spy a cloud of dust rolling down the level stretch of road that led from the village. Preceding it was a man on a bicycle. It was Archer. He reached the dock, sprang from his wheel and tossed it against a post, jumped into the Miriam and without a word to me pushed her away, seized the tiller and the sheet, and off we scudded.

"The captain!" I cried, pointing at the approaching cloud in the center of which I knew the redoubtable mariner to be.

"Plague on the captain!" growled Archer. Then he added, more softly, "Get to windward, please."

"But there he is now," I expostulated.

Archer looked around. Standing on the string piece of the wharf, violently waving one arm above his head, while with the other he pointed seaward, was Levi Skullcap. The sentimental man at the catboat's helm waved a hand to imply that he saw the speck of a sail to which the captain was pointing and turned to the business of navigation. Away we went in pursuit.

When the Miriam had at length settled down to work and was with clocklike regularity sticking her nose into the solid green waves and then saucily throwing them up in the air again and sending the water skirting along the rail or flying over me, my new companion broke the silence by appearing for the first time to recognize that I was human.

"Mister-rrr!"

"Kemp," I answered, bowing stiffly.

"My name is Archer."

"I think I have seen you about the hotel."

"This must seem a strange proceeding to you," he said, laughing. Evidently the peculiarity had just dawned on him.

"Rather," I replied, thawing just enough to smile.

"And perhaps an explanation is due," said he.

"Not as long as you can sail," I answered.

On that score I confess I felt no uneasiness, for I soon saw that, sturdy fellow that he was, Archer was fully competent to handle the boat, for all the power there was in the breeze he got out of it, and though time and again the Miriam keeled over till her lee sail was wee awash and my heart was in my mouth, she always swung back again without swerving an inch from her course.

"There is a girl in that boat that I am most anxious to see, Mr. Kemp," said Archer after a pause.

"So I should judge," said I.

"I have spent nearly all my life in London," he went on. "I should be there now had I not met her. She sailed for home about two months ago, and ostensibly by accident, but really by intention, I came over on the same steamship. By the fourth day out from Queenstown we had fixed everything up nicely. Then I happened to remember another engagement—sort of a marriage of convenience—and, like a fool, I told her. She shut herself up in her stateroom for the rest of the voyage and cut me dead at the pier. I humbly followed her to her home in San Francisco. She fled back east. All trace of her was lost, and I came down here to seek."

"Do you think we'll catch 'em?" I asked, with suddenly awakened interest.

"Thank you!" he replied. This simple acknowledgment of his gratitude for my now evident sympathy in his venture won me completely, and I scrambled forward to the mast with a recklessness that surprised me that I might get the bearings of the craft we were chasing.

"How far off do you make them?" he called to me.

"About two miles."

"They are beating along the bay," he cried, "and I think if we hold this course we'll just cross their bow."

The man's judgment was superb, for 15 minutes later we were so close to the other boat that I could see its two occupants plainly. One was a man, a regulation small boat man, attired in a combination of golf and yachting clothes. The second was the girl. I felt that, were she as interesting as she appeared as she sat there on the windward rail, fearless of danger, her face aglow with the excitement of what she evidently realized was a race, Archer was excusable for forgetting his other engagement. I was meditating on this when my companion, who had been hidden from her view by the rail, exclaimed, "Jove!"

"We're all right," said I. "We'll catch them, and you can go on board."

"That's jist it," he growled. "I can't go on board. Why, she would cut me dead or toss me over."

As he was best posted as to the young woman's character, silence on my part seemed befitting. He did not speak again until we had drawn within hailing distance of the other boat, when, he motioned me to him.

"We'll run right across their bow," he whispered. "Don't you mind me. I can see bottom here. Keep right on, and they will have to take me in. Now, look out!" We swept across the bow of the other craft and, by a seemingly clumsy maneuver, went about. The boom swung around, and an instant later Archer was floundering in the bay. I grasped the tiller, and the Miriam scudded away before the wind. Poor sailor as I am, had necessity demanded it I doubt if I could have navigated the boat back to where Archer was flopping about in the water, so it was an easy matter for me to obey his injunctions and sail away oblivious to his cries, which mingled with those of the girl in the tiny skiff.

Only twice did I look back. The first time was to see my erstwhile companion being dragged by main force into the other boat, the second to see two men and a girl gesticulating wildly to me to return, but I smiled grimly and pointed the Miriam toward home.

On the very next day I returned to town, and I heard no more of the sentimental man until late in November. I was walking up Thirtieth street one afternoon on my way home from the office when my attention was attracted to a well appointed brougham that swerved into the curb, close by me. I heard a voice call, "Kemp!"

It was Archer, and as I took his outstretched hand he returned to the pretty young woman who had just emerged from the carriage and said:

"Kemp, my wife."—St. Louis Republic.

An old negro in Kentucky being told that one of his race had been arrested on the charge of forging a note, fervently replied: "Dat's what comes of education. I've got ten children and thank heaven not one er dem kin read or write."

The Quincy Monitor.

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JANUARY, 1898.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Holy Father's celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination and first mass, which occurred on New Year's day, was duly observed at Rome, and commemorated also in various parts of Christendom. There are not many ecclesiastics whose priestly years cover a longer span than those of Leo XIII., but his senior in this respect is the venerable Father Cuddihy of Milford, in the Springfield diocese, who last week kept the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination, which, like the Holy Father's promotion to the priesthood, took place at Rome.

Attorney-General McKenna may not be the most brilliant of lawyers—some of his recent decisions would seem to indicate very plainly that he is not that—but he is the peer at least in legal knowledge of certain individuals who are now on the United States supreme bench; and his promotion thereto was hailed with gratification by all true Americans, if for no other reason, because the opposition to him was chiefly and plainly instigated either by A. P. A. bigotry or personal spite. It is to be hoped that he will show to better advantage on the supreme bench than he did during his short attorney-generalship.

The departure of Rev. Henry A. Walsh of Randolph for Woburn caused great regret in the former district. Father Walsh has labored for ten years in Randolph and is popular with all classes.

It has recently come to light that Miss Marion Lane Gurney, who founded the Church Settlement Home, connected with the Church of the Redeemer, in New York, had renounced the Episcopal and accepted the Catholic faith. Within recent years there have been other defections from the Church of the Redeemer that have attracted public attention, notably, when the former rector, Henry Austin Adams, and the church's most affluent parishioner, Mrs. Wm. Arnold, became converts to the Catholic faith.

It was largely through the influence of Mrs. Arnold and another Catholic woman in that Miss Gurney who is about 30 years old, turned her attention to the faith of the church of Rome. Her conversion was brought about in some measure, too, by Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's Church.

Funeral services over the remains of Rev. Stephen S. O'Brien of St. Philip's church, South end, whose death was announced in our last issue, were held December 31, from the church where he had served so faithfully for the past three years. The vast congregation present, which included many clergymen, testified to the worth and general popularity of the dead priest.

In the early morning the children of the parish assembled in the church at the solemn high mass of requiem for the repose of the soul of him whom they loved and respected, and for whom he had given up the best part of his priestly life. The celebrant of the mass was Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, pastor of the church, and he was assisted by Rev. Philip Sexton as deacon, and Rev. George V. Leahy as sub-deacon. The children of the Camden street home sang the Gregorian chant during the mass.

Long before the hour set for the funeral services, 10 o'clock, a great assemblage of the parishioners crowded into the church, and when the procession of clergymen entered at 10 o'clock, every seat in the church as well as in the aisles was occupied.

The church was heavily draped in black, the altar at which he had so often officiated at mass and the pulpit from which he had frequently preached the truths of his religion being completely shrouded in the mourning emblem.

Previous to the mass 100 priests from all parts of the archdiocese chanted the office for the dead, Rev. Lawrence W. Glynn and Rev. Francis W. Maley being the chanters.

The celebration of solemn high

mass of requiem followed, the officers of the mass being: Celebrant, Rev. John D. Tierney of Salem; deacon, Rev. Maurice O'Connor of the Catholic University at Washington; sub-deacon, Rev. George V. Leahy; master of ceremonies, Rev. Thomas J. McCormick of the cathedral; censor bearer, Rev. Michael Owens of Charlestown; acolytes, Revs. Hugh Cleary and James McCarthy.

Most Rev. Archbishop Williams occupied a seat within the sanctuary and he was attended by Rev. William P. McQuade, pastor of St. James' church, and Rev. P. P. Chapin, D. D., of St. John's Seminary of Brighton, where the deceased priest pursued his ecclesiastical studies.

At the conclusion of the mass, Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell, pastor of St. Philip's church, ascended the pulpit and preached a brief eulogy over the remains of the young priest, who had for three years been associated with him in the work of building up the new parish. Father O'Donnell was much affected while speaking, and in the few words he had to say, he portrayed the life of the young priest of God, who had been summoned before his Maker.

Rev. Thomas F. McManus, for sixteen years a curate in St. Peter's church, Lowell, Mass., has been appointed pastor of the new St. Lawrence's church, Brookline. Father McManus was born in Lowell in 1855, and after graduating from Holy Cross college he entered St. Mary's seminary, Montreal. He was ordained seventeen years ago in Montreal, and was at once appointed a curate in St. Peter's church, where he had faithfully performed his duties and was beloved by the parishioners.

On Wednesday, December 20, Rev. P. Cuddihy, the venerable pastor of St. Mary's church, Milford, Mass., celebrated the sixty-sixth anniversary of his sacerdotal ordination. He was ordained in St. Isadore's college, Rome, on December 29, 1831. He is now one of the oldest, if not the oldest, priests in service in the United States. He has been pastor of St. Mary's church for forty years. Previous to that time he had been on missionary work in Berkshire and the other western countries of the state. He built up stations and churches in Pittsfield, Lee, Hinsdale, Great Barrington and other places in that sparsely-settled region. His first priestly labors were in Ireland. He took an active interest in Irish politics and travelled and spoke with David O'Connell in favor of justice to Catholic Ireland. For his political opinions he was forced to flee from the country. In his case what was Ireland's loss was America's gain.

The month of January is dedicated in a special manner to the consideration of the childhood of our Lord. Thus, beginning with the first day of the year we consider the event of His circumcision an act of obedience to the requirements of the old law. The sixth of January commemorates the visit of the three kings to the cradle of the new born Saviour. All the gospels of the different Sundays refer in some way to the events of his first years, ending finally with the last recorded act of His childhood, the finding in the temple. A beautiful exposition of the childhood of our Lord is found in Father Faber's "Bethlehem."

During this month also, two saintly lives are brought into prominence; that of St. Agnes, on the 28th, and of St. Francis de Sales on the 29th.

The following circular issued by the children's institutions' department of Boston has received the full appropriation of His Grace Archbishop Williams:

Reverend and Dear Sir—At the Marcella Street Home in this city there are over 160 pauper and neglected children—boys and girls—ranging in age from infancy to fourteen years. Of course, these children represent different religious denominations, and it is most earnestly desired by the trustees that the children be placed in families of the same religion as their parents. Other things desired are:

1. Free homes where children will be cared for temporarily or permanently, or adopted.
2. Places where boys or girls may make themselves useful in return for the comforts of home. Opportunity to attend the full school term should be given.
3. Places where reasonable wages will be given, as well as good home conditions to older girls or boys.
4. Boarding places for younger children, where, in return for compensation—in most cases \$2 a week—the best of care will be given. As a rule, not more than two children will be placed together in a home except when members of the same family.

When recommending families it is the desire of the trustees that they be selected with a view to the training of the child in habits of industry suitable to age and condition of health, and particularly that the moral, religious and educational instruction be not neglected. It is a rule of the board to have all homes recommended, visited by one of the staff of the "placing-out" department before same is approved.

We respectfully and earnestly beg your valuable co-operation and assistance in the work of providing for homeless children.

Very respectfully yours,
HORATIO LAMB, Chairman.
CHARLES P. PUTNAM, M. D., Secretary.

A DRAMA WRITTEN BY A PRIEST.

The most remarkable thing about this drama is that it was written by a priest, and that it brings in a Pope as one of the important characters. It is called "The Black Cardinal," a striking name taken from history, and is woven about the great struggle between Emperor Napoleon and Pope Pius VII.

The author is the Rev. John Talbot Smith, of the New York diocese, chaplain of the Sisters of Mercy, at Eighth-first street and Madison avenue, and for many years editor of the Catholic Review. His principal work at present is the co-ordinating of the Catholic writers in the New York diocese.

Father Smith has devoted the greater part of his life to literary work. He has written three novels, "A Woman of Culture," a story of Canadian life; "Solitary Island," a story of life in the St. Lawrence, and "Saranac" a story of life on Lake Champlain.

Nor is this his first attempt at play-writing. He dramatized "Shannon-Gow" from Mainini's "Croppie Boy," and he has written several Irish plays and a farce which have met with favor, although they struck the decline of Irish drama of the old school.

"The Black Cardinal" is a much more important work than any of the others. It has already been accepted by Manager Frank Murtha, who is arranging for its production, so that it is likely that New York will soon see upon the stage a drama written by a clergyman of the Catholic church. Father Smith's writings have not been wholly secular. Two years ago he wrote "The Training of a Priest," a book advocating radical reforms, which made a sensation and met with much favor. Last year he published "The Life of Brother Azarias," an American monk. He has also written much on economic topics.

Father Smith has chosen for his drama that period in French history when Napoleon was trying to subject Pope Pius VII. to his will, and when Cardinal Consalvi, the greatest diplomat of the time, was his strongest opponent. Napoleon wished to make the Catholic Church a mere department in his grand scheme of empire. To this end he first sought to make the Pope an ally and then a subject. Cardinal Consalvi, celebrated as much for his piety as for his diplomatic ability, was the mainstay of the Pope. It is said that Napoleon offered to make Consalvi Pope if he would agree to the Emperor's plans.

The drama turns upon the efforts of Napoleon to get the Catholic Church to legalize the divorce of Josephine and the American wife of his brother Jerome. The latter married Elizabeth Patterson in Baltimore when he was a lieutenant in the French navy and his brother was still First Consul.

When Napoleon was made Emperor he summoned his brother to France, but forbade his wife to enter the realm. She went to England, where a son was born to her. As a matter of fact, Elizabeth Patterson never did enter France after the edict, but Father Smith has taken advantage of dramatic license to make her the principal female character in his drama.

Pius VII. had refused to grant a divorce between Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson, although she was a Protestant and the marriage had taken place in America. The Pope declared that the marriage was perfectly valid. Napoleon wanted it annulled so that Jerome could marry Caroline. Neither would the Pope sanction the divorce of Josephine. The attempts of Napoleon to have the divorces ratified by the Church and the refusal on the part of the Pope and Cardinal Consalvi make the subject of the play.

GOLDENHAIR.

The production of Goldenhair was carried out during the Christmas holidays, upon an elaborate scale. The affair was successful, and the director of the Sunday School wishes to make use of this opportunity of thanking the many generous ones who by their presence aided in such success. That the performance was pleasing to the large audience was evident from the frequent, hearty and spontaneous applause and we congratulate the young performers upon the grace of acting as well as the beauty of their singing.

ST. JOHN'S OFFICERS.

The St. John's society has elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—Thomas Cain.
Vice President—John W. Walsh.
Recording Secretary—Dennis J. Ford.
Corresponding Secretary—John C. McGuane.
Treasurer—P. J. Duffy.
Librarian—William Kingstree.
Assistant Librarian—William F. Callahan.
Chairman of Dramatic Board—J. J. Phelan.
Superintendent—Piero Capiferro.

DRAFTS on IRELAND.

Passage Tickets
to and from the
OLD COUNTRY
for sale by
JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

OBITUARY.

The visits of the death angel in our midst have been alarmingly frequent during the past month. This time his heavy hand has fallen upon those whose gentle and amiable lives had made them the very flowers of the flock. Three young souls, whom all had learned to love, went forth to the country of God, leaving behind them many a fearful eye, many a sigh of regret. Mary Leahy, Matilda Frederick and Sarah Callahan will be missed not only by their sodality companions, but by numberless friends all through the city. And he was a dear soul, too, who in the quiet of the City Hospital spent the last two years of his young life. Frank Sullivan endeavored to all around him in the house of sickness, was especially dear to God for a life of remarkable virtue scarcely paralleled in our days. Of him the highest praise that can be uttered in this: that he is known never to have done a wilfully sinful action, never to have uttered a bitter or uncharitable word. He seemed the very personification of those three virtues which St. Paul requires as the talismanic key to eternal life, solid faith, earnest hope and perfect charity.

DIED AFTER THE OPERATION.

Little Frank Sullivan is dead and a cloud of gloom has settled over the City Hospital in consequence.

The little fellow had been an inmate of the Hospital for two years. His affliction was a disease of the hip and though his sufferings have been intense and he had several operations performed, yet he was one of the most cheerful patients in the institution and his bright smile and cheerful disposition added much to relieve the misery of others who were suffering from sickness. He was a great favorite with the nurses and all of the doctors always had a kind and cheering word for him.

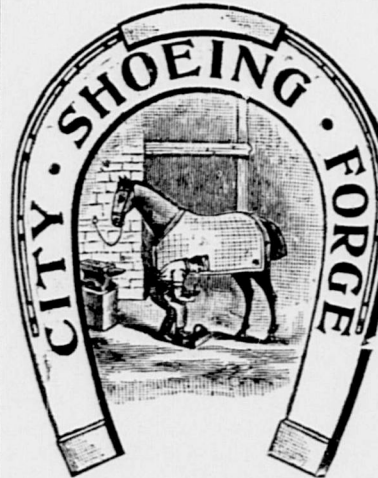
During the summer he seemed to make great improvement but of late the malady seemed to be increasing again and the surgeons came to the conclusion that the diseased leg must be amputated in order to save the life of the little fellow.

The operation was performed on Saturday and the left leg was amputated at the hip. Though he survived the operation, the shock following proved too great and the little fellow died shortly after coming out of ether. His death caused genuine sorrow at the hospital as he had suffered so long and so patiently that it seemed too bad that he should die just as he seemed to be on the threshold of a new life.—Quincy Advertiser.

The children of the different Sunday Schools were happy in the annual distribution of candies during the last month.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CLENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.



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JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.

An American Boy Who Became Lord Chancellor of England.

"What delicious coloring—worthy of Titian himself!" exclaimed Benjamin West, president of the Royal academy, on receiving a portrait, unaccompanied by name or letter, of a beautiful boy with a squirrel in his hand. All he could say was that the painter must be an American, for the wood on which the canvas was stretched was American pine, and the squirrel was such as is found only in American forests.

West's powers of deduction were not at fault. The artist proved to be John Singleton Copley, a Boston boy who, without instruction, without even, as he himself avers, having seen a decent picture till he left America, had produced a piece of work that, contrary to all rules and precedents, was at once given an honored place in the academy exhibition.

Encouraged by West, Copley settled in London. He intended that his son, who bore the same name, should also be a painter, but the boy had other ambition. He would not be known as the son of "Copley, the painter." His client should rather speak of "Copley, the father of the lord chancellor."

The way to that eminence lay through the law, but success tarried. At last came to the young barrister a case of great importance, relating to a spinning jenny. Finding that he could not, from a mere description, fully understand the points of the case, Copley went to Nottingham. His client explained the principle of the machine till at length, impatient at his listener's apparent indifference, he exclaimed:

"What is the use of talking to you? I have been trying this half hour to make you understand, and you pay me no attention!"

In reply Copley went into the whole question, showing such a mastery of it in every detail that his client was astonished. Finally, seating himself at the machine, the attorney turned out an unexceptionable example of bobbin net lace. Subsequently, in court, his explanations were illustrated by the actual working of the model in such a manner as to carry judge and jury with him.

Fees now poured in upon him; he took rank as the leader of his circuit and was recognized as a man marked for distinction, to which he ultimately rose as three times lord chancellor of England.

He did not forget that he was an American by birth. Scrupulously careful of the feelings of others, he was kindly alive to any lack of courtesy toward himself. On one occasion, having expressed some opinion not quite palatable to the king, William IV, his majesty inquired: "Pray, my lord, when did you leave America?"

"Please your majesty," returned Copley, then Lord Lyndhurst, "I crossed the Atlantic in the last ship that sailed from Boston under the British flag before the Declaration of Independence."—Youth's Companion.

New York's Millionaire.

When you get up beside the park and Fifth avenue, beyond the region of superb hotels, you begin to come into millionairedom. Everybody seems to be some sort of a millionaire there. There are sugar kings and railway kings, Wall street magnates and mining princes. In company with a competent cicerone the conversation is a series of names great in the business and social world. Here is the house of the steel and iron millionaire, over there is the house of the baking powder one. There live the multimillionaire pork packers who emigrated from somewhere in the west ten years ago and do not know anybody yet. Over against them is the palace of the great railway king.

Some of these have names to conjure with in that mighty world of fashion which in New York is so large and so serious a part of the life of the idle rich. Others are names known only in the business world through the simple articles they have made their fortunes out of. But the agglomeration of wealth is stupefying, almost terrible. These solemn palaces, brooding in bulky majesty in an endless vista suggest all those fearful questions which must seethe in the minds of the unfortunates who live across town, herded in the misery of huge tenements.—New York Letter in San Francisco Argonaut.

The Velocity of Light.

It requires four years and four months for a ray of light to reach us from the nearest star, and yet light travels at the rate of 186,330 miles in a second. At this rate a first class express train running at the speed of 37 miles an hour would require a continuous run of 75,000,000 of years to reach Alpha Centauri. It would take 250,000,000 of years for a cannon ball traveling at the usual speed of such projectiles to reach this same point, which is our nearest star neighbor.—New York Ledger.

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Music Hall Building, Quincy.

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The management wish to announce to the public that they will inaugurate a series of Bargain days, commencing Thursday, Jan. 1, at which time unprecedented values will be placed on our counters.

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[L. M. PRATT & CO.]

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GROVE STREET
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plans or any information on the above
properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin
& Merrill's Block.

WOMEN LIBRARIANS.

A STATE OFFICE ON WHICH MALE POL-
ITICIANS HAVE LOST THEIR GRIP.

How Miss Hardin Won in Kentucky After
a Campaign Which Lasted Nearly
Five Years—Mrs. Diggs of Kansas and
an Incident in Her Career.

In most commonwealths the office of
state librarian has long been considered
one of the legitimate prizes to be judi-
ciously bestowed on some faithful work-
er among the victors, but of late, espe-
cially in some of the southern states
where the woman's suffrage movement
is strong, this office has been claimed by
women and in several cases they have
actually won it from the unwilling
hands of the politicians.

A case in point is the recent election
of Miss Pauline Helen Hardin to be
state librarian of Kentucky. It was by
no means due to the native gallantry of
the Kentucky statesmen that this choice
bit of patronage was surrendered. The
fact is that the blue grass women got
after the office almost in a body, and
there was nothing left for the legisla-
tors to do but surrender.

Miss Hardin did not get the office
without a struggle, however. There
were others in the field—no less than
ten others. The Democratic caucus was
deadlocked for nearly 48 hours, and it
was only when her friends as well as her
opponents were nearly worn out that
Miss Hardin won her victory.

This was not Miss Hardin's first ex-
perience. Since 1893 she has been mak-



PAULINE HELEN HARDIN.

ing a determined fight for the position.
Twice she has been beaten in caucuses,
but after each defeat she has renewed
the campaign with fresh vigor. Al-
though she comes of one of the oldest
families in the state, being the eldest
daughter of the late Judge Hardin of
the court of appeals and a niece of the
Hon. P. Watt Hardin, she is the prin-
cipal support of her widowed mother
and younger sister.

After her second defeat Miss Hardin
realized that to be fully equipped she
should have a more thorough and prac-
tical knowledge of politics, so she se-
cured a position as private secretary to
Major Johnston, chairman of the Demo-
cratic state central committee. In this
position she was in the thick of the
presidential campaign of 1896, and she
only resigned about a year ago to enter
journalism. Immediately after the No-
vember elections Miss Hardin began her
campaign in earnest. She made a per-
sonal canvass, visiting each member of
the legislature at his home and asking
for his vote. But the other young wom-
en were not idle, and so it was only by
the display of such political finesse as is
sometimes seen in senatorial contests
that she won the day.

Kansas also has a woman for state
librarian, but Mrs. Annie L. Diggs, who
has been recently appointed to the office,
waged no such fight as did Miss Hardin.
She didn't have to. Years ago Mrs.
Diggs won her way to political super-
sufficiency in Kansas, and now all she has
to do when she wants an office of that
kind is to let the legislators know it.
No more member of the legislature is
going to risk political oblivion by cross-
ing the path of the little woman who
downed John J. Ingalls and conquered
Mary A. Lease.

That meeting of Mrs. Lease and Mrs.
Diggs was one of the most dramatic
things which ever happened in the his-
tory of the Sunflower State. For some
reason Mrs. Lease had become jealous
of her coworker in the suffrage move-
ment and one night during the cam-
paign of 1894 openly denounced her
from a platform in Topeka. Mrs. Diggs
was present and said never a word un-
til the tirade was ended. Then, walk-
ing calmly to the front of the platform,



MRS. ANNIE L. DIGGS.
she faced her accuser. For fully a min-
ute the two women—Mrs. Diggs, short
and frail; Mrs. Lease, tall and statu-
esque—glared at each other. Then Mrs.
Diggs, pointing an accusing finger at
Mrs. Lease, said simply, "Woman, you
have lied." Surprised, staggered, crush-
ed, Mrs. Lease abandoned the platform
and the leadership at the same time.
MARY E. LEONARD.

UMPIRE FOR NATIONS.

Distinguished Russian Jurist to Help Set-
tle the Anglo-Venezuelan Dispute.

Frederick de Martens, who has been
selected as president of the interna-
tional court of arbitration which is to
pass on the Venezuelan boundary dis-
pute, is a distinguished Russian jurist
who has a reputation as an authority on



FREDERICK DE MARTENS.

international law. He has written many
works on that subject which have been
translated and published in German,
French, English, Spanish and other
languages. His present position is that
of counselor to the Russian minister of
foreign affairs. He is a D. L. L. of
Cambridge university and also of the
University of Edinburgh.

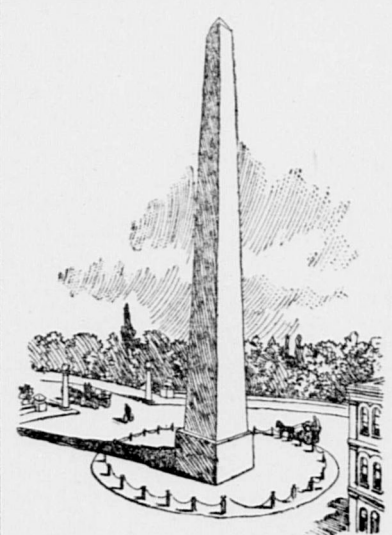
As president of the arbitration court
Mr. Martens will virtually act as um-
pire in the settlement of the dispute, a
position which calls for diplomatic
judgment of the heaviest caliber. He is
by no means a novice at such business,
having been one of the arbitrators who
settled the Newfoundland dispute be-
tween England and France in 1890. In
1895 he acted in a similar capacity in
the settlement of the dispute between
England and Costa Rica. He had, how-
ever, to obtain permission from the czar
before he could accept the present ap-
pointment.

Arbitrators in international disputes
are always well paid and well treated.
Of course they must necessarily be men
who have held responsible positions be-
fore and who are looked upon as unap-
proachable in the matter of bribery.
They do their work in the most leisurely
manner, taking plenty of time to
hear testimony, search records and ar-
rive at their conclusions. The Venezue-
la boundary dispute is a case which is es-
pecially involved and which will de-
mand the consideration of ancient docu-
ments. The court will probably assemble
at Paris during the latter part of
next summer and may be still in session
when the exposition of 1900 opens.

A SANITARY SHAFT.

Sydney's "Scent Bottle" and the Good
Work It Hourly Performs.

Opposite one of the principal gates of
Hyde park, the beautiful breathing
place of the city of Sydney, stands an
odd looking monument. It is shaped
like the Cleopatra's needle in Central
park, New York, and somewhat resem-
bles Bunker hill monument. But there
is this difference—the sides of the Syd-
ney monument are plain and bare as
those of a monolith. The plinth and the
slightly elevated pedestal are as free
from inscriptions or decorations as the



"THE SCENT BOTTLE."
rest of the shaft. In fact there is nothing
about it to tell why it was erected
or why it stands there. Strangers won-
der what man or deed it commemorates
and search in vain for a clue.

Sydney people call it "the scent bot-
tle," and the monument has no other
name. Nothing could be more appropri-
ate. The shaft is not a monument at
all, but merely a monster ventilator. It
stands above the spot where the great
sewers of the city meet and empty into
the big trunk sewer which carries all
the filth and refuse of the city away
under the sandstone cliffs and dumps it
into the sea. They come rushing down
with all their deadly gases and noxious
odors. To the latter the shaft affords a
vent. Their own momentum sends the
gases shooting up the hollow shaft and
carries them, a deadly but invisible
cloud, far above the hood of the shaft,
which itself is 180 feet above the side-
walk.

Probably three-fourths of the people
of Sydney do not half appreciate the
beneficial influence which this queer
looking shaft exerts over the atmosphere
of the city every hour. The sewer man-
holes do not blow off every day or two
in Sydney and houses which are shut up
for a month or so do not become death-
traps. So do, perhaps, American
cities will be intelligently governed,
and then we shall have "scent bottles"
too.

London's Fire Day.

In London there are more fires on Sat-
urday than on any other day in the
week.

Our Foremothers.

The Tribune has no desire to insist
the word "she" shall always be placed
before or after the word "he" in order
that women may have their fair share
of recognition. It is quite willing to ac-
cept the generic use of masculine terms
and to claim woman's right to vote un-
der the masculine pronoun as now they
are taxed under it and would be pun-
ished under it if they commit any
crime. Still it is refreshing to find this
nation's obligations to women as well
as men clearly and definitely recognized
in the halls of congress, where they
have been treated with scant consid-
eration. Senator Allen of Nebraska, in his
resolution for the recognition of the in-
dependence of Cuba, which he intro-
duced on the third day of this session,
pointedly included women among those
who had laid the foundations of this na-
tion's liberty. He said:

"When the splendid men and women
of 1776, by their valor and devotion to
the cause of liberty, erected the standard
of a republic on this continent and tore
down the banner of King George and
threw it into the street, all Europe sal-
uted them as the fathers of a new world,
but we can thank those men and women
for statesmanship and patriotism of a
high order and for placing us in posses-
sion of a continent where true manhood
and womanhood are above all other
considerations and where they count for
so much."—Woman's Tribune.

If Denver Women Had Their Way.

If the women of Denver had the do-
ing—

The auditorium would be built.
Carlsbad would materialize.
The short line to Cripple Creek would
be a "go."

Taxes would be lowered.

Interest would be lessened.

Arbitration would flourish.

The necessity for labor strikes would
disappear.

Denver would retain and use its own
franchises.

It would be sure extermination to
stuffing ballot boxes.

The merry gambler would emigrate.
Bank failures would be a dangerous
pastime.

Sunday closing would close.

The curfew law would be enforced or
repealed.

Politics would vanish from the fire
and police service.

Injunctions to keep the nickel in the
slot machines running would be unheard
of, as well as the judges who would
grant them.

These are not all the reforms that
would come if women had their way,
but they are enough to promise in one
day.—Colorado Women's News.

A Pleasure Book.

One of the women's magazines gave
an account a few months ago of a wom-
an who kept a "pleasure book." She
had had a great deal of affliction in her
life, but she believed that at least one
pleasant thing happened to everybody
in the course of each day. To test her
theory she kept a brief diary of the
pleasant things, and for years not a day
passed that she was not able to record
some pleasure, if only a small one.

This struck the present writer as a
good idea, and last Thanksgiving day
she started a pleasure book. It has
proved such a source of gratification and
such an encouragement to cheerfulness
that she hereby recommends it to all
her friends, especially to those who are
apt to be at all low spirited. Keep a
pleasure book!—Alice Stone Blackwell
in Boston Woman's Journal.

Women on Municipal Boards.

Mayor Malster of Baltimore is so ap-
preciative of the aid already rendered
by women in the management of public
institutions of which women are in-
mates that it is altogether probable sev-
eral new women members will soon be
added to the municipal boards. Of the
three women who are serving with
much acceptance Mrs. E. A. Robinson
is a member of the jail board, and Miss
Kate McLane and Dr. Mary Sherwood
are trustees of the poor. Dr. Sherwood,
who is a specially brilliant woman, is
a native of Ballston Spa, N. Y., and a
former Vassar professor.

Dressing the Hair.

Real tortoise shell combs in various
handsome patterns are coming into
marked favor. If this proves true, the
projected style of dressing the hair low
on the head, as recently determined up-
on, will not have a monopoly. There is
no reason why the high Spanish comb,
with the coiffure on pompadour on the
one hand and the coil or braid of hair
worn on the nape of the neck on the
other, should not severally prevail, in
addition to the psychic knot, arranged
at the center of the back of the head,
from which fall a number of short
zephyr curls.

A Woman Brakeman.

A woman brakeman is the latest in-
novation in a field heretofore held in-
violable to man. Mrs. Jessie Mulligan,
the widow of James Mulligan, a rail-
road conductor who was killed on the
Yellowstone division of the Northern
Pacific railroad six months ago, is now
working for the company in the capac-
ity of freight train brakeman. She is re-
ported as taking kindly to her new
sphere of activity, setting brakes, cou-
pling cars, turning switches and per-
forming various other duties as well as
the ordinary brakeman.

German Tradeswomen.

The German woman proclaims her
emancipation not only by going for
academic degrees in competition with
the men, but by engaging in all sorts of
trades in like rivalry. A recent official
report shows that there are in Germany
3 women employed as chimney sweeps,
35 as slaters, 7 as gunsmiths, 147 as
coppersmiths, 379 as farmers and nail-
ers, 309 as masons, 8 as stonecutters
and 2,000 in marble, slate and stone
quarries.

THE BIG MILL STRIKE

CONDITIONS WHICH LED UP TO THE
STRUGGLE IN NEW BEDFORD.

New England Mill Hands the Poorest Paid
Laborers in the Country—What the
Fines System Is and Why It Is Hateful
to the Operatives.

It is hard for any one who has never
lived in a mill town to realize the con-
dition of absolute want and never
changing poverty in which the laboring
classes exist. So the desperate situation
in which the New Bedford mill hands,
with a big strike on, found themselves
is not fully appreciated. No class of la-
bor in this country is so poorly paid as
the mill hands of New England. In
comparison the street laborers in the big
cities, even the very Italians who dig
trenches for water pipes and sewers, are
well paid employees.

In the New Bedford mills there are
nearly 10,000 operatives. The weekly
pay rolls of the big mill corporations
average from \$70,000 to \$75,000. If
this sum were evenly divided, each op-
erative would receive from \$7 to \$7.50
a week. But it is not divided up into
pro rata shares. The sum total includes
the salaries paid corporation treasurers,
some of whom receive as high as \$750
a week, as well as the wages of girl
weavers, many of whom do not make
more than \$2.50 a week. It also includes
the salaries of superintendents, foremen
and assistant foremen, who are paid
from \$12 a week up.

A good weaver, a man strong enough
to run eight looms, can make an aver-
age of \$6.50 a week. The average would
actually be about \$7, but fully 50 cents
a week must be allowed for fines. Fines
are imposed for being late in reporting
for work, for talking or laughing with
a fellow employee during working
hours, and for any blemish in a piece of
cloth the weaver is fined half the price
of weaving the whole cut. These are
not merely dead letter rules. They are
rigidly enforced and are imposed with
such regularity that when a mill hand
figures his wages he must make allow-
ances for the fines.

It was because a reduction of 10 per
cent was proposed that the general



ANDREW G. PIERCE.

strike was inaugurated. The average
wage earner would not think a cut of 65
cents per week a matter of vital mo-
ment, a matter to call for desperate re-
sistance, but when the problem of sup-
porting a family on \$6.50 a week is
changed to that of doing the same thing
on \$5.85 it becomes a serious matter.

The machinery of organization with
which the fight is being waged consists
of three labor organizations, unions of
the spinners, weavers and carders. The
carders are the strongest numerically,
having 3,500 members. The weavers
number about 3,300, and there are
about 600 union spinners. Besides these
there are some 300 firemen, 1,000
spoolers, winders and reelers and 250
slashers and fixers, the balance being
made up of unskilled help. The labor
leaders claim that their unions are
strongly organized and that in their
combined treasuries at the beginning of
the strike they had a fund of \$75,000.
The mill corporations, on the other hand,
are backed by unlimited capital.

One of the most prominent of the
mill owners is Andrew G. Pierce, presi-
dent of the Wamsutta mills. He is re-
puted to be the richest man in New
Bedford. His corporation is by far the
largest in the city. It has seven mills
in which are employed 2,100 operatives.
Mr. Pierce was born in New Bedford in
1829 and in 1855 became treasurer of
the great Wamsutta mills corporation,
a position which he recently resigned in
favor of his son. Besides his mills Mr.
Pierce is interested in numerous other
corporations, insurance companies and
other commercial enterprises. It is es-
timated that his various salaries aggre-
gate \$40,000 a year. He lives in a large,
plain, substantial brick mansion in the
older part of the town and quite remote
from the corporation barracks tenanted
by the mill hands. One of his sons,
Andrew G. Pierce, Jr., is treasurer of
the Pierce and Howland and Roads
mills and draws a salary of \$30,000 a
year, or a little less than \$400,000 a
year.

Besides being the largest corporation
the Wamsutta mills are the oldest.
They were started in 1846 with 10,000
spindles and 200 looms. Now over 220,
000 spindles and 4,500 looms are in op-
eration. The 2,100 operatives are paid
weekly an average of \$7 each. This cor-
poration has been financially successful
in a marked degree. During 24 years of
its existence it paid 50 dividends
amounting to 301 per cent with an un-
divided surplus of 9 per cent.

Says Matthew Hart, secretary of the
weavers' union and therefore a prejud-
iced individual: "The fines system
with which the weavers have to con-
tend is one of their chief grievances.
The weavers had come to the conclusion
that it was a question of starvation any-
way and that they might as well starve
idle as working."

JOHN F. WILLOUGHBY.

Boston Bargain Store,

Music Hall Building, Quincy.

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The management wish to announce to the
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Bargain days, commencing Thursday, Feb-
ruary 1st, at which time unprecedented values will be
placed on our counters.

This is a new feature for Quincy, and when
we say Bargains we mean it, and you will find
something new every Thursday, and more than
your money's worth. These Bargains will be
only for Thursday of each week.

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THE GOLD CRAZE IS ON.

The Rush to the Klondike Attains Astounding Proportions.

ALL CLASSES CATCH THE FEVER.

Transportation Companies Will Be Swamped and the Days of 1849 Discounted. West Is Wild Over Gold—Robbing the Passes of Some of Their Terrors.

Just 50 years ago was begun in this country a rush for gold which was participated in by hundreds of thousands of men. It was a movement so dramatic in attendant circumstances and so important in results that we have not yet stopped talking about it. Today we are about to witness another rush of a similar nature, but so different in detail that it is just as novel and interesting.



"CASH"—THE KLONDIKER OF TOMORROW, as if we had never been through the experience at all. Besides, we forget a lot in half a century.

How many men are going to the Yukon goldfields during the coming year? I don't know. Neither does any one else. A random guess is worth as much as the most careful estimate. There are no precedents to go by, no statistics on which to base calculations. You might as well try to figure out how many boys will go swimming on the 1st of next June. Could you put a finger on the public pulse you would notice that it is beating quicker than usual. That is the gold fever.

The street car conductor who takes your nickel, the bank clerk who receives your deposit, the grocer who measures out your tea and sugar, the dry goods clerk who is today cutting silk and cotton, tomorrow may be on his way to the frozen north after gold, prepared to endure hardships and privations, nerved to face death if necessary, ready to take his chances with a vast army of others and willing to stake his all on a single throw.

Whether this desperate army of fortune hunters will number 100,000 or 500,000 nobody knows. We do realize, however, that the number will be a vast one. If you don't realize that, stop and think. From every large city will go hundreds, from the smaller cities scores. Each town will send a handful of representatives, and from almost every hamlet will go one or two. How many men do you know of personally who have either started for Alaska or who are planning to go? I have not such an unusually wide circle of acquaintances, but I can count up 11 without thinking very hard. Four are already on the way. Three more are about to start. Possibly some of those who have talked the loudest will be the ones who will not go at all. That is generally the case.

But if every locality is to be so generously represented up in the gold country just fancy what a multitude they will make. Why, with only a limited number of delegates from each district it is very easy to get together more than 100,000 people at a big convention. But in this case some of these limitations are taken off. Every man who can get the money and who can shake off family ties is free to go.

Who are the men who are ready to try this new venture? All sorts and conditions of men. Many of them are men who have failed in everything else they have undertaken and singularly imagine that the peculiar qualities of mind which were not of the right kind to help them win in the smoother waters of everyday life will somehow bring them out on top in the human maelstrom.



WHAT HE EXPECTS TO DO, which will soon be whirling through the forbidding passes of southern Alaska. Then, again, some are men who have been fairly successful in more prosaic lines of trade. They expect that those same talents will multiply their capital a hundredfold on the Klondike. So they are going to pull up stakes.

New Englanders and people in the middle states are somewhat conservative, and they have not caught the gold fever so generally as the people farther west. Still New York and New Eng-

land will turn out a big crowd of gold-seekers. But the eastern folks do not realize how fiercely the fever is raging west of the Mississippi. The inducements are many. All the trades and professions are overcrowded. The profits of the small business man are as uncertain as the wages of the day laborer. Alaska offers a welcome outlet.

So doctors are leaving their patients, butchers their shops, reporters, bookkeepers and editors their desks, clerks the counter, bakers their ovens and mechanics their benches. The hordes to California in 1849 is to be eclipsed. There are already almost as many men either in the Alaskan goldfields or well on the way there as poured into California during the entire duration of the placer mining excitement. There are more of us to go now, for one reason, and it is easier to reach the goldfields for another.

And how are they all going to get there? That is a problem over which some of the brightest and brainiest steamboat men in the country have been puzzling for months and none sees his way clear yet. As far as the railroads go the transportation question is settled. The railroads can take all comers, and the competition among the transcontinental lines is already fierce and is getting keener every day. Three of the roads have Klondike cars traveling from place to place and fitted up with mining exhibits. Jars of gold dust and nuggets are displayed and profusely pictured printed matter is distributed. The Canadian Pacific is making an energetic bid for its share of the business, and is scattering its advertisements not only all over the Dominion, but throughout Europe.

As for the steamboat men, they simply throw up both hands. The managers of lines now in existence on the Pacific coast realize that they are not equipped to meet the emergency and frankly say so. They add, however, that they will do their best. San Francisco, Seattle and Victoria are the three points where the prospectors will meet the first difficulties of the journey. Even the comparatively small number of people that wanted to go northward last season was enough to overload the steamers, although as many vessels as were available were pressed into the service. Before spring opens the steam fleet on the Pacific coast will have been doubled and trebled, but even that will not be sufficient to furnish transportation to Juneau, Dyea and other points for the thousands who are already swarming the docks and wharfs at the three important ports.

Already all sorts of steam craft have been put into the Alaska carrying trade. Anything that will float is being prepared for the spring rush to the Klondike.

Eastern steamboat men are not letting this opportunity pass without making an effort to have a hand in reaping the



HIS DREAM OF FAME.

golden harvest. More than a dozen good sized steamers have been sent around Cape Horn and will soon be ready to hurry the gold hunters northward. The latest enterprise of this kind was the organization only the other day of an Alaskan transportation company in Philadelphia. The backers of the project have plenty of capital and have purchased five big steamers. Shipbuilding operations are booming all along the northwest coast, and in the vicinity of Seattle alone contracts have been let for 20 steamboats and 24 steam barges suitable for the Yukon river trade.

But even increased steamer facilities will not make the path to the Klondike an easy one. The Yukon is not navigable for more than four months of the year at best on account of ice, and when it is open the water is so low part of the time that all but steamers of the lightest draft are constantly in danger of running aground. The best the steamers can do is to land the great crowds at Juneau, Skagway or Dyea, from where they must take their choice of overland routes to the headwaters of the Yukon.

There are several passes which have been well traveled, but none that is particularly easy. Still hundreds of men and women have gone over each one of them, and the thousands on thousands who are to follow must take things as they find them. Yet before the season is over many of the difficulties which the pioneers met and conquered will have been smoothed over or done away with entirely. Over the dreaded Chilkoot pass an aerial cable railway is being built, and the projectors hope to have it in running order early in the spring.

Most important of all are the operations of two railroad companies which propose to build lines from Pyramid harbor, near the head of the Lynn canal, to points on Lewes river below Five Finger rapids. Both corporations have engineers and surveyors at work, and it is said that they will soon begin a railroad building race which will astonish the world. The length of the route is about 400 miles, and the projectors figure that the cost per mile will be about \$30,000.

These are a few of the more prominent features of this mad rush after Yukon gold. There will be many new developments before the summer of 1899 is over. What they will be I do not pretend to predict, but whatever they are they will be worth watching, for these are times your children will want you to tell them about a quarter of a century hence.

SEWELL FORD.

PROMOTION COMES LATE.

Colonel Cushing, the New Commissary General, Served 26 Years as Captain.

Colonel Samuel T. Cushing, the new commissary general of subsistence of the army, knows as much about fighting as he does about bargaining for rations, for he has seen much active service during the 38 years he has worn the blue. He was appointed to the Military academy in 1855 from Rhode Island, and after being graduated in 1860 went immediately into the field during the Navajo war in New Mexico. He was the first regular officer detailed for duty with the signal corps at the beginning of the civil war. He was placed in charge of the camp of signal instruction near Washington and organized the



COLONEL SAMUEL T. CUSHING.

service. In 1863 Captain Cushing acted as signal officer in Washington and directed the operation of the corps throughout the United States. Later he was chief signal officer to several prominent generals, and at the battle of Fredericksburg established the first line of magnetic telegraph ever used in actual war and exposed to the fire of the enemy. In 1863 he was made captain in the subsistence department, and during the rest of the war was in charge of important subsistence posts in Kentucky and Mississippi.

Since the war Colonel Cushing has been stationed at posts in various parts of the country. After serving in the field against the Bannocks he was stationed at Pittsburg in 1884 to relieve the Ohio flood sufferers and was then sent to Texas, where he received his promotion to the rank of major after a service of over 26 years as captain. He served four years at Fort Leavenworth, and after a year in Omaha was ordered to Washington, where since 1894 he has served as principal assistant to the commissary general. Just a year ago he reached the grade of colonel.

A WOMAN ARGONAUT.

Miss King Will Be the First Woman to Hold Office in Alaska.

Miss Florence King, a Chicago woman, has been appointed commissioner of deeds for Alaska by Governor John G. Brady. She is the first woman to be appointed to office in the district of Alaska. She was given the office in order to encourage the Alaskan development scheme of which she is at the head. The duties of the office include the filing of mining claims as well as the registration of deeds.

Miss King is president of the Alaska Gold club, which is to send 150 women to the gold region of our arctic territory. She will be stationed at Sunrise City, on Cook's inlet, one of the southern bays, and ten days' travel from Seattle. It is to the vicinity of this inlet that she proposes to lead her band of women, who will start as soon as the season is far enough advanced to allow them to venture so far north.

An experienced prospector has already sailed for Alaska for the purpose of lo-



MISS FLORENCE KING.

cating claims for the women. When they reach the scene of their operations, the women will take possession of their claims and file their papers with Miss King as soon as she can establish her office. The women gold-seekers have chartered a ship for their own use, so they will not have to bother about steamboat transportation. They will not do the actual work of mining themselves, but their claims will be worked on shares by a company already operating in the neighborhood of Sunrise City. The region surrounding Cook's inlet is said to be rich in coal, oil and copper as well as gold, and the climate is so mild that work can be kept up all the year round. Of course all the women expect to make their fortunes and anticipate a real delightful time while they are doing it.

A Box of Orders.

It is stated that the king of Siam, who recently visited Europe, has had to have a special box made to hold all the insignia of the distinguished orders conferred on him by brother monarchs.

A TALE OF AUTHORS.

Missing Links Which You May or May Not Be Able to Supply.

A brave and hardy yeoman had been riding slowly over the plain and through the autumnal — whose leaves of red, yellow and — were drifting slowly to the earth, covering the grunting — in his wallow and frightening the timid — that was bleating for its mother. It was nearing evening and the sun was hidden by a huge — cloud, whose vivid lightning portended a storm. An icy wind from the — made him shiver in spite of his thick clothing. He began looking for a place of shelter when he saw coming a floury coated — and a portly — who ruled over a neighboring monastery. The three travelers greeted each other courteously and passed on in friendly converse.

The dainty and delicate churchman complained louder that, "The hot sun — my face fearfully. Indeed it is — so that my complexion is nearly ruined."

It now began to rain and they commenced to — in earnest for shelter. They had begun to despair when they reached a modest cottage in the woodland. The peasant owner of it made them welcome and sent them up into the — of the house to change their wet clothing. The apartment seemed to be a general storeroom for odds and ends of all kinds. From the rafters hung huge fitches of — strings of dried apples, and collections of seeds of various kinds. In one corner were a dozen — of grain.

The churchman picked up a book and began to — it, but soon threw it down with the remark that if he were the — or even one of his cardinals he would burn the heretical author of it. Neither of his companions was listening to him, for the voices of the people below stairs could be heard. The man remarked, "We must kill the old —, but it will be awfully lonesome without him quacking around the house."

His further remarks were inaudible for the — and barks of the dog drowned his voice. The woman was not to be outguessed and her voice rose clear and triumphant as she asked, "How will you kill him? Won't wringing his neck — him?"

"No — than if I put the knife in to his breast and cut his — out," he answered sadly. "I'm afraid they are hearty eaters, his reverence is a — of a big man." "Yes, he is fatter but he is not such a — as the other two." "My sister says they all drink lots of wine. She gave me her word that his reverence is —." "Your sister's — not so much as you think for," he said sneeringly. "We must satisfy them if possible," she said, trying to change the subject. "If it keeps on raining, we will have to keep them all night. I guess we can — them away somewhere."

The travelers were just sitting down to dine when the setting sun broke out from behind the clouds. The churchman clapped his hands like a — as he cried out, "We can all go to our — or, as the Indian would say, each to his own —." The storm was indeed over and soon the peasant and his wife were alone dining on the meal prepared for their guests. — Kansas City Star.

The Number of Languages. The least learned are aware that there are many languages in the world, but the actual number is probably beyond the dreams of ordinary people. The geographer Baldi enumerated 860 which are entitled to be considered as distinct languages and 5,000 which may be regarded as dialects.

Adiguins, another modern writer on this subject, reckons up 3,064 languages and dialects existing and which have existed. Even after we have allowed either of these as the number of languages we must acknowledge the existence of almost infinite minor diversities, for almost every province has a tongue more or less peculiar, and this we may well believe to be the case throughout the world at large.

It is said there are little islands lying close together in the south seas the inhabitants of which do not understand each other.

Of the 860 distinct languages enumerated by Baldi 89 belong to Europe, 114 to Africa, 123 to Asia, 417 to America and 117 to Oceania, by which term he distinguishes the vast number of islands stretching between Hindustan and South America.

The Wage Question.

A young colored philosopher was employed in one of our stores at a salary of \$3.50 a week. He told his employer one morning that he was going to leave, having got a better place.

"A better place?" echoed his employer. "What wages are you to get?"

"Three dollars a week."

"But that is not as much as you get here."

"No," said the boy, "but then it's better to do less and not get so much than to do more and not get enough." — Boston Transcript.

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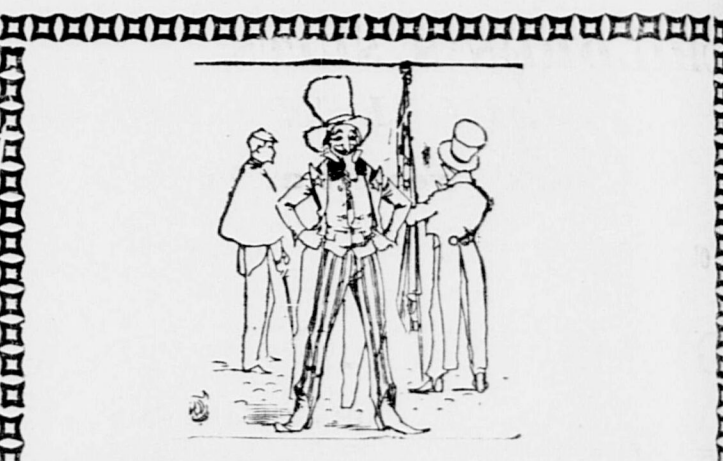
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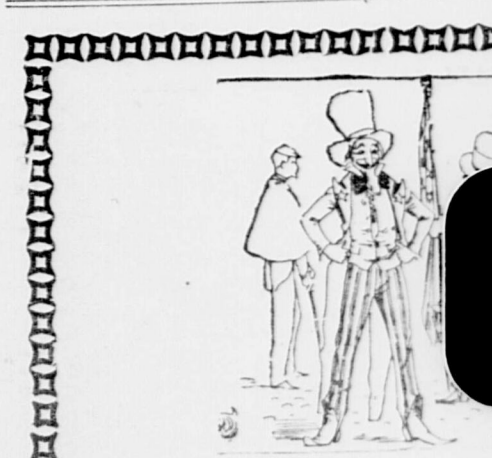
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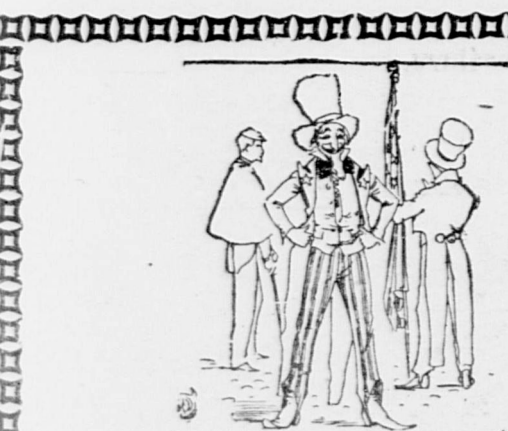
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WYNNE'S COURAGE.

It was a hot day by the wells at Koster, not only because of the sun, which was responsible for a mere 100 degrees of temperature, but because of the inordinate number of apparently immortal Arabs who were marshaled or rather thrown in battle array and who came rushing ever and again in yelping multitudes on the devoted bayonets of a little square of British infantry. They fell, of course, in heaps before the volleying rifles and machine guns, but die they would not. Perseverance had taken flesh within them, and they writhed, foaming with pain, through sand and scrub, to bury their steel, not in the bosoms, but in the lower limbs and entrails of their enemies.

There were young soldiers fascinated by the fear of death, who would watch them coming, powerless to ward off the blow, the empty rifle clutched foolishly in the trembling hand, till the fierce steel had bitten out their life.

Marmaduke Wynne was a young soldier; not so young in years, but this was his first battle, and he was afraid—horribly, paralytically afraid. He felt fear in his heart, in his throat, in his arms, his legs, his feet and his hands. It had worked its way into his revolver and his sword; his very helmet seemed infected by it, and covered limply on his head. He stood at a corner of the square behind his men, not even pretending to direct their fire, his face white under the sunburn, and his eyes half closed to hide the horror around him. He dared not look up; if the fear once crept into his brain he knew he must run; whether he could not tell—perhaps into the midst of the enemy for very shame.

He was surprised at his weakness, though all his past life might have told him that it was bound to come upon him. Not that his soul was cowardly; as a boy he had ever dreamed of high deeds of knightly prowess which he would do when manhood had given him the power, but now that his first maturity had been entered he still felt himself, as of old, powerless to realize his brave ambition. At Cairo he had blushed at the anticipation of his coming glory; here at the front facing the enemy his stomach was sick with fear and dishonor.

On came a posse of fanatics, their long knives aflame in the sunlight. A shout, a burst of smoke, a quiver of bayonets—they disappear, but two more of Marmaduke's men are gone. One had been just in front of him—the enemy had got so far. His lips blanch; the adjutant's voice breaks in upon his ear.

"Say, Wynne, this won't do. This beggar's rifle's sighted to 1,500. That's all nonsense."

Another shout, another rush; the boy slips back the sight, raises the rifle to his shoulder, picks out a horseman in the oncoming mob and pulls the trigger.

"Got him!" says the adjutant triumphantly as the man falls from his saddle, thereby impeding the rush of those behind. The boy throws down the rifle and turns away saying, "Try 300, and keep your men better in hand." He passes on down the square.

Wynne dared not reply. He knew his teeth would chatter if he opened his mouth. How he envied the other his coolness, and yet hitherto he had never thought him a better man than himself—scarcely had he deemed him as good. It was all a question of temperament, he supposed. Certainly that the latter had killed the savage horseman was entirely thanks to his nerves; there was no courage required to shoot a man 200 yards away if one only knew how to do it. Then he reflected that he himself was afraid to fire off his revolver for fear of hitting his own men. There was nothing cowardly in that; it merely showed his consideration for others or at worst his lack of self confidence. And yet he knew at the bottom of his soul that he was behaving disgracefully.

He tried to pull himself together, and as a fresh charge came surging forward he made a movement as if of advance to meet it, but a spear whizzed over his head, and in spite of himself he shrank back. The savages rushed in upon his men with a dreadful howl, and to his

horror they gave way. His sergeant, on whom he had relied, was cut down and the young soldiers fell back. He tried to tell them to be steady, but the words would not come. He shook in a palsy of fear, and for one long moment he stood staring at the scene in front of him with the gaze of an idiot.

"Close up, close up!" he heard the adjutant shout. "Wynne, do you want us all massacred?" The boy had jumped unarmed into the breach and knocked an Arab down with his clinched fist. Wynne essayed to follow him, but his limbs refused to serve him.

He closed his eyes in agony * * * opening them again to find the line filled up by fresh men, and the adjutant standing beside him with rage and contempt in his childish eyes.

"For God's sake, forgive me!" whispered Marmaduke. A furious retort was on the other's lips, but he checked himself at the look of unutterable anguish on Wynne's face. A pitying haze came to his eyes and he turned away, shrugging his shoulders.

The fire ceased on all sides of the square, and a handful of hussars galloped forth to ride down the retreating enemy.

Marmaduke lay panting on the ground by the wells. A fatigue party, 20 feet away, was pumping up the yellow, fetid water through a leaky hose. A squalid crowd of men were scattered about, groping in ment tins which emitted a horrid odor of decay. Marmaduke was dying of hunger and thirst, but he dared not eat such food. At the sight of it his hand went instinctively to his nose. So it was with the water. To assuage his thirst he sucked the buckle of his sword belt; to keep down the pangs of hunger he munched a piece of biscuit, turning it over many times in his mouth and only swallowing a particle at a time. It was not hunger that he minded; it was thirst.

Suddenly the pumping stopped. "Halleluia!" sang out a voice.

"Well, of all the blooming things!"

"What's the matter?"

"Who'd have thought we'd have chawnced on the blessed mawdie's wine cellar?"

Marmaduke sprang to his feet. One of the fatigue party stretched over the well had pulled out from some esoteric place of concealment one, two, three, four, five, six bottles of champagne. The men gathered round.

"Koch Fils, 1884," read one slowly. "Guess this ain't no ginger beer, anyhow!"

For once Marmaduke had his wits about him. "Give you a tinner for the lot!" he shouted. The finder of the treasure trove stared at him impudently. It does not take long for a soldier to reckon up his officer when he has seen him under fire.

"Five quid apiece is my price," he replied. "There ain't no bloomin' civil service stores out here."

Marmaduke flushed angrily, but he handed the man a promissory note and took two bottles.

Marmaduke cracked his first bottle and swallowed half of it at one gulp. It made him feel light in his head, but, God, how delicious it was!

He saw the adjutant looking at him wistfully, a canful of the muddy water in his hand. Wynne was about to call to him when he remembered the events of the day, and turned so that the other might not see his face. Then his moral courage, of which he had plenty, came back to him, and, clinching his teeth, he wheeled sharply about and approached the adjutant.

"Will you condescend to drink some of my wine?" he began sturdily, but his voice faltered as he added, "I do not ask you to drink with me."

The other looked askance at him a moment, then said: "Don't be a dashed idiot. Of course I'll drink with you, and jolly grateful."

"I'm afraid you must have thought me a beastly funk today," said Marmaduke, his tongue wagging with wine.

"Oh, nonsense. You merely had a touch of the nerves," said the boy. Wynne was still sober enough to grasp greedily at this merciful theory.

"That was all," he said thickly; "that was all." And he took another pull at the bottle.

"Dashed heady fizz this of yours," yawned the adjutant. "It's making me sleepy."

"Wine doesn't have that effect on me," declared Wynne fiercely. "It excites me; it sends the blood rushing through my veins, through and through; it braces my nerves; it wires my muscles; it—it!"

"It what?" asked the adjutant.

Wynne's voice took a metallic note.

"It makes me brave."

"You're drunk," said the subaltern. "At least," he added hastily, "you're not yourself."

"I am myself," retorted Wynne excitedly. "D—n your insolence! What do you know about me? At this moment I am really myself. I always am when I've wine in me. Look at me," he said, jumping to his feet and striking a half ridiculous, half heroic, entirely theatrical, attitude. "Look at me, look at me! I'm a man. I'm not the woman who hid behind you and asked your pardon today. I am the real Marmaduke Wynne, an officer and a gentleman and as good and better than any man here." He reeled and fell down on the ground. There was a burst of coarse laughter from his men, who had been watching his antics. In an instant he was on his feet again, his eyes darting from his head. His hand flew to his sword, and the steel leaped from its scabbard. "Silence!" he roared, and the men shrank back a shade abashed.

For an instant the group stood motionless; then the stillness was broken by the report of musketry, and a shout went up: "Stand to your arms!"

The Arabs had slain the sentries and came rushing in on the surprising bivouac. Marmaduke felt the rush and the tumult. He was aware of a great black man who waved a club; he saw the adjutant go down in front of him, and his sword was dashed in shattered fragments from his grasp. The next second, with a champagne bottle in his hand, he smote blindly to left and right.

After that he saw red, and red only, but always he smote and smote and smote!

"Yes," said the colonel, "I have taken your advice and recommended Wynne for the V. C. He must be a good plucked un after all. And I was rather afraid!"

"He only wanted bleeding," said the adjutant, who had his arm in a sling and sticking plaster on his nose bridge.

He went away and found Wynne sitting on a biscuit box, his head in his hands.

"Congratulate you, old chap!"

"What for?" asked Marmaduke, without looking up.

"The chief's recommended you for the cross."

"Me? Me for the cross?" asked Wynne tonelessly.

"Yes, you for the cross. I told him how you saved my life last night."

"Saved your life?"

"Yes. Don't you remember?"

"No!"

"What? Don't remember hitting that Hadendown over the head with a champagne bottle after he'd broken your sword with his nut cracker?"

"I don't remember anything of it; not a thing."

"Well, you are a queer chap! But I suppose the excitement!"

"It wasn't the excitement—my head, my head!" groaned Wynne.

"Well, anyhow, remember it or not just as you please, but you saved my life and the chief's recommended you for the V. C."

Marmaduke sat for some time lost in thought; then he rose and walked unsteadily to the colonel's tent. The latter was writing.

"Day, Wynne! How are you after the scrimmage?"

"I don't want the cross," he said huskily.

The colonel looked up from his writing.

"What's that you say?" he questioned inattentively.

"I don't want the cross—I don't want the cross—I don't want the cross," Wynne went on moodily, passing his fingers over his eyes as if he were dazed.

"What the deputy assistant adjutant generalship do you mean?" gasped the colonel. "Have you forgotten yesterday?"

"No," said Wynne, "but I want it forgotten. I want it blotted out of my life."

"Why?" asked the colonel's eyes.

"Because I was guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

"How?"

"I was blind, filthy drunk."

There was a pause. The colonel fumbled with his papers.

"Am I to take this seriously?" he asked at length.

"Yes," muttered Marmaduke.

A white haired, soldierly old gentleman met another white haired, soldierly old gentleman on the shady side of Pall Mall.

"Hello, Wynne! How are you and how's your son?" said the second to the first.

"I am well, thank you," came the answer stily.

"And what's become of your boy?" asks the first; then adds suddenly: "What's wrong with you, old fellow? You look all queer."

"My boy's dead. Dead in Egypt. Dead of drink. And all because of that infernal war office."

"War office!"

"Yes, the war office. He won the V. C. at Koster Wells and they wouldn't give it to him. He drank himself to death from disappointment. That's what became of my boy."—Black and White.

A Simple Developer.

"Throw your complicated developers out of the window; use pyro and soda and give your plates a chance. When you find what will develop, use it even if it is green cheese." This was the advice given to me by a professional photographer several years ago, and, following his suggestion, I have saved money and secured a greater proportion of good negatives. Here is the formula as he gave it.

In distilled water dissolve sal soda (ordinary washing soda) until the hydrometer test is 30 degrees.

In another bottle dissolve sulphate of soda until the hydrometer test is 40 degrees.

To develop take equal parts of each, and for a properly exposed plate add 8 grains of pyro to 8 ounces of the combined solution. I find that after a little practice I can measure out the pyro in a small wooden mustard spoon without weighing it, and, knowing the plate I have to develop, make each lot favor the particular plate.

For testing I use an ordinary hydrometer that costs 40 cents. In mixing the solutions, they can be made in such quantity as desired. I have not attempted to give the method of developing or the treatment of over or under exposed plates, as this will be nearly the same, no matter how the formula of a pyro developer may differ.—New York Mail and Express.

Influence of Drugs.

The influence of all drugs which affect the nervous system must be in the direction of disintegration. The healthy mind stands in clear and normal relations with nature. It feels pain as pain. It feels action as pleasure. The drug which conceals pain or gives false pleasure when pleasure does not exist forces a lie upon the nervous system. The drug which disposes to reverie rather than to work, which makes us feel well when we are not well, destroys the sanity of life. All stimulants, narcotics, tonics, which affect the nervous system in whatever way, reduce the truthfulness of sensation, thought and action. Toward insanity all such influences lead, and their effect, slight though it be, is of the same nature as mania. The man who would see clearly, think truthfully and act effectively must avoid them all. Emergency aside, he cannot safely force upon his nervous system even the smallest falsehood. And here lies the one great unanswerable argument for total abstinence, not abstinence from alcohol alone, but from all nerve poisons and emotional excesses.—David S. Jordan in Popular Science Monthly.

A Horrible Fate.

"Don't tell me that there is no such thing as a just retribution on this earth! Do you remember that Fuddie White girl who used to bleach her hair?"

"Yes. What happened to her? Did the chemicals strike her?"

"No. She married a man who dyes his whiskers!"—Chicago News.

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THE ANNEXATION MOVEMENT.

It is not to be expected that any plan for the consummation of this proposed deal will be entirely satisfactory to the majority of Quincy people, but when a general plan presents many features of great advantage, the petty inherent disadvantages are apt to be overlooked. We do mean to commit ourselves to the Quincy petition now in the keeping of a committee of the Legislature, but rather to lend encouragement to the most practicable and feasible plan of consolidation. We are led to believe that Quincy would be most benefited by such union, but that the plan offers compensating features to Boston none will deny. If mutually advantageous, then, some one of the plans now before the Legislature should be referred to the voters for final action.

The annexation movement implies, primarily, a keen dissatisfaction with the methods of management in our municipal body. As the Council is wholly responsible for our burdensome debt, the cause of our uneasiness must be placed with that body. We are paying each year a large amount of money for mere necessary work, and our city is about as poorly provided with the accessories of an up-to-date community as the meanest hamlet in the State. The municipal government of Boston is concededly more competent, more responsible, and more broad than ours, and the character of her public officials is quite too much in advance to make comparison anything but ridiculous. Our municipal government is irresponsible and narrow, and its activities are generally disastrous to the tax payer. It is not certain that under consolidation the character of our public servants would be improved, but the chance for mischief on the part of such servants would be greatly lessened in a numerous and intelligent body. Public sentiment—if such a quality exists—is inefficient and powerless here in pointing out a prudent and wise public policy. In a larger city, where millions of dollars are invested, and a large number of people are congregated, this public sentiment is more potent and more readily responded to. The erroneous impression that large communities are unwieldy and corrupt has for its basic half-truth the corruption in some few American cities, but conspicuously and aggravatingly evident only in New York and Philadelphia. The great cities of Europe seldom suffer from unwieldiness or corrupt influences. Our own New York gains greater prestige since acquiring Brooklyn and Long Island City. The present tendency is in harmony with the Greater Boston plan, and where interests are mutual, as is the case with Boston and Quincy, the details of the union should be satisfactorily arranged.

It must be borne in mind that Boston makes the greater sacrifice, and we should not hedge over mossy sentiment or claim exemption from the operation of general laws. We would receive a better water supply, better police and fire protection, and a desired change in our school methods, besides partaking of all other benefits now enjoyed by Boston's urban wards.

We hope that a full and fair discussion will be given on this matter, but believe that it was imprudent to bring the matter to the attention of the Council, as that body is likely to be prejudiced against a measure that involves a criticism of itself and hastens the sounding of a welcome death knell.

The first annual concert and ball of Quincy council, Knights of Columbus will be held in Music hall Easter Monday night. The preparations for the ball have been made with great care, and in consequence the first public function of magnitude under the auspices of the Council will easily approach the best entertainment of the kind held in these parts of late years. The members of the Council are enthusiastic in the preliminary work, and this certainly presages the success of the affair. Tickets may be had at Pierce's, Durgin's and Hearn's drug stores, and of members.

The St. John's society will entertain the public on Patriot's day by giving a play in Music hall. It is intended to present "Past Redemption."

DRAFTS on IRELAND.
Passage Tickets
to and from the
OLD COUNTRY
for sale by
JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

ST. FRANCIS' CONCERT.

Braintree Town hall was crowded to the doors Friday night, Feb. 18, upon the occasion of the grand concert given under the auspices of St. Francis' Sunday school, and it is seldom that an audience gets so much for the money as was given there. The programme was a very interesting one and each of the nineteen numbers had some special merit.

The affair had been well advertised and crowds poured in from Quincy, Randolph, Haverhill and Weymouth, until every seat in the building was occupied and many were obliged to stand. Arrangements for the concert were made by Father Johnstone, who was ably assisted by Miss Mary Shay. The Sunday school girls who sang in chorus reflected much credit upon the training of Miss Colbert. Little Miss Mabel McClosky always pleases.

The other artists were nearly all new to a Braintree audience but they were given a warm reception and nearly every one was obliged to respond to the rounds of applause which followed each effort.

St. Francis Sunday school has always had good concerts, but this one may safely be called the best in their history of good times, and the promoters have reason to feel well pleased with the liberal patronage bestowed.

The following programme was given:

PART I.
Chorus of Sunday School Girls.
Dancing—Sailor's Hornpipe.
Miss Mabel McClosky.
Mandolin Solo. Selected
Miss Gertrude Berry.
Song. Miss Kathryn Barnes.
Violin Solo. Lewis
Miss Adeline Lewis.
Of Boston Symphony Orchestra.
Song. Miss Kathryn Daley.
Reading—"The Elevator." Howells
Miss Elizabeth Lindley Whipples.
Of The New England Conservatory.
Dancing. Misses Florence and Edna Johnson.
Specialty.
Bassett and Burton of Quincy.
Cornet Solo.
Master Fred Lewis.
Of Lewis' Orchestra Boston.
PART II.
Violin Solo—Chanson Polonoise. Wreniawski
Miss Jennie Morgan.
New England Conservatory of Music.
Song.
Mr. Charles Forrester, Boston.
Dancing—Tambourine Dance.
Miss Tula Rice, Boston.
Reading—Hagar. Nicholson
Miss Lena De Vito.
Recitations—Humorous.
Mr. John Crowne.
Song. Mr. M. F. Hand.
Song—"Love Light." Hutchinson
Miss Clara Wallenthein.
New England Conservatory of Music.
Selections from Cull's Orchestra.

We extend our congratulations to Officer Thomas F. Ferguson, the newly appointed liquor officer. "Tom" has been a member of the police department since its organization, and has, at all times been a conscientious and capable officer. His new duties will give him more opportunities for the display of his capabilities as an officer, and we feel certain that Chief Litchfield will have no cause to regret his determination to place the important work of his department in such trustworthy hands. The other changes in the police department are in line with what THE MONITOR has urged at many times and will have a tendency to destroy much of the ill-feeling which has heretofore existed. The determination of the Chief to give every man an equal chance will meet with a hearty response from those who were acquainted with the partiality of past regimes.

Rev. F. A. Cunningham left Tuesday the 22d inst., for Norfolk, Virginia, for a stay of about two weeks. Fr. Cunningham has not been in good health of late, and it is hoped that his rest from parochial cares will restore him to his former self.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

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NOTABLE NAVAL DISASTERS.

In the history of the American navy no disaster is recorded in which the loss of life was so great as that attending the loss of the Maine. The only recent parallel is the Samoan disaster in March, 1889, when four officers and forty-six men of the Pacific coast squadron lost their lives in a hurricane which swept the harbor of Apia and surrounding waters. In this hurricane the United States men-of-war Trenton, Vandalia and Nipsic, and the German steamers Adler and Eber were wrecked. Ninety-six of the crews on the German vessels were lost.

Going further back, the wreck of the United States Sloop of war Huron off the coast of North Carolina, Nov. 24, 1877, during a terrible gale offers the most striking comparison. In this wreck 100 lives were lost and the vessel was broken in pieces on the shore.

The only magazine explosion of recent years on a United States war ship took place on the Missouri while she was lying at anchor at Gibraltar. The explosion caused great damage to the vessel, but was fortunately attended with no loss of life.

Other navies have suffered far more severely than that of the United States during the last quarter of a century. One of the most terrible disasters was the foundering of the Spanish cruiser Reina Regenta, March 11, 1895, in the Atlantic Ocean near the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea, when more than 400 persons were drowned.

Great Britain suffered a loss equally appalling June 22, 1893, when the battleship Victoria sunk after colliding with her sister ship Camperdown, during maneuvers off the coast of Tripoli. The loss of life was twenty-two officers and 336 of the crew.

Three years previous the British torpedo cruiser, Serpent, was wrecked in a storm off the northwest coast of Spain and all but three of a crew of 170 officers and men were lost.

Another wreck famous in naval history is that of the British war ship Doterail, which was destroyed by an explosion, April 26, 1881, while lying at anchor in the Straits of Magellan. The explosion wiped the vessel off the face of the waters, leaving but seven alive out of 150 officers and sailors on board. This was supposed to have been a case of explosion in the ship's magazine.

Some of the other notable disasters in the history of ocean navigation, in which war ships alone have been destroyed, are given in the following list, dating as far back as 1780, when a storm on the English coast destroyed eight British men-of-war with their crews.

Aug. 29, 1782—Man-of-war Royal George, foundered off the coast of Spithead, while undergoing repairs; loss of life, 600.

Mar. 17, 1800—Flagship Queen Charlotte, burned while in the harbor of Leghorn; loss of life, 673.

Feb. 14, 1807—Man-of-war Ajax, burned off the Island of Tenerife; loss of life, 250.

Dec. 22, 1810—Man-of-war Minotaur, wrecked on the Haak bank; loss of life, 300.

Dec. 4, 1811—Frigate Saldanha, wrecked on the Irish coast; loss of life, 300.

Dec. 24, 1811—Men-of-war St. George, Defence and Hero, stranded on the coast of Jutland; Admiral Reynolds and all the crews perish and 18 seamen rescued; loss of life, 2000.

Jan. 30, 1816—Transport Seahorse, lost near Tromore Bay; loss of life, 365.

Jan. 31, 1816—Transports Boadicea and Lord Melville, lost near Kindale; loss of life, 200.

Dec. 20, 1847—Man-of-war Avenger, lost off north coast of Africa; loss of life, 200.

Feb. 26, 1852—Troop ship Birkenhead, struck a rock off coast of South Africa; loss of life, 454.

Sept. 7, 1870—Ironclad turret ship Captain, foundered near Cape Finistere during a heavy squall, and went down in three minutes; loss of life, 472.

Sept. 1, 1875—H. M. S. Vanguard, ironclad, collided with H. M. S. Iron Duke during maneuvers off Wicklow coast and sunk without loss of life.

Aug. 30, 1876—H. M. S. Thunderer, boiler exploded during trial trip near Portsmouth; 50 wounded, 45 killed.

March 24, 1878—H. M. S. Eurydice, training ship, foundered in a gale off the Isle of Wight; loss of life, 300.

May 31, 1878—German ironclad Grosser Kurfurst sunk by collision with the Konig Wilhelm; loss of life, 380.

Feb. 10, 1880—British training ship Atalanta, lost in a gale during her trial voyage; loss of life, 280.

April 22, 1891—Blanco Encalada, flagship of revolutionary party in Chile, blown up by a torpedo; loss of life, 200.

Sept. 19, 1890—Turkish wooden frigate Ertugrul, foundered in agale off the coast of Japan; 5 officers and 57 men saved out of a crew of nearly 600; loss of life, 538.

Winter and Frost were the names of a Vermont couple recently married.

This Man

with others has dug from the mines a
**Fresh Cargo of
Shamokin
Egg and Stove Coal,**

which has just arrived on the Steamer Berks at our wharves.

The extra burning quality of freshly mined coal is well known.

IN MEMORIAM.

At the last regular meeting of Quincy Council, No. 96, Knights of Columbus, the following preamble and resolution were passed upon the death of the Supreme Knight, James E. Hayes:

WHEREAS,—The sudden and untimely death of Supreme Knight James E. Hayes, abruptly ending an honorable and useful career, is a particularly sad happening to our order, and while we bow to the decree of Heaven our human hearts must find consolation in the public expression of our loss. The late Supreme Knight conducted the exercises at the institution of our Council, and those who recall that event do not marvel at the subsequent honors that were placed in his keeping. In his official role he conducted himself with true dignity, rare tact, and entire impartiality. In view of the great loss we have sustained, it is hereby

Resolved,—That Quincy Council add its tribute to the general and sincere public testimonials of the intellectual worth, the nobleness of character, and the steadfast faith of our departed chieftain. To the sorrowing mother, and relatives we extend our condolences, and with our fellow members we unite in a most acceptable duty, the substantial offering of love on the part of a Catholic body.

Resolved,—That copies of these Resolutions be sent to the mother of our late supreme knight, and the State Council, and that they be inscribed in our record book.

R. J. LARKIN,
M. T. SULLIVAN,
E. J. PARKER,
W. J. COLEMAN,
W. T. SHEA.
Committee on Resolutions.
Quincy, Feb. 15, 1898.

Fr. Chidwick, the chaplain of the battleship Maine, did seven years' service in the city of New York before his appointment to the chaplaincy. Fr. Chidwick was a great favorite with the officers and crew of the battleship, and since the frightful slaughter, his labors have been almost herculean. The zealous priest, despite his humility and unostentatious manner, has gained general commendation from the correspondents of American papers in Havana, and the dispatches always bear evidence of his untiring ministrations in behalf of the maimed crew of the Maine. At present he is located in Havana, and the whole of his time is spent in the hospitals. As Fr. Chidwick is an American priest, it was necessary that he gain the approval of the Bishop of Havana before he could exercise his sacerdotal functions. This approval was readily granted by the bishop.

William T. Shea, Edward J. Murphy and James S. McDonnell, members of Quincy council, Knights of Columbus, witnessed the third degree work in Montreal on Washington's birthday.

Respect For the Living.

"Did you go to the funeral?" one woman asked another. "Yes," was the reply. "I always feel it a duty to go to funerals and show my respect for the dead." The two moved on, but their conversation started a train of thought within me. Is it always a tribute of respect to go to funerals, irrespective of persons, as I am aware this woman does? No matter what the rank of the deceased, or how slight her acquaintance, whether private funeral or not, rain or shine, her presence may be counted upon.

It may be gratifying to the vanity of some to have a large crowd at the funerals of their beloved dead, but to most sensible people the occasion is too sacred and the sorrow too real to care for the sympathy of casual acquaintances. Friends' faces are always welcome during bereavement, and it is dutiful and beautiful to express a word of hope when most needed and to accompany the stricken ones to the last resting place of the dead. But what about the living around us, who are full of life and ambition, or those burdened with sorrow none may guess? Why not give them "a glad good morning," or an hour or two of your society at a time you feel they must be lonely? Wait not until death comes and then rush to the funeral as though you had always been a most cherished friend. I like it not—this custom prevalent in small towns which permits any and all to attend the funerals of those to whom they are almost unknown and whose motive for going is often only curiosity.—Housekeeper.



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Prices and Quality are Right.

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CREAM**
6 Temple Street.

**SWITHIN BROS.
REAL ESTATE**

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest home lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Dell Estate,
WEST QUINCY
Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

W. A. HODGES,

BAKER

Hancock Street.

Quincy.

Who is . . .

J. P. O'BRIEN,

: : OF : :

38 HANCOCK STREET ?

Why, oh I know,

HE IS THE

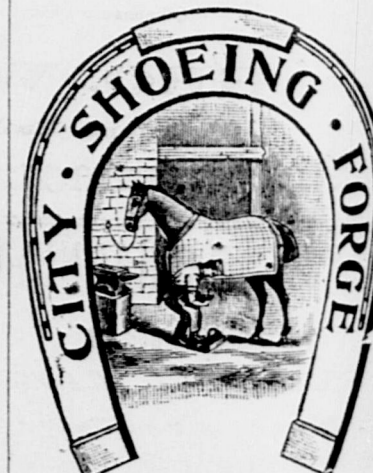
**Cigar and Tobacco
DEALER.**

Magazines and Newspapers.

CHARLES H. JOHNSON,
Houses to let in all parts of Quincy.

**REAL ESTATE,
Insurance, Mortgages,
AUCTIONEER.**

Rents Collected. Justice of the Peace
Office, Room 3, Adams Building.
Residence, 16 River Street.



No. 12 Quincy Avenue.

HORSE SHOEING

Done in all its branches.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

DANIEL DESMOND, - Proprietor,
Telephone Connection.

Miss Belle J. Patterson,
who has been for the past two years at 112 Hancock street, has removed her

MILLINERY PARLORS
to the Boston Bargain Store in

Music Hall Building

She occupies what was the ladies' waiting room and a part of the side of the store next to Mr. McGovern's periodical store. At the beginning of the Spring millinery season, Miss Patterson will have a part of one of the large show windows.

Quincy, Feb. 26. It pl

**Windows
of the Soul
ARE OUR EYES.**

Some eyes have irregularities similar to very poor window glass.

How can you expect to see with such eyes? Is it any wonder your head aches?

We make special lenses to counteract these defects, and guarantee good results.

**WILLIAMS,
Refracting Optician,**
QUINCY.

HANCOCK ST. 6**Boston Bargain Store,**

Music Hall Building, Quincy.

THE ORIGINATORS OF LOW PRICES.

An incident that illustrates the grand retailing of our store. It is a great store. Thousands have discovered that, and many others are making the discovery daily. The collection of merchandise represents the best line of goods ever shown in Quincy.

Our Spring Goods are daily arriving and to make room for them we shall sell our present stock of Fall Goods (commencing Saturday, Feb. 26 and continuing until all are sold) at prices that will be simply ridiculous. Cut prices will prevail all over the store.

Our basement is full of Kitchen Furnishings, Glass, Groceries, China, Tin and Agate Ware.

Remember prices are way down. We must reduce stock.

BOSTON BARGAIN STORE.

10 lb. Tubs

CREAMERY BUTTER,**\$2.00.**

Only a few in this lot.

6 doz. Eggs, \$1.00**Full Cream Cheese,****10c. lb.****L.M. PRATT & CO.,**

25 School St. 105 Water St.

PIANOS TUNED

By FRANK A. LOCKE,



EXPERT PIANO and ORGAN TUNING and REPAIRING. 24 years' practical experience. Boston office, Trillett & Davis' Piano Rooms, 179 Tremont street, near Boylston street. Quincy office at J. O. Holden's Jewelry Store, Squares, \$2.00; Up-landed. Best of references.

NAVAL GRAN

POWERS, SCOPE AND A COURT OF

Something About the Investigate the ship Maine—Dist and Conclusions—

Seldom in the has a court of me to investigate a gr which confronted cently sent to Havai Maine disaster. Usual meet to look into the the civilian often appe as the grounding of a squabble between officer quiry have been conv charges not more weigh a ship's mess which cook did not put enoug Sunday "duff." The on sent to Havana, howev upon the result of thei might rest a declaratio The members of the al well known and



CAPTAIN W. T. Samp president of the chief of ordnan New York and 1857 as cadet at 1861, at the bre war, he was assi tonic and was p the same year. Du the war he was a lieut clad Patapsco, which south Atlantic blocka was in the Patapsco w destroyed in Charlesto caped. From 1865 to the European station, sioned a lieutenant en and a commander in the other important post filled was that of en when he had charge of manufacture of all a and little; torpedoes, a nition. He conducted ries of tests at gried and ma record during t the Iowa was pu placed in comm

Of the other Captain E. E. the New York, the bureau of W. P. Porter, al was formerly bas Gherardi, and Lieut Adolph Marx, who is the court, has lately Washington as counse Pay Director Billings.

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YOURS
FOR
TRIAL,

C. PATCH
& SON.

NEW YORK
Life Insurance Co.
TIMOTHY J. CAREY
SPECIAL AGENT.
— ALSO —
Fire Insurance Placed in
Best Companies.
44 South Street, Quincy.

EDWARD J. PARKER,
LAWYER,
WILSON BUILDING,
QUINCY.

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Squares, \$2.00; Up-
right, \$2.50; Grand, \$3.00. All work guar-
anteed. Best of references.

NAVAL GRAND JURY.
POWERS, SCOPE AND METHODS OF
A COURT OF INQUIRY.

Something About the Men Appointed to
Investigate the Disaster to the Battle-
ship Maine—Distinctions Between Facts
and Conclusions—A Notable Court.

Seldom in the history of our navy
has a court of inquiry been summoned
to investigate a graver case than that
which confronted the four officers re-
cently sent to Havana to probe the
Maine disaster. Usually such courts
meet to look into incidents which to
the civilian often appear trivial, such
as the grounding of a warship or a
squabble between officers. Courts of in-
quiry have been convened to investigate
charges not more weighty than that of
a ship's mess which declared that the
cook did not put enough plums in the
Sunday "duff." The officers who were
sent to Havana, however, realized that
upon the result of their investigations
might rest a declaration of war.

The members of the court selected are
all well known and able officers. Cap-



tain W. T. Sampson of the Iowa, the
president of the court, was formerly
chief of ordnance. He is a native of
New York and entered the service in
1857 as cadet at the Naval academy. In
1861, at the breaking out of the civil
war, he was assigned to the frigate Po-
tomac and was promoted to master in
the same year. During the latter part
of the war he was a lieutenant on the
ironclad Pataspco, which was part of
the south Atlantic blockading squadron. He
was in the Pataspco when she was de-
stroyed in Charleston harbor, but es-
caped. From 1865 to 1867 he was on
the European station. He was commis-
sioned a lieutenant commander in 1866
and a commander in 1874. Among the
other important posts which he has
filled was that of chief of ordnance,
when he had charge of the purchase and
manufacture of all sorts of guns, big
and little; torpedoes, armor and ammu-
nition. He conducted an interesting se-
ries of tests at Indian Head proving
ground and made, in short, a brilliant
record during his stay on land. When
the Iowa was put in commission, he was
placed in command.

Of the other members of the court,
Captain F. E. Chadwick, commanding
the New York, was formerly chief of
the bureau of equipment; Commander
W. P. Potter, also of the New York,
was formerly naval aide to Admiral
Gherardi, and Lieutenant Commander
Adolph Marx, who is judge advocate of
the court, has lately been on duty at
Washington as counsel in the defense of
Pay Director Billings.

Captain Sigbee of the ill fated Maine,
who is, of course, the most prominent
if not the most important witness, has
been fully exploited of late.

Although courts of inquiry are semi-
judicial their proceedings are not so
formal and strict as those of courts mar-
tial, which are very solemn proceedings
indeed. The court of inquiry is, in fact,
a sort of naval grand jury, and its ses-
sions may or may not be followed by a
court martial, according to its decision.
In this particular case, of course,
something more than the mere trial of
an officer depends upon its verdict.

In the summons for the court to con-
vene is indicated whether "facts" are
wanted or an "opinion" from the court.
"Facts" in a naval sense mean not
merely a record of the testimony, but
"the result and conclusion of the court"
from hearing and testimony. An "opinion"
is held by the navy department to
differ from a conclusion in that it re-
lates to the merits of the case. It is a
fine distinction, but one characteristic
of "sea lawyers."

This particular court of inquiry will
doubtless remain the most important one



CAPTAIN WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, PRESIDENT
OF THE COURT OF INQUIRY.
naval records for many years to come.
Previously the most notable court of in-
quiry was that held in New York in
1878 upon the personal application of
Fitz John Porter, but that was a mili-
tary court.

NEW IDEAS IN INDUSTRY.

Collection of Interesting Items About Rail-
ways, Flowers and Aluminum Plating.

There have been mountain railways
galore within the past few years, but
none quite so novel, in point of motive
power at least, as the one which is re-
ported to be ready shortly for traffic up
the Hochstaufen, near Bad Reichenhall,
in Germany. The illustrierte Zeitung,
a German publication, furnishes some
of the particulars which are here repro-
duced. The immediately striking fea-
ture of the enterprise is found in the
fact that a balloon furnishes the operat-
ing power for the up trip, the grade
evidently being sufficiently steep to
have suggested the possibility of such
an arrangement.

A single rail directs the course of the
train and keeps the balloon with its
load captive, being I shaped to this end,
the car gripping it at the sides and un-
derneath the top flange. At about every
15 feet the rail is firmly anchored. In
descending the mountain gravity is the
propelling force, and water ballast, tak-
en aboard at the upper end of the line,
helps to overcome the upward pull of
the balloon. A cock on the water tank
on the car can be opened by the opera-
tor at any time. The tank can carry
about 1,100 pounds of water, and the
car and tank together weigh about 600
pounds, while the balloon, which is 67
feet in diameter, is said to have a lift-
ing capacity of somewhat over 10,000
pounds. Weights also can be taken
aboard or discharged at the several sta-
tions along the line and thus afford ad-
ditional means of regulation.

Perhaps in no state has the competi-
tion between the trolley and the loco-
motive been livelier than in old Connecti-
cut, says the Boston Globe.

The legislature of that state char-
tered 92 miles of trolley roads last year.
On one road paralleled by an electric
steam car last year carried 750 passen-
gers a day. The third rail electric now
have a daily average of 2,587 persons.
In spite of the reduced fares, the elec-
tric route last year earned \$258,70 a day,
while the steam road realized but \$135.

Such facts ought to stir the old con-
servative roads to action. As for New
England, the total gain for the steam
roads during the year was but 33 miles
in all six states, while in Connecticut
alone the annual report of the railroad
commissioners shows a gain for the
trolleys of 32.68 miles of main track
and 1.10 miles of siding. There are now
363.02 miles of main track and 23.68
of siding in Connecticut.

The newest thing in rapid transit
cars in Baltimore has recently made its
initial run on the Baltimore and North-
ern Electric railway.

It is a parlor car, fitted up in rich
style and modeled somewhat after the
elegance which makes the cars of this
type on steam roads so popular. This
car is called the Baltimore. It is 40 feet
long, vestibuled at both ends, and has
double trucks. The interior is adorned
with silk draperies, with green the pre-
vailing hue. Silk curtains drape the
windows, and the floor is carpeted in
velvet. Double the usual number of
lights are in the car, making it as bril-
liant as a ballroom.

In the center is a table, and along the
sides are movable tables for euchre par-
ties or any other purpose. Divans and
a number of easy chairs are scattered
through the car. At one end is a smok-
ing compartment. There is also a buffet,
with a small refrigerator. A novel
feature is an electric apparatus for pre-
paring food. Parlor car parties and
euchre parties, while whirling through
the country, are the fads for which the
car is designed.

Artificial flowers now imitate the nat-
ural ones so truthfully that they are
much used in room decoration, and the
practice has become much more wide-
spread since manufacturers have suc-
ceeded in giving them a lasting per-
fume. But a still more remarkable fact,
says a foreign paper, is that Dutch hor-
ticulturists have produced delicately
fragrant varieties of flowers among
those species which usually have a dis-
agreeable odor. Thus sunflowers ex-
change their pungent smell for the scent
of the rose, camellias are made to smell
like violets, the faint perfume of prim-
roses is intensified, and the large cycla-
muses acquire the exquisite aroma of the
Alpine violets. The process is still a se-
cret, but it is said that horticultural
science will soon be prepared to disclose
it.

The successful plating of aluminum
with copper has been announced by a
German named Wadsworth. Many ob-
jections to aluminum are thus overcome,
and the copper coating is so thin as not
to add materially to the weight, while
the union of the two metals is so perfect
that plates may be rolled or stretched
without peeling. The copper covered
wires may be plated with silver or gold.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

High Halls In Demand.
Scotch whisky keeps on booming.
There are 158 distilleries at work in
Scotland that find it difficult to keep up
with orders, and more government in-
spectors are called for. The output last
year was 28,500,000 gallons, an in-
crease of 30 per cent over the year be-
fore. There are 77,000,000 gallons
stored away maturing. The increase in
Irish whisky last year was 13 and that
in English whisky 10 per cent. —New
York Journal.

"In Times of Peace Prepare For War."
England has now in process of con-
struction 117 war vessels. This looks as
if she intended to live a little while
longer anyway. —New York Press.

February's Days Off.
This is a month of holidays.
To count 'em keeps us busy.
There's ground hog day;
and Lincoln's birth;
St. Valentine
But Washington we must do praise.
His fame quite makes us dizzy.
—Quincy Herald.

FIGHTING ILLITERACY.

The Woman Who Founded New Orleans
Night Schools and Her Work.

New Orleans owes its night schools
to the energy and philanthropic spirit
of Miss Sophia B. Wright, who found-
ed them. The night schools are not un-
der the control of the school board, as
they are in most cities, but are conduct-
ed by the Howe institute, of which
Miss Wright is principal.

Fourteen years ago, after being grad-
uated from the public high school in



MISS SOPHIA B. WRIGHT.

New Orleans, Miss Wright began to
teach. She opened a private school with
one pupil, who paid her 50 cents a
month. Now 600 pupils are under her
direction. She has done much to de-
crease the large percentage of illiteracy
in her native state.

Miss Wright estimates that 30 per
cent of her pupils are from 8 to 12 years
of age, another 30 per cent from 12 to
17, and 40 per cent from 17 to 40. At
least one-quarter are foreign born. All
nationalities are represented, Cubans,
French, German, Polish, Scandinavian
and Italian being most numerous. The
school hours are from 6 to 9 o'clock in
the evening, although many boys who
work in stores do not arrive before 7
o'clock.

"You will find in this school many
heroic lives," says Miss Wright, "for
in some cases the pupils are the only
support of families and make great sac-
rifices. Many of the boys come direct
from work without first having supper,
and many walk three or four miles to
attend the night school. In one case I
knew of a boy who had splendid advan-
tages offered to him if he would leave
home. He refused because he would
have to leave his mother without sup-
port if he accepted. This is only one of
the many cases in which my boys have
sacrificed their personal interests."

Miss Wright is president this year of
the New Orleans Women's club, and
under the auspices of that club night
schools for women are to be organized.
They are to be conducted on the same
line and are meant for factory girls who
desire a good business training in order
that they may secure better positions.

SHE OPPOSES KISSING.

Mrs. Kingsbury, Who Discovered the Oc-
culation Epidemic In Atlanta.

Mrs. Joseph Kingsbury, who has
made the startling discovery that young
people kiss nowadays, just as they have
done for many generations, and who
has startled Atlanta by frantically de-
claring that an epidemic of osculation
is prevalent in that city, is certainly in
a position to know what she is talking
about, for she is one of Atlanta's social
leaders. Her husband is a retired mer-
chant and owns one of the finest resi-
dences in the city. His wife is promi-
nent in the intellectual circles of social
life and personally is a very popular
woman. They have a daughter, Miss
Lulu Kingsbury, who is one of the no-
tably beautiful young ladies of the city,
being of the old southern type of regal
loveliness.

So impressed have Atlanta people be-
come by Mrs. Kingsbury's declaration
that all sorts of reform measures are be-
ing talked of, for it is not denied that a
kissing epidemic really exists there.
Some have even had the courage to de-



MRS. KINGSBURY.

find the custom and admit that they
liked it. Opinion seems to be impar-
tially divided, the ultra modern ele-
ment, which may be said to represent the
south, pinning their faith to almost in-
discriminate osculation, so long as it be
confined to one's equals, while the other
contingent, typical of the old school of
rigid ideas prevailing before the war,
holds with equal tenacity that a man is
at liberty to kiss a girl who is not a re-
lative only when their engagement is a
matter of fact.

Those who have read between the
lines of Mrs. Kingsbury's letter and
whose social status is such as to entitle
them to respectful attention declare
that her picture of existing conditions
is not overdrawn. But when asked for
an explanation of these conditions these
people are unable to give satisfactory
reasons beyond the fact that some of the
girls, imagining they will gain popu-
larity and beauty by such a course, do
not believe in being chary with their lips.

CHRISTOPHER WICKFIN.

One of Colonel Calliper's Old Time Friends
In Storkville Center.

"After he had lost one umbrella
in that way," said Colonel Calliper,
"my old friend Christopher Wickfin,
who formerly resided in Stork-
ville Center, Vt., made up his mind
that he'd never lose another—that
is, by having it turned inside out—
and he rigged up an arrangement
to prevent it. This was a pretty
elaborate sort of thing in its de-
tails, but in operation it was ex-
tremely simple.

"In those days almost every man
in Storkville Center—and for that
matter many men in larger places,
too—wore boots. Mr. Wickfin's um-
brella was of stout cotton, with
whalebone ribs; that was when
whalebone was cheap and before
the advent of the modern umbrella
rib of channel steel. To the tip of
every rib of his umbrella Mr. Wick-
fin attached a ring. He wore around
his body a belt, to which were at-
tached as many cords as there were
ribs to his umbrella. At the end of
each cord was a snap hook which he
snapped into its ring at the end
of an umbrella rib. From the belt
on each side of the body a stout cord
was carried down and run through
the boot strap on that side and then
brought up and fastened to the belt,
at a little distance from the other
end, so as to distribute the strain.
Thus equipped, Mr. Wickfin was
prepared to keep his umbrella from
being blown inside out by any storm
that might come along. The idea
that the wind might pick him up
and carry him and the umbrella and
everything off together never oc-
curred to him, but that was just
what happened on the very first day
he tried it.

"It was a tremendous rainy day,
with the wind blowing a gale and
with gusts now and then that it
seemed would blow the roofs off the
houses. But that was the sort of
day Mr. Wickfin wanted, and he set
out for the postoffice with all his
rigging in place, feeling secure and
easy and proud of the victory that
he had gained over the elements. As
he walked along Main street,
carrying his umbrella with the
ropes coming down all around and
converging at his waist, he present-
ed a queer sight, but a moment later
he presented a sight far more re-
markable. A great gust that came
roaring down the street doubled un-
der Mr. Wickfin's umbrella and lift-
ed him off the earth and carried him
skyward. Storkville Center at one
time and another had seen many
strange sights, but never any quite
so strange as that.

"Mr. Wickfin let go of his umbrel-
la, but the umbrella wouldn't let go
of him. It carried him up on the
wings of the wind, while all Stork-
ville Center looked on at him stork-
ing helpless beneath it. But the
wind was merciful to him. After
carrying him up and down and
round about for a minute or two it
dropped him through the top of a
greenhouse. He smashed more glass
and frame than four umbrellas
would have cost, but he escaped
without injury to himself, and for
that he was thankful.

"Well, after that experience Mr.
Wickfin made up his mind that,
while the thing was all right in
principle, it needed some improve-
ment, and he fixed an attachment
to the belt by means of which he
could, when he felt the wind lifting
him, cast off all the ropes and let
the umbrella go. Theoretically this
was all right; in practice, when the
test came, the tie ropes jammed on
both sides before he could get them
loose, and up he went again. Then
he hit upon a plan that would no
doubt have worked perfectly: His
own weight was 160 pounds; he ad-
justed all the ropes to a breaking
strain of 150, so that under that
pressure the umbrella would free
itself from him automatically, but
he never put this plan in operation.
By the time he had worked this out
he had discovered that there are
many things that could be done that
are not worth the doing."—New
York Sun.

A Proper Sort of Play.
A Chinese company produced a
3,000-year-old comic opera in Syd-
ney. A local paper observes this is
like no other entertainment on
earth, except, possibly, 1,000,000
iron tanks falling into a rocky gully
full of wildcats.

There is no scenery—this is left
to the imagination of the audience—
and the orchestra, in its shirt
sleeves, occupies the back of the
stage. When any player's back
hair gets adrift owing to excessive
exertion, one of the band rises, fixes
it and then goes back with an air of
calm unconsciousness to his instru-
ment.

The orchestra consists partly of a
Chinaman chopping wood, partly of
another Celestial blowing with fine
oil paint. He then presses his
hand on thin, damp paper, which
retains an impression of the lines.
This is used to prevent transference
of the passport, as the lines of no
two hands are alike.

And the other woman gasped a
little with astonishment, and it was
a minute or two before she had any-
thing to say. —New York Times.

Her Ears.
"You see," said the woman, "I
always notice people's ears."

"Poor thing," thought the other
performer in the conversational
duet, with real sympathy. "What a
mortification it must be to her to
look in the mirror and see her own
funny little ears standing out from
her head."

"I feel that I have pretty good
ears myself," went on the woman,
putting her hand to one of the mem-
bers under consideration, with a sat-
isfied air, "and I suppose for that
reason I notice a feature of which
but little is thought."

Passports For Travelers In China.
In China a traveler wishing for a
passport is compelled to have the
palm of his hand brushed over with
fine oil paint. He then presses his
hand on thin, damp paper, which
retains an impression of the lines.
This is used to prevent transference
of the passport, as the lines of no
two hands are alike.

CHINESE STORY TELLERS.

A Sample of the Yarns They Spin For a
Consideration.

On a pleasant day one cannot go
far in Peking without meeting a
professional story teller standing,
with a crowd of listeners about him,
under a big umbrella by the road-
side, telling stories in a loud, ear-
nest tone. The characters in the tales
are often "the big priest" and "the
little priest"—a boy whom his par-
ents have consecrated to the service
of the temple. The following is a
typical story in which they appear.

Once upon a time—so the story
goes—an old priest said to his young
companion: "I am going away, lit-
tle priest, and I leave the temple in
your charge. No matter who comes,
don't lend them anything."

"All right, sir. I'll obey your
words."

Not long after the old man left
an old woman came to worship.
She prostrated herself before the
idols and prayed and prayed until it
rained. Then she said to the boy:
"Your master knows me well, for I
come often to worship. Will you
please lend me his umbrella?"

"No," was the prompt reply, "I
cannot lend anybody anything."

So the old lady went home in the
rain, and she was very angry.

Upon the master's return the
faithful boy related his experience,
but instead of praise, he received
stern reproof:

"Oh, you stupid boy! Do you
know no better than that? Why,
you have driven away one of my
best worshippers! You will spoil my
business. You should always be
polite. You should say: 'Won't you
please step in and have a chair? I
will steep you fresh tea and bring
you little cakes. Make yourself as
comfortable as possible, but I am
very sorry to say my master was
out in a storm one day and it blew
and it blew and it took the skin
right off of his umbrella and strewed
the bones all around, and so we
have none.' Say that, and she could
not be angry."

"All right, sir. I'll say it next
time."

Not long after this the master
went away again, and there came a
man who said: "Little priest, I have
been high up on the mountains and
gathered a big load of kindling wood.
It is too heavy. I cannot get it
home. Will you please let me take
your master's horse?"

"Come in, sir," said the little
man, "and make yourself comfort-
able. I will bring you little cakes
and steep you fresh tea, but I am
very sorry to say the old horse was
out in a storm and it blew and it
blew and it took the skin right off
and blew the bones away, and we
haven't any!"

The man gazed in astonishment
upon the boy and turned away in
disgust.

When the master returned, the
boy related all that had happened
and received a round scolding: "Oh,
you small idiot, you grow worse and
worse. Don't tell the same story
every time. Have some sense—
make your story fit. You should
have said, 'I am very sorry to say,
the old horse was out in the field
and tumbled in a hole and sprained
his leg and went lame, and we turned
him out to grass, and we haven't
any.'"

"All right, sir. I will say it the
next time."

Again the boy was left in charge,
and there came a man who said:
"Your master is my dear old friend.
I would like to see him."

"Come in, sir; take a seat, sir. I
will bring you new cakes and steep
you fresh tea. Please be as com-
fortable as possible, sir. I am very
sorry to say my master was out in
the field and tumbled in a hole and
went lame, and we have turned him
out to grass, and we haven't any!"

So the story runs on, as long as
the story teller pleases, until it is
time to take a collection.—Clara M.
Cushman in Youth's Companion.

THE CITIZEN PEDDLER.

How the Pack Merchant Ceased to Be a Wanderer.

HE NOW HAS AN ORGANIZATION.

He Has Practically Abandoned the Country Districts, but Continues to Flourish in the Cities in Spite of the Department Store—An Interesting Evolution.

Long ago we came to regard the peddler as a wanderer, one degree above a vagabond, but a half brother to a gypsy. The adjective itinerant became almost a part of his designation. We have never fancied him as having a fixed habitation or a home. He has been to us a



"SUG-SPENDERS! SUG-SPENDERS!" mercantile rover, bound by neither ties of family nor country. He was like the wind, and "whence he came or whither he goes" we never stopped to inquire.

But all this must be revised. From the peddlers themselves we learn that they have ceased to be rovers. The other day there was organized the Citizen Peddlers' Association of Greater New York. This unique body starts off with 500 members on the charter roll and claims to represent no less than 20,000 people engaged in that line of work and following their vocation solely in the New York of today. The stated objects of the association are "to promote and advance the moral, intellectual and business welfare of its members and to secure for them the rights and privileges to which they are entitled by the licenses which they hold."

Thus enters a new figure into the commercial field—the "citizen peddler," who must hereafter be recognized as distinct from the itinerant pack peddler of days gone by. As a peddler he looks much like the old type. He carries his stock in trade with him, either on his arm, in a push cart or on his back. His selections are the far stretching streets, his counters the changing doorsteps and his strong box his open palm or trousers pocket.

But as a citizen he must be credited with a fixed abiding place, perhaps a home in the full sense of the word, and even a family. There is no longer mystery about his movements. No more do we wonder whence he comes and whither he goes. If you wish, he will hand you a greasy card from which you may learn that his residence is on Hester street, and he will cheerfully tell you in garbled sentences, "I loom by his street every other Wednesday." He prides himself on his personal responsibility.

But New York is not the sole habitat of the citizen peddler. He is found in other cities, and doubtless he will soon follow the example lately set by his brother of the eastern metropolis and organize "to promote moral, intellectual and business welfare." Such is the march of progress.

What need there is for peddlers in the big cities, with their mammoth depart-



ment stores, free delivery and the many facilities for trade offered by storekeepers in general, is a question which has often puzzled me, and I suppose many others as well. But I am sure there would not be 5,000 of them in New York if there was not a living for that many. In fact, we know that peddling has always been a profitable business. Jay Gould was once a peddler, and many another less famous fortune than his has been built up on a cornerstone which represented the results of a diminished pack and a swollen pocket-book.

It is a commercial maxim that "the poor pay the highest prices." So among

the poorer residents of the large cities the peddler seeks his customers. For such the big department stores, with their insolent clerks and their dazzling display of unobtainable luxuries, have but little attraction. Besides, by staying away from them the woman with the slim purse avoids temptation to buy more than she can afford. But the peddler brings the temptation to her door, though he rarely carries other than everyday necessities. Besides, he treats her with deference, and, above other considerations, makes possible the pleasure of bargaining, that diversionist so dear to most feminine hearts.

The peddler of tradition, whose passing away has been so gradual that we have hardly realized it to be so close at hand, took to the country as his only field. There was a time when he was an actual necessity in rural life. His visits were events, and he was treated more as a guest than as a trader.

I remember the visit of such a peddler to the New England farmhouse where I lived as a boy. When the peddler drove into the yard near the close of a November day, Uncle Will gave him a hearty welcome.

"Put your horse right in the barn, Mr. Peddler," he shouted from the field. "Back your cart into the wagon shed, and we'll have some supper right away."

After supper the peddler brought in bolts of cloth, tinware, needles, pins, combs, ribbons and such other knick-knacks as he thought might be wanted. These he spread out on the kitchen table with easy carelessness and told stories while his customers looked over the stock and selected what was needed. When bedtime came, he was given the spare room and left in the morning only after a substantial breakfast. But that class of peddler was a native product. He neither spoke in a strange tongue nor breathed strange odors. Most likely he hailed from Connecticut.

Later the Hessian Jews crowded him out of the field. They picked out a limited territory, which they called in the Yiddish "the Medine," and thoroughly canvassed it at regular intervals, so that the occasional Yankee peddler found himself supplanted.

Railroads and the country store which followed them broke up the early peddling industry, but many of the class clung to it long after it ceased to be profitable. Then the tinware trade went into the hands of Italians, and the mail order system in the large department stores, by means of which the farmer's wife may shop in Broadway or Sixth avenue, put the finishing touch to the industry.

The peddlers who have organized in New York are of a different stamp. With few exceptions they are Russians and Poles, and their field of operation is within a few blocks of their homes. The enterprising push cart merchant takes his stock of goods with him when he goes to dinner, or if the outlook for business is good his wife comes and runs the shop for him. But all those who go home to dinner belong to the



aristocracy. The ordinary east side peddler's "day out" begins early in the morning and ends late in the evening, except on Friday, when he abandons work in time to put on his Sabbath clothes before going to the synagogue.

The men who compose this open air business community have the same traits of thrift that their Bavarian predecessors showed 50 years ago, and hundreds of them have bank accounts, and many are owners of real estate. They are temperate, and their children attend the public schools, acquire a knowledge of the English language quickly, and in a few years will probably be as loath to believe that their fathers helped to organize the Citizen Peddlers' association as some of their wealthy coreligionists are to speak of the time when their fathers peddled "in the Medine."

The fruit and vegetable peddlers who have attained to the dignity of owning a horse and wagon are of a slightly different class. Many of them are less honest and less respected than those who carry a basket or push a cart. They are full of tricks and wiles, such as using pails which have false bottoms nearly half way to the top, cheating on the count and dealing in produce which should rightly have been consigned to the garbage dump. They are not properly peddlers, but hucksters, and they do not affiliate with the peripatetic merchants who deal in shoe laces, collar buttons, suspenders and the like.

The shoe lace and suspender merchants are particularly picturesque as they stand on a corner gently swinging their pendent wares and in guttural, plaintive voices crying:

"Shoe laces! Fine shoe laces!"

"Sug-spenders! Sug-spenders! Two pair for a kee-varter!"

Some of them are mere boys, sharp featured and keen eyed, while others are aged men with bushy eyebrows and patriarchal beards. Each and every one of them, however, has fixed an unwavering gaze on the main chance, and it may be confidently assumed that their organization will look first to the business welfare of its members and to their moral and intellectual condition afterward—if there is time.

SEWELL FORD.

PLOWBOY CANDLER.

INTERESTING CAREER OF THE CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

Picturesque and Rugged Personality of the Man Who Once Hailed From "The Pigeon Roost"—He Has Been a Soldier, Lawyer and Congressman.

Allen D. Candler, who is making such a vigorous campaign for the governorship of Georgia, is popularly known in the state as "The One Eyed Plowboy of Pigeon Roost." His character is as picturesque as his name implies.

Personally he is one of the most popular men in Georgia. His integrity has never been questioned. He always speaks out his convictions, but he has a genial disposition, which enables him to differ even extremely without giving offense. He is short of stature, measuring only about 5 feet 5 inches, but a habit of carrying his head bent forward makes him appear even shorter. As a stump speaker before the masses he has few equals in Georgia, and he is hard to match as a teller of good stories.

Colonel Candler is a strong and interesting character. He was born about 62 years ago in Lumpkin county, Ga., on what is known as Pigeon Roost hill. His father was a farmer of small means, but he gave his son all the educational advantages then obtainable in that part of Georgia and sent him to Mercer university, the leading Baptist college in Georgia, where he was graduated in 1857.

The next year he established a school at Jonesboro, 30 miles from Atlanta, and taught there with decided success until the beginning of the civil war. He was an ardent secessionist and, closing his school, returned to his native county and enlisted in the Thirty-fourth Georgia infantry. He went in as a private, but was soon promoted to a lieutenant and a little later became a captain.



ALLEN D. CANDLER.

He declined the rank of colonel, which was offered to him in recognition of his gallantry on the field, because a strong attachment had grown up between him and his company and declared his determination "to fight it out" with his "boys."

Few soldiers of the Confederacy saw more hard service. He was in almost every great battle in the west and was wounded severely several times. In the fighting around Atlanta his company suffered as severely as any in Hood's army, and at Jonesboro more than half its numbers were killed. It was there that Captain Candler lost his left eye, and he almost died from the effect of the wound. Though he surrendered as a captain, he has been called colonel ever since, and by that title he is now almost invariably addressed.

After the war he did not resume his profession of schoolteacher, but settled in Gainesville, where he soon became active and successful as a building contractor. His humble start in this business is indicated by his recent remark, "When I set up in Gainesville, I found that I had one wife, one child, one eye and one silver dollar."

By energy and good judgment Colonel Candler succeeded in his business affairs to a remarkable degree. He has done more to build up the city of Gainesville than any other man, and he now possesses a comfortable private fortune. His taste for politics was demonstrated early. He was elected mayor of Gainesville the year after he moved there, and the next year was sent to the legislature, where he served several terms and became one of the Democratic leaders of that body when partisan politics in Georgia were rather stormy.

He was prominent in the building of the Gainesville, Jefferson and Southern railroad, and it was while engaged in this work in 1882 that he was nominated for congress. The district was then represented by Emory Speer, who had been elected as an independent. Speer had defeated the Democratic nominee twice and was considered invincible in the district. The nomination in 1882 was tendered to two prominent Democrats and declined by them before Candler was called upon to take it. In fact, it was almost forced upon him, and he was induced to accept only by appeals to his party loyalty. He made an aggressive campaign.

It was when the excitement of the contest was at its height that one of the campaigners for his opponent dubbed Candler "The One Eyed Plowboy of Pigeon Roost." The nickname stuck, but what was intended as ridicule was adopted as a campaign shibboleth by the supporters of Candler. The result of the hard fought contest was Candler's election by more than 3,000 majority. He at once became a hero with the Democracy of Georgia because he "had redeemed the 'bloody Ninth.'"

Colonel Candler served three terms in congress creditably. He declined a nomination for a fourth term in order to devote himself once more to his private affairs. In 1894 he was elected secretary of state, which office he has held since that time.

WILL BE A JUNE BRIDE.

Miss Pate, Who Is to Wed Postmaster Gordon of Chicago.

Miss Gertrude Wilson Pate, who is to become the wife of Postmaster Gordon in the spring, is at present an instructor in the department of speech



GERTRUDE WILSON PATE.

and oral reading of the Chicago Normal school. She is the daughter of Mr. Alexander Pate, a wealthy merchant and banker of Wellington, Ill., but is independent enough to prefer to earn her own living.

Miss Pate is just 21, and the postmaster is exactly ten years her senior. She was educated in the common schools of Wellington and at the age of 18 went to Ferry Hall, at Lake Forest, to complete her studies. She was graduated in 1896, after taking the full four years' course. Especial attention was given to elocution, and in this Miss Pate became very proficient. She possesses a rich contralto voice, a pleasing presence and not a little natural talent. During the Nashville exposition she read and recited and was the recipient of unusual praise.

She is rather tall, dark-eyed and pretty, with beautiful black hair and an attractive manner. She has literary tastes and indeed is well posted on this subject, which adds to her strength as an elocutionist. A marked quality of her character is her determination and courage. She has gained the admiration of her fellow teachers in the normal school by her ability and steadfastness to duty.

Miss Pate met Chicago's postmaster something over a year ago. She attended a reception at the Union League club, and there Mr. Gordon was presented to his future bride. They will not confess that Cupid was a third party at that meeting, but an attachment between them certainly began then and there. Though the engagement has but recently been announced, the close friends of both have understood the nature of the attachment and knew that a wedding would be its climax. The date has not yet been fixed, but the event will probably occur soon after the close of the school term.

A FIGHTING AUTOCRAT.

General Jamont, New Commander in Chief of the French Army and Navy.

General Jamont, the commander in chief of the French fighting force, military and naval, is interesting just now not only because he is new in office, having recently succeeded General Sausser, but because a crisis which threatens to try his mettle is imminent. The "vice president of the superior council of war" is the modest and mis-



GENERAL JAMONT.

leading title that republican France confers upon the commander designated in case of war to assume absolute control of all the French armies and fleets and direct their operations with the autocratic supremacy of czar or emperor. If we except Russia and the military monarchies of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey, there is no other country but France where such vast power is concentrated in the hands of any one man, and even in those countries just mentioned this supreme command is the prerogative of the sovereign only, and as such is theoretical rather than practical.

At the age of 67 he has reached this eminence after many years of active service. He first "smelled powder" in the war of the Crimea. In that conflict he received his first wound. General Jamont served in Italy, China and Mexico. In the Franco-German war he was promoted to a colonel.

During the grand maneuvers that took place in the Vosges in the autumn of 1895 General Jamont greatly distinguished himself by his remarkable strategic dispositions and the unexpected swiftness and precision of his tactical operations. From that date General Jamont was considered in military circles to be the foremost strategist in the French army. Since 1896 he has been inspector general of the army. He takes high rank among the leading generals of Europe.

Mackerel Learning.

The mackerel is a game fish. They ought to be well educated, for they are always in schools.—Josh Billings.

A

Shrewd

Real Estate Man

once said, "I can realize from 5 to 10 per cent. more on my property by making a careful selection of my wall papers. Care in this direction not only secures harmony, appeals to the critical eye, but makes the first impression favorable and lasting. From now on it will be a part of our business to help you solve this difficult and trying problem of selecting wall papers."

THIRTY-FIFTY New York patterns are here for you to choose from, hundreds of the newest and most up-to-date designs. Not at regular wall paper store prices, though, the lowest New York scale of prices alone prevail at this store, from 5c. per roll up.

Sample books with wall and ceiling patterns to match, together with borders, sent to your home for comparison and selection if you wish, with prices plainly marked.

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CHILDREN'S SUITS, CHILDREN'S REEFERS,

Caps, Sweaters and Gloves.

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A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

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WILSON BLOCK, HANCOCK STREET.



VOLUME XII. NUMBER 3.

THE PATH ACROSS THE FIELDS.

Armed me was the beauty Which only summer yields— The shadow of the woodland, The bounty of the fields, The gleam of shining waters, The murmur of the sea— The varied book of nature, All opened wide for me!

Amid these scenes of beauty I spied a pathway there, All flowerless and dusty, All hard and brown and bare, No dainty gown swept over, No soft in dalliance strayed Along the narrow limit, The tread of toil had made.

But weary men and women At dawn and eve did pass Beside the way unshaded, Amid the sunburnt grass, Their steps were slow and heavy; Their garments bore the soil Of the hard world's grim workday, Yet ever lives the picture Of the path across the fields!

—Harper's Bazar.

A SOCIETY COUPLE.

They had agreed to differ about it. Husbands and wives who agree without differing are a trifle old-fashioned and grumpy nowadays. Husbands and wives who differ without agreeing are also somewhat behind these times when a certain calm independence is the fashionable keynote of marital existence, and Mr. and Mrs. Buller were eminently up to date.

The first two years of their married life had been spent practically out of the world in consequence of the state of health of Mr. Buller's father. Then had come their succession to the property and a period of retirement—they were a trifle old-fashioned in those days, it will be seen—and then they had launched out into the world of society. They went with the stream with that enthusiasm which not infrequently attends new experiences. She was an extremely pretty and dainty little personage, with charming wit, and a very few weeks of social life put quite an extraordinary polish on her.

He was good looking, too, not particularly clever, but quite capable of following the lead set him by his fellows and cheery and good natured withal. There was plenty of money. They became immensely popular and found a thorough going society life altogether delightful.

The head of each was a little turned perhaps by the end of their first season. They had become so very modern. But neither could have said how the idea first suggested itself to him or her that their relations with one another needed shortening up. They did not discuss the subject. Neither was aware, indeed, that it had presented itself to the other. But each was secretly convinced that the old "spoon" relations would not do. It was ridiculous to care for the society of your husband or wife. It was "the thing" to live independent lives.

Independent lives, however, are not always, it appears, to be achieved at a word by two wholesome minded young people living in the same house and sharing the same round of pleasures. Delia Buller was a coquette, but there was a touch of delicate haughtiness in her and she was incapable of a vulgar flirtation. Also George Buller would have been incapable of jealousy where she was concerned, old fashioned traits in each which hinted that their regeneration was not complete. So that when at last a tangible subject of dispute presented itself husband and wife alike jumped at it with avidity.

The subject in question was thoroughly up to date, which was as it should be. At first, it cost Mr. Buller a pang to realize that the side he had accidentally adopted was that behind the times. But he had an obstinate fiber in him, so he nailed his colors to the mast like a man. The moot point was the bicycle craze. He would have none of it, in any shape or form; he decided it where men were concerned; for women he declared it not unsuitable—he knew his age better than that—but what was far worse, ridiculously unbecoming. Mrs. Buller, on the other hand, threw herself into the movement heart and soul. Her bicycle was for her the center of the universe. Nothing could have been better. The husband and wife agreed to differ, as has been said, in most approved fashion, and for the rest of the season they hardly met.

For people who had desired an understanding rather hotly as the dinner table on a fine February. The tete, a state of things felt to be highly ridiculous had come down for that is to say, Mr. Buller hunted the hounds, yet feasible to do. And there was the interval of two house would be. "Where does Mr. Buller want to go?" "That's out!" Of course about the thing the game was with Lady Buller on the tablecloth w fork.

"That's obvious, with spirit, 'or you to ride a horrid horse." "Horses don't 's ever you call it." "Bicycles don't 's they rear."

Mr. Buller rose, walked to the fire, majestic position. "One thing of it," he kept a thing a "You made spring," was the remarkable, wrong, you see. "Lots of won it, though," said his ground disingenuous one says it was a crying out. And I'm added vindictively, keen about it as you wasn't half so much confounded thing down as we had last Mrs. Buller rose. She appeared to have per.

"I love it more," cried, "and I which incoherently withdrew.

The breakfast when Mr. Buller about half past morning. The him, but the him by the se.

"Mrs. Buller, you please, sir," said she has ridden over her bicycle, and with "What time will demanded her husband. "About 5 o'clock answer.

Mr. Buller unfolded and ground his teeth. "The whole day" to himself. "Well, However, she'll be miles there and she'll go to sleep. Well, hanged, what time she she's got."

As a matter Buller had she had not progress. It like day, but it was not all that. At this identical in walking along a pleasant combination, wheeling her

Mrs. Buller had have all successful was those who said cle because she led the dress. Her sn frock and neat hat her little feet, in the inable shoes, were hold. But Mr. Buller to be the

ance just the taking no face w exercise, but in expression, as she ment, as she was with incredible the rats, was expiring and disgust. They passed, she stood for templating her bicy describable expression. "I shall never be spinning up," she said, spurringly. "Never think I wanted— it is!"

She mounted as a despairing sigh. Careless, perhaps, At any rate which she w

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FIVE CENTS A NUMBER.

THE PATH ACROSS THE FIELDS.

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Which only summer yields—
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I found a pathway there,
All flowerless and dusty,
All hard and brown and bare
No dainty gown swept over,
No feet in dalliance strayed
Along the narrow limit
The tread of toil had made.

But weary men and women
At noon and eve did pass
Beside the way unshaded,
And the sunlit grass,
Their step was slow and heavy;
Their garments bore the soil
Of the hard world's grim workday
They walked the way of toil.

So close against our pleasure
Is the undertone of care,
Of those who, all unsheltered,
The heat and burden bear,
And the fair summer memory
Sweet harvest to me yields,
Yet ever lives the picture
Of the path across the fields!

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Independent lives, however, are not always, it appears, to be achieved at a word by two wholesome minded young people living in the same house and sharing the same round of pleasures. Delia Buller was a coquette, but there was a touch of delicate haughtiness in her and she was incapable of a vulgar flirtation. Also George Buller would have been incapable of jealousy where she was concerned, old fashioned traits in each which hunted that their regeneration was not complete. So that when at last a tangible subject of dispute presented itself husband and wife alike jumped at it with avidity.

The subject in question was thoroughly up to date, which was as it should be. At first, it cost Mr. Buller a pang to realize that the side he had accidentally adopted was that behind the times. But he had an obstinate fiber in him, so he nailed his colors to the mast like a man. The color point was the bicycle craze. He would have none of it, in any shape or form; he derided it where men were concerned; for women he declared it not unsuitable—he knew his age better than that—but what was far worse, ridiculously unbecoming. Mrs. Buller, on the other hand, threw herself into the movement heart and soul. Her bicycle was for her the center of the universe. Nothing could have been better. The husband and wife agreed to differ, as has been said, in the most approved fashion, and for the rest of the season they hardly met.

For people who had arrived at so desirable an understanding, however, they were arguing the question rather hotly as they sat over the dinner table on a certain evening in February. They were tete-a-tete, a state of things which each felt to be highly ridiculous. They had come down for the hunting—that is to say, Mr. Buller intended to hunt; Mrs. Buller no longer followed the hounds, since it is not as yet feasible to do so on a bicycle. And there was to be an unavoidable interval of two days before their house would be full.

"Where does the fun come in?" Mr. Buller was demanding indignantly; "that's what I can't make out! Of course, one wouldn't care about the thing being dangerous if the game was worth the candle."

Lady Buller was drawing patterns on the tablecloth with her dessert fork.

"That's obvious," she returned with spirit, "or you wouldn't want to ride a horrid horse."

"Horses don't skid—or, what ever you call it."

"Bicycles don't shy—neither do they rear."

Mr. Buller rose wrathfully and walked to the fireplace, taking up a majestic position on the hearthrug.

"One thing is, you'll soon be tired of it," he observed. "You never keep a thing up for long."

"You made that remark last spring," was the answer, given with remarkable heat, "and you were wrong, you see."

"Lots of women have got tired of it, though," said Mr. Buller shifting his ground disingenuously. "Every one says it is a craze, and it's going out. And I'm not so sure," he added vindictively, "that you are as keen about it as you were. There wasn't half so much fuss over the confounded thing on the journey down as we had last time."

Mrs. Buller rose impetuously. She appeared to have lost her temper.

"I love it more than ever," she cried, "and I always shall," with which incoherent observation she withdrew.

The breakfast room was empty when Mr. Buller strolled down at about half past ten on the following morning. This did not surprise him, but the message delivered to him by the servant did.

"Mrs. Buller told me to say, if you please, sir," said the man, "that she has ridden over to Fernhill on her bicycle, and will lunch there."

"What time will she be back?" demanded her husband.

"About 5 o'clock, sir," was the answer.

Mr. Buller unfolded his newspaper and ground his teeth.

"The whole day!" he ejaculated to himself. "Well, I must say—However, she'll be tired. Forty miles there and back, and then she'll go to sleep all the evening. Well, hanged if I care! Wonder at what time she started, and how far she's got."

As a matter of fact, though Mrs. Buller had started some time since, she had not made any remarkable progress. It was a delightful spring-like day, but the state of the roads was not all that could be desired. At this identical moment she was walking along a particularly unpleasant combination of ruts and mud, wheeling her bicycle.

Mrs. Buller had her detractors, as have all successful people, and there were those who said she rode a bicycle because she looked so well in the dress. Her short, tailor made frock and neat hat certainly suited her to perfection this morning, and her little feet, in the daintiest imaginable shoes, were a delight to behold. But Mrs. Buller did not appear to be thinking of her appearance just then—she was obviously taking no pleasure in it. Her piquant face was rosy with air and exercise, but it was distinctly overcast in expression, and her every movement, as she wheeled her machine with incredible carelessness over the ruts, was expressive of boredom and disgust. The bad bit of road passed, she stood for an instant contemplating her bicycle with an indescribable expression.

"I shall never be able to give the thing up," she said to herself despairingly. "Never! If I did, he'd think I wanted— Oh, what a bore it is!"

She mounted as she spoke with a despairing sigh. Perhaps she was careless, perhaps the wheel slipped. At any rate the next thing of which she was aware was a general

upheaval of the universe, which left her lying in the road with a broken bicycle beside her and every bone in her body, as it seemed, dislocated.

"Oh, what a fool I've been!" she wailed despairingly, and then she fainted.

It was not a lonely road fortunately, and she was soon found and taken home. The doctor was sent for and enjoined by Mr. Buller on his departure to come again in the evening, and on coming down stairs after his second visit he found Mr. Buller hanging about in the hall. The doctor did not wait to be questioned.

"Going on splendidly," he said cheerily. "Feverish tonight, of course. But with a broken arm and a very nasty sprained ankle that's only to be expected."

For a man whose sentiments toward his wife are of an eminently philosophical nature Mr. Buller was looking extraordinarily pale and wretched. He drew a quick sigh of satisfaction; then he said, with an air of stern superiority which ill disguised an undertone of ferocious vindictiveness:

"Wretched things, these bicycles! I've always said so." Then he added: "Is there any reason why I shouldn't see my wife? Would it do any harm, I mean?"

The doctor screwed up his lips doubtfully.

"Well," he said, "no; hardly that. But she is feverish, as I said, and if she would rather be quiet—why, her wishes must be respected, you know."

"Confound it!" ejaculated the husband, and, wheeling round, he stood staring into the fire. "Going out tomorrow?" inquired Dr. Willoughby as he drew on his gloves. The hounds were to meet the next day.

"I don't know."

"I should, if I were you," was the answer. "There's nothing to be anxious about in your wife's condition, and she's better quiet, you know."

A gloomy man was Mr. Buller, to judge from his appearance as he sat in his smoking room that night, and a gloomy man was he as he came down next morning. He had been to Mrs. Buller's door and had been sternly denied admittance. He pulled himself together, however, at the meet, and answered the numerous inquiries after his wife with an off-hand nonchalance which did him credit. There was a long interval of standing about by the cover, and Mr. Buller's mare, a young one, could not stand it. When they got away eventually, she bolted, rushed at a fence, missed it and came down heavily.

"What a jolly good thing!" murmured Mr. Buller as he sank into unconsciousness.

It was Dr. Willoughby who undertook to break the news of her husband's accident to Mrs. Buller. She was more feverish that afternoon and dreadfully depressed, but she set about his task with the slightest possible circumspection.

"Well, Mrs. Buller," he said, "you're not to have the sick list all to yourself after all. Horses can play tricks, it seems, as well as bicycles."

Mrs. Buller turned her head sharply. She was a good deal bruised, and there was little else that she could turn.

"What do you mean?" she demanded as the color rushed into her woe-begone face. "Not George?"

Then, as she read assent in the doctor's face, she turned white to her lips. "Oh!" she gasped, with a sudden change of tone. "He's not hurt badly?"

"Hurt badly? No, of course not," returned the doctor cheerily. "A very neatly fractured leg, that's all—a companion to your arm. Nothing to faint about, I assure you."

"I'm not going to faint," declared Mrs. Buller—indeed, a considerable amount of color had come back to her cheeks, and her eyes were dancing. "Poor old boy! I'm dreadfully sorry." Her voice gave a curiously different meaning to the words. "I know what horrid pain it is, don't I? But I've always told him that horses were quite as—I mean, I've always said that you run great risks with horses. How did it happen, doctor? Is he pretty comfortable? Is there anything I have for my arm that he would like? Take him some of those grapes, will you? He'll be so thirsty."

During the weeks that followed the respective attendants on Mr. and Mrs. Buller had a very busy time of it. Each patient took quite an ex-

traordinary interest in the symptoms and progress of the other, and each was, of course, confined to his or her room. It was all quite impersonal. Mrs. Buller's eyes were hardly opened in the morning before her nurse must repair to Mr. Buller's door to inquire whether he had been able to sleep or whether his leg had felt—this, that or the other—as her arm had done. Mr. Buller could not rest easily for an hour together without full and particular information as to the particular position in which Mrs. Buller found her ankle gave her least pain.

Mrs. Buller had flowers sent her, and the lion's share had to go to her husband's room. Mr. Buller found something particularly entertaining in the illustrated papers, and it must forthwith be taken to Mrs. Buller. Of course it was only human, as Mrs. Buller assured herself at frequent intervals, to take an interest in another fellow creature who was suffering just as you yourself were suffering and in the very same house. Of course, as Mr. Buller assured Dr. Willoughby more than once, it was rather a lark to compare notes.

The sprained ankle made progress quicker than the broken limbs. When Mrs. Buller was able to be moved to a sofa, Mr. Buller being still in his bed, Dr. Willoughby suggested that Mrs. Buller should be wheeled into his room and pay him a little visit.

"I dare say he's very dull, poor thing!" she said. "I don't know that there is any reason why I should not go today."

"I don't know that there is," said Dr. Willoughby. So that afternoon there was great activity in both sick-rooms. Mr. Buller's nurse had to arrange flowers, to put away this, to straighten that and to shake up the cushions of the armchair a dozen times. Mrs. Buller's nurse had to change her patient's dressing gown twice, and her maid was requisitioned to do her hair. And at about 4 o'clock a knock came at Mr. Buller's door, and Mrs. Buller appeared, leaning on a stick and escorted by her nurse. She was received by the nurse and established with much circumstance in the armchair prepared for her reception.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," said Mr. Buller, with constrained politeness. He was rather pathetic in his enforced recumbency, and he was looking very white and thin. "You must have had a horrid time."

"Pretty bad," she said, "and so have you, I'm afraid."

"Willoughby talks of sending me south," said Mr. Buller.

The conversation thus far had been characterized by the utmost nonchalance and composure, each party having steadily avoided a glance in the direction of the other. But at this juncture he, with a self confidence entirely unjustified by events, turned politely in his wife's direction. She looked round at the same moment. Their eyes met, and—it was all over.

"Delia, my sweetheart, how white you look!"

"Oh, George, my old darling, how thin you are!"

The ejaculations were simultaneous, and before they had died away Mrs. Buller, with a little help and the assistance of the table, had reached the sofa and had subsided on to the floor, with her face buried on her husband's breast. "Oh, George," she cried, "you were quite right! Bicycles are horrid things, and so are horses. Oh, George, you might have been killed!"

"I might, darling," he said incoherently. "You were quite right, too, Delia, dearest. It's been the very deuce of a time! Do you know how long it is since you really kissed me?"

She did not answer, but she lifted her face and apparently she felt that the performance which ensued was a good deal in arrears. They went south together and each was so busy superintending the complete recovery of the other that they quite forgot to be up to date and are no more a strictly society couple.

Dr. Parr is credited with having answered a "cheeky" youth in most effective fashion. The latter, wishing to "take a rise" out of Parr, who was a man of much dignity of aspect, before some frivolous acquaintances, observed that if the doctor and himself were to collaborate they could write a very big book. "An enormous one," said Parr dryly, "if we put in all that I know and all that you do not."

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MARCH, 1898.

Dreyfus, the unfortunate victim of religious and racial hostility, still lingers in his miserable exile, and the petition of his heartbroken wife, that she be allowed to share his misery, is refused by the French government. If intervention was ever justifiable it is in this case, and the hope is burning in every liberty-loving heart that it will not be many days before the French nation will be called to answer for this and other atrocious crimes.

During all our military history but a few men have risen to the exalted rank of lieutenant general of the armies of the United States. The list embraces Washington, Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Schofield, and of these only three have attained the full honor and merit of extraordinary military service, the title of general, and these were Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. It is now proposed to honor the present commander-in-chief of the army, Major Gen. Miles, with the title of lieutenant general, a bill having this object in view having been introduced to this session of Congress, but it is not believed the rank will be restored. Gen. Miles has certainly done faithful service, but not such as would call for such an unusual mark as this promotion would signify.

The Post in its Monday issue shows conclusively the difference between jingoism and Toyism. The Post's conclusions are that if it must choose between these two extremes, it would gladly join hands with the jingoes and in this all sensible men will readily concur. It may be that the American jingoes are loud-mouthed, indiscreet and harmful in a small way, but the menace to the country from the snarling Tories much outweighs the small harm that will come from the noisy jingoes. As the Post says, we all deprecate war, but if it be found that the American people have been the victims of a diabolical deed, only the terrible punishment that war would entail will satisfy the great bulk of the common people. Commercial interests have little weight in such cases, and no more inimical doctrine can be disseminated than that national honor can be vindicated by the power and potency of gold. The history of the world shows beyond contradiction that the nations that have subordinated every consideration to the whims and caprices of the markets have always occupied a secondary place, and the people of such nations have never risen to the power and intelligence of the nations that are jealous of national honor and solicitous for the lives and fortunes which such honor shelters and succors. Peace with honor, to be sure, but not peace on any other terms. But it is a small matter that can be settled honorably with a few pieces of gold.

The Boston Herald calls Mr. Michael Davitt a blackskite, and for no other reason than because Mr. Davitt has written to the London Chronicle protesting against the English overtures to the United States. Mr. Davitt may be reasonably supposed to know the real English feeling toward America, and if he claims that the friendly feeling is only assumed, we may be pardoned, despite the Herald's snappish manner, if we believe that the honorable gentle speaks the whole truth. No matter how strongly the English press and the Tory government of England may petition for an alliance between Victoria government and our own, strong barriers will always present themselves to thwart such an unholy alliance, as Mr. Davitt frequently states the United States are peopled largely by those who have felt alike the tyranny of England's home and foreign policy, and our government could not hope to retain the services of these people if a coalition should be made with a power they thoroughly despise. It is not believed that an alliance between England and the United States is near at hand, and in consequence no worriment is necessitated on this account. The Herald in its snap judgment of Mr. Davitt rather belittles itself in the eyes of all rational beings, but the Herald's disposition toward the outspoken enemies of English policy is only on a par with its disposition toward a large number

of our own representative men, who have on divers occasions had the temerity to differ with the Herald on public questions.

By the estimates of the Mayor's budget, sent to the Council on Monday evening last, the estimated cost of maintaining the city will be over \$20,000 in excess of the amounts voted by the Council of 1897. The plaint of the large body of taxpayers is that the cost of running the corporation is not kept within bounds. His Honor was elected on a platform that pledged economy in the management of the city's finances, but it does not appear that he has kept this matter fresh in mind. Of the total excess, providing that the Council votes the sums asked by the Mayor and School Committee—the Mayor is directly responsible for about one-half, and the School Committee, bad statutory laws, misplaced charity, and the shortsightedness of past City Councils are responsible for the other half. Nearly \$14,000 of the excess can be rightly withheld, without any impairment of the public service, and if the members of the Council are prudent they will refuse every cent in excess of the amounts voted in 1897, and where no statutes makes obligatory the granting of sum asked for this year. If His Honor and the School Committee will defy and ignore the intelligent public sentiment for retrenchment, the Council should, if it would make any pretence to being a representative body, refuse to yield to the extravagant ideas of the executive and the School Committee. If more money is needed to maintain one branch of the public school system, why can not some other branch bear the burden, and that too, without curtailment of activity or benefits. If the fire department of last year was creditably managed with an appropriation of \$20,500, why should it be necessary to appropriate \$24,550 this year? If the cost of keeping the chief's horse was \$125 last year, why should \$200 be called for this year? In this connection we may state that the Council is wholly responsible for \$728 of the excess in this department, since this represents the sum that will be paid to the permanent man that is not needed at Quincy Point. That the fire alarm telegraph service was damaged to the extent of \$1,350 by the February storm seems almost incredible, but even allowing for these extra burdens the amount petitioned for is still in advance of that voted to Chief Williams. We do not believe that the city is as economically managed as it should be, and though the saving may be small here and there and elsewhere, and while we have contented ourselves with pointing out what we deem extravagance, we venture the opinion, that the cost of giving the city an efficient and economical administration could be done for a smaller sum by \$20,000 than that voted last year. We sincerely hope that the intelligent members of the City Council will scrutinize the estimates carefully, and that they will without fear rebuke the attempt to further impoverish the city.

POSTMASTER BURKE.

Mr. James F. Burke, for the past four years the postmaster in this city, severs his connection with the office on April 1. Mr. Burke was appointed by President Cleveland to succeed Mr. Warren W. Adams, and during his tenure of office he has constantly and gratefully developed and strengthened the postal facilities of the city until today Quincy takes place second to none in the large number of offices in a similar class. Mr. Burke has been zealous in the discharge of his duties, and by his uniform courtesy and attention to the needs of the patrons of the office he has won an enviable place in the estimation of Quincy folks. Upon his retirement from his important post he bears credentials of public's appreciation of his faithful and honorable discharge of a public trust.

MRS. MARY ROCHE.

The parishoners of St. John's church were grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. Mary Roche on Tuesday morning, March 22. Mrs. Roche has been a sufferer from consumption for some time, but outside of her family none knew that the end was so near. The estimable lady was well known, and her death casts a gloom over a wide circle of friends. The funeral was held from St. John's church on Thursday morning, the requiem mass being celebrated by Rev. F. A. Friguglietti. The interment was at West Quincy. Mrs. Roche leaves five daughters and one son, who have in their great affliction the sympathy of the people of the parish and of neighbors and friends.

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LOCAL TINTS.

Division 18, A. O. H., has leased the hall in French's building.

The Societe St. Jean Baptist will hold a ball at St. Mary's hall on Monday evening, April 11.

Mr. Michael J. Dwyer, the newly-elected president of the Irish Charitable society was formerly the editor of Donohoe's Magazine, and is now connected with the Institutions department of the city of Boston.

Mr. Thomas A. Mullen, private secretary to Mayor Quincy, will be the guest of Quincy council, Knights of Columbus, on Tuesday evening, April 5. The council will hold a "smoker" on that evening, and Mr. Mullen, out of his fund of reminiscences, will undoubtedly give the members an interesting talk.

"A Bit o' Blarney," given under the auspices of Division 5, A. O. H., in Music hall, on St. Patrick's night, was a grand success in every way. The audience was an appreciative one and the clever acting called forth much applause. The piece is a typical Irish portrayal, and while many of the Irish were difficult, all acquitted themselves with credit.

The St. John's society is making active preparation for the presentation of "Past Redemption" on the evening of April 19. The rehearsals presage a treat for the lovers of amateur theatricals, and without doubt a large number will avail themselves of the opportunity to witness a clever presentation of this taking piece. In the April Monitor we will give a more extended notice of the piece, together with the names of the young men and women taking the different roles.

The promenade concert and ball of Quincy Council, No. 96, Knights of Columbus, will be held on Easter Monday night, April 11, in Music hall, and promises to be the greatest social event in Catholic circles in the history of the city. The preparations are on a grand scale, and efficient committees have labored assiduously in arranging the multitudinous matters incidental to such an undertaking. State Deputy Hearn and other prominent officers of the Knights of Columbus, the reverend clergy, Mayor Sears, the gentlemen of the local and metropolitan press and the officers of the Catholic and fraternal societies of the city will be present. Dickinson's orchestra of Boston will furnish the music. Everything points to an extraordinary success for Quincy Council on this occasion, and the friends of the council may also count on a most enjoyable time. Special cars will be chartered to leave the hall for all points at the close of the ball.

The late Gen. Rosecrans was a devout member of the Roman Catholic church, and in his leisure was pleased to discourse to his brother officers on the beauty and depth of the faith which he had embraced in his young manhood. Gen. Rosecrans, like Gen. McClellan was accounted one of the bravest and most skillful leaders on the Union side, but for some unaccountable reason failed to reach the zenith of fame for which his great talents fitted him.

Poor Fellow!

Once a fine mechanic.
Now digs in a ditch.
Drink?
No; his sight began to fail. Properly fitted glasses at that time would have enabled him to continue at his occupation at good wages, but he delayed until too late. Now he digs at starvation wages.

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CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Portuguese-speaking Catholics of Providence have just completed a handsome church.

Mgr. Schroeder has left the United States for his native land, to fill a position in the Münster University.

The colored Catholics of Buffalo, N. Y., are considering the question of forming a church in that city. Bishop Quigley, it is said, is favorably inclined toward the movement.

The Franciscan fathers have begun the work of building their convent in the neighborhood of the Catholic University, and it is hoped to have the structure ready for occupation by next October.

Cardinal Mertel celebrated his 92d birthday recently. This venerable prelate is the Pope's senior by four years, and has completed his 40th year in the Roman purple, for he was made a cardinal March 15, 1858. He ranks as a cardinal deacon, and is, of course, the oldest member of the sacred college.

The breviary used in his prison by Mgr. Darboy, the archbishop of Paris, martyred during the commune of 1870, has just come to light after 27 years, and has just taken its place among the treasures of Notre Dame. It is given by the archbishop of Paris, who lately received it from one of the priests of his diocese, the Abbe Jouin, cure of St. Medard.

Archbishop Katzer and Bishop Hennessey of Washita, who were down in Mexico for some time past, returned home recently, and both are at work again in their respective jurisdictions. Both prelates declare themselves highly pleased with their visit and speak very eulogistically of the Mexican people and their faith, which shows itself in so many ways, especially in the splendid churches they have erected and which they frequent daily for devotional exercises.

The gold chalice of Chaplain Chidwick was recovered from the wreck last week, to the delight of that good man. It was presented to him by the crew of the Maine, who revered him as a priest and admired him as a man. The chalice was studded with diamonds, and valuable. Although the chaplain valued the gift highly, he had never asked any one to search for it, fearing to delay the work of recovering the dead imprisoned beneath the wreck.

Whatever else may be said about the Cubans and the Spaniards, the bishop of Havana cannot certainly be accused of any hostility toward the people of this country, says the Republic. Mgr. Santander, it will be remembered, officiated with Chaplain Chidwick at the obsequies of the victims of the Maine disaster, and now it is announced that he intends inclosing with a neat wall their final resting place in the cemetery down there. This prelate's full name as it appears in the Catholic directory is Rt. Rev. Manuel Santander y Frutos, and he became bishop of Havana on St. Patrick's day, 1887.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of Division 5, A. O. H., held on February 23, 1898, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS—Our Heavenly Father has been pleased to call from our midst our late Brother Cornelius Wren, and

WHEREAS—While bowing with humble submission to the Divine will we sincerely mourn his loss, therefore be it

Resolved—That we the members of Division 5, A. O. H., deeply regret his early demise.

Resolved—That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife and family in this time of their sad affliction.

Resolved—That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the widow of our late Brother, entered upon the records of the Division, and a copy be forwarded to the Quincy Monitor for publication.

THOMAS MURPHY, Pres.,
WILLIAM H. SULLIVAN,
PATRICK CLEMENS,
JOHN T. SAVAGE,
JOHN DEADY,
Committee on resolutions.

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Revolving Turret

and mounted a new

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spring, and warranted it for two years in either

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154 HANCOCK ST.

GIVEN AWAY!

SOUVENIR SPOON OF

Battleship Maine

WITH ONE PACKAGE OF

Old Grist Mill

ROLLED WHEAT,

13 cts.

L. M. PRATT & CO.

BOSTON BARGAIN STORE.

Music Hall Building, Quincy.

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It seems almost too good to believe, but nevertheless it is a fact, that in our Kitchen Furnishing Department, we shall offer for sale the greatest values ever shown for 5c., 10c., and 15c., in Glass, Crockery, Agate and Tinware, and special bargains in Ladies' Dress Skirts, Shirt Waists, Print Wrappers, Cotton Underwear, and bargains in every department. We shall offer for sale two elegant steel engravings, 10x22, subjects: "The Better Land," and "The Vale of Peace." These engravings are actually worth \$2.00 each; our price, 10c. each.

We shall present with every purchase of 50c. and upwards a magnificent half-tone engraving, 10x12, of the

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Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

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Hillside Terrace,

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Has Just Delivered
At Our Wharves,

Also, . . .

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TCH & SON.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

es, Provisions.

GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Tobaccos, Cigars, Imported

and Fancy Groceries.

LOCK, HANCOCK STREET.

ph Had Coat

and it pleased both himself and his father.

BRING OVERCOAT OF ANY COLOR, OF ANY

PRICE.

price will fit the coat.

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WHITE CLOTHING STORE.

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& Merrill's Block.

GENTLE DR. GATLING.

MILD OLD GENTLEMAN WHO MAKES
MURDEROUS MACHINES.

At Eighty the Inventor Perfects a New

Rapid Fire Gun Which is Both Big and

Terrible—The First Gatling Gun and Its

History.

Dr. Gatling, whose very name has a

warlike sound, is at work on a new

gun. It will be big and terrible and

quite deadly at long distances as well as

short. Having almost reached the limit

in the matter of speed, his new gun

will show that death in large doses can

be dealt out almost as rapidly as in

small ones.

Dr. Richard Jordan Gatling now lives

and works in Cleveland. Although he

has reached 80, he is still industriously

turning out the murderous machines

which have made his name famous in

all parts of the world. Yet he is neither

a fire eater nor a man hater. On the

contrary he is a mild mannered, soft

spoken old gentleman whose kind dis-

position shows clearly in his bright blue

eyes. He actually claims that his death

dealing machine gun is a humanitarian

instrument and often compels peace

where in its absence there would be a

bloody contest.

Dr. Gatling was born in North Caro-

lina. He showed mechanical genius as

a boy, but at first he studied medicine;

hence his title. Then he dropped physi-

c and developed his talent. His first effort

of importance was to make a screw to

propel water craft. When he applied for

a patent, he found that John Ericsson

had been before him. He then invented a

rice planter, which was something of a

success. In 1844 he got a patent for a

modification of his rice planter designed

for drilling in wheat. This was the first

wheat drill, and for many years there-

after Dr. Gatling was principally occu-

pied in making these drills and selling

them to farmers. He was successful and

made money.

He was moved to experiment on a ma-

chine gun by the pathetic scenes of war-

times. He saw many men leave for the

front and many come back in boxes. He

decided that there was a great waste of

life in the game of war as then played.

After much study he designed a ma-

chine gun which in principle is the

same as that used today, though in its

details it has been very materially im-

proved since 1861. He went to Cincin-

nati to build his first guns and at the

shops of Miles Greenwood.

Though there was much secrecy about

the work it became known that a

dreadful weapon which would end the

war in short order was nearly finished

at these shops. Some zealous friend of

the Confederacy set fire to the establish-

ment of Mr. Greenwood, and the gat-

ling guns were so injured as to be

worthless.

After the fire Dr. Gatling at another

shop built 13 new guns at an expense of

\$10,000. When these were finished, he

sent them to Washington in care of a

Chicago gentleman who was supposed

to have great influence with the author-

ities. The chief of ordnance, General

Ripley, was an old fashioned man who

sincerely believed that the very best

war weapon was the muzzle loading,

smoothbore, flintlock musket. It is

not to be wondered that from such an

official Dr. Gatling's representative re-

ceived small encouragement.

When the war was over and General

Ripley had a successor in the ordnance

office, Dr. Gatling, who in the mean-

time had substituted metallic for paper

cartridges, again brought his inven-

tion to the notice of the authorities in Washington. An ordnance board was

A FAIR COLONEL.

Does She Lose Her Title Because of Her
Marriage?

Governor Atkinson of Georgia is called

upon to decide a very delicate ques-

tion. As it is in relation to a very hand-

some young woman he may be trusted

to do nothing ungallant. One of his

first appointments upon re-election was

that of Miss Lewis Butt of Augusta as

member of his staff, with the rank of

colonel. This was in accordance with a

promise which he had given Miss Butt

during the heat of the campaign for a

political service which she rendered

him.

Now the members of governors' staffs

are usually fierce, mustached gentlemen,

who are chosen mainly for their political

prestige and secondly for the appear-

ance which they make in military

clothes. But he had promised Miss Butt

to make her a colonel, and he kept his

word. She was presented with a jeweled

sword by the male members of the staff

and rode in several parades, wearing

the warlike weapon. She also proved

useful on several occasions by helping

the governor entertain. She was called

Colonel Butt by everybody who knew

her and took much pride in the title.

A few weeks ago, however, the fair

colonel married. Her husband is George

M. Cunningham, a cotton dealer and

one of the wealthiest men in the state.

Then came the complications. Right in

the midst of the honeymoon came per-

plexing questions which ran something

like this:

"Are you Colonel Butt still, or are

you Colonel Cunningham? Does your

marriage change your title to Colonel

Cunningham? As Mrs. Cunningham

are you still a colonel?"

The fair colonel was bewildered. She

was sure she did not know anything

about it. She had never thought that

her marriage would endanger her title.

She would ask the governor. Some

people in Georgia think that Mrs. Cun-

ningham cannot be a wife and a colonel

at one and the same time, and they

want to know what she would do in

case of war and she was called upon to

command troops in the field. But Gov-

ernor Atkinson has had a long experi-

ence as a politician, and he will doubt-

less be equal to the task of solving the

problem.

JUDGE DAY'S HELPMATE.

Wife of the Assistant Secretary of State
an Accomplished Woman.

Mrs. William R. Day, wife of the en-

ergistic assistant secretary of state, is a

pleasant looking, matronly appearing

woman, who is the mother of four

bright boys, the eldest of whom is now

in college.

Mrs. Day was Miss Mary Elizabeth

Schaefer. Her father was a Frenchman,

from whom she early acquired a knowl-

edge of the tongue, which, together

with her German, she now finds so use-

</

HOW CANNONS ARE MADE

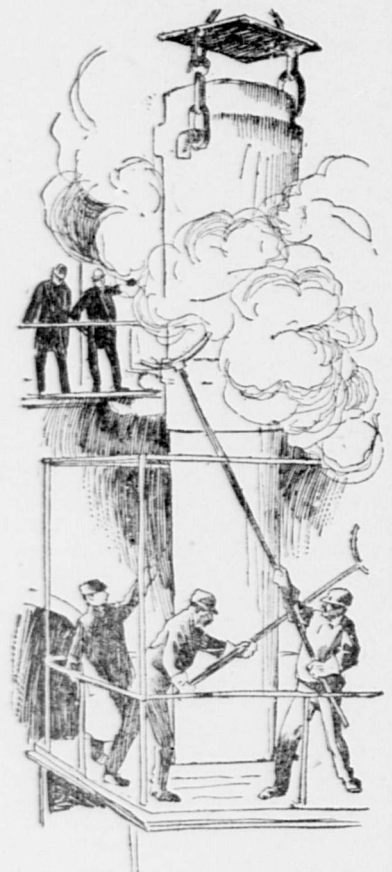
Building Peace Compellers an Intricate Process.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG GUN FACTORIES.

The Huge Rifles of Modern Warfare Not Cast in One Piece, but Made Up of Many Sections—Some Interesting Features of the Work.

Whenever the distant growlings of the dogs of war matter through the medium of big headlines you are sure to read that "the work on big guns for battleships and coast defenses is being pushed along." Don't you believe it. No one ever undertook to rush work on a big gun and made a success of it.

The construction of a fort or a battleship can be hurried by putting big



SHRINKING ON A JACKET.

forces of men to work, but none of the steel monsters which guard our coast line was born in a hurry, nor will any of their future comrades be rushed into existence.

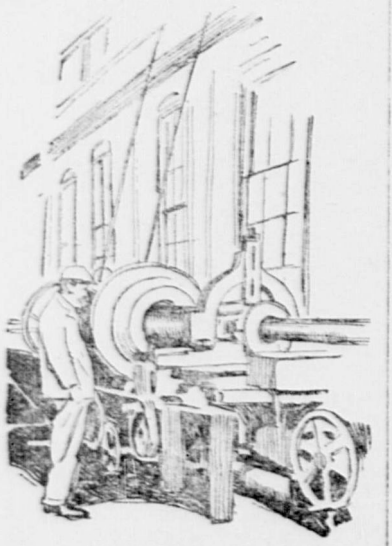
Gunnaking, when the guns weigh thousands of tons, is a deliberate art. With ponderous dignity the huge rifles come into being, and all their later movements are correspondingly slow until the time comes for them to act in real earnest—the supreme moment when with a mighty roar, a tremendous belching of flame and smoke, they hurl their gigantic missiles across miles of sea to seek out and sink the audacious invader.

Uncle Sam has two big shops where he turns out peace compellers. One of these is near Watervliet, where the big guns for the navy are made. The other is at Watervliet, N. Y., where are made the mammoth rifles, siege guns, mortars and other pieces of heavy ordnance. It is at the latter that the biggest gun in the world, destined for the defense of New York harbor, is now in course of construction. There is another arsenal at Watervliet, Mass., near Cambridge, and there the new disappearing gun carriages and heavy projectiles are made.

The post at Watervliet was established in 1807, and the reservation embraces a tract of 47 acres. It was then called Gibbonsville. This unpoetic name was changed to Watervliet in 1817.

It is only within recent years that the government has been making any of the most modern of the large guns. A board of officers, acting for the ordnance department at Washington, was directed by act of congress March 3, 1883, to investigate and report on the needs of this country for coast defenses. In accordance with this act a report was submitted Jan. 23, 1886, recommending that about 1,000 guns be mounted for protection at 27 points along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The new building is 1,000 feet long, with an average width of about 150 feet. The annual output is twenty 12 inch, fourteen 10 inch and twelve 8 inch guns.

The guns made in the Watervliet factory are the same in their essential con-



struction as those made in the great European factories. The forgings are brought to the factory ready for use, coming chiefly from the Bethlehem and Midvale works in Pennsylvania. American steel is used entirely.

The modern gun differs from the old

in this—the old one was cast and the modern one is built. The old gun was a single piece of metal. The modern gun is a mechanism. It may be taken apart. The old one was simple and the new one is complex. A steel tube, forged, 419 inches long, with walls 5 inches thick at one end, weighing 15 tons, is the basis of a 12 inch modern gun. With this as a core there are put around it 17 other cylinders of steel. The adjustments are perfect, within a thousandth of an inch.

When this tube reaches the factory, the car which brings it is run within the building, and the first of the big machines which are to handle it during its different stages lifts it off and drops it beside other tubes on the floor of the building. This operation is performed as easily and gently by the traveling cranes as a man might handle a three foot section of one inch lead pipe. There are three of these cranes at Watervliet—two of 50 tons each and one of 120 tons. They are simply great bridges which span the building's width and run its length on trucks not unlike car trucks on elevated trestles, one each side of the factory. The larger one works by electricity.

One of the chief objects in building up a gun rather than casting it is that it may have a greater strength than an equivalent amount of cast or forged steel of the same proportions. Another advantage is that by making a gun in thin layers the quality of the metal may be known all the way through—a thing impossible in thick castings.

When the tube has been measured, it is lifted by one of the big cranes to a lathe of monster proportions, and it is "rough bored," as it is called. This process requires several days, and when completed the crane again comes and lifts it to another lathe, where the shrinkage surface for the jacket is turned. It is then a bright, smooth shining cylinder. The jacket is simply a steel cylinder large enough when expanded by heat to go over the tube. It covers the tube for a little more than one-third its length from the breech.

When the tube and the jacket are ready, the most interesting, the most delicate and the most significant of all the processes comes next. This is the operation of "shrinking." The coat is to be heated until it is large enough to go on over the tube, and then, cooling, the tough hand of steel is to contract with such irresistible force that the mighty steel cylinder will be compressed until its bore shrinks under the enormous pressure.

In the center of the factory is the shrinkage pit. It is an excavation 50 feet deep, with an exterior opening 40 feet long and 20 feet wide. When they began to excavate it at the Watervliet factory, it was found that solid rock lay underneath the building to more than that depth. The pit is therefore nothing but an excavation into solid rock. No retaining walls were needed. A furnace occupies a portion of this pit, in which the jackets and hoops are heated. There is at the bottom and built upward some distance apparatus by which one of the monster guns may be balanced and clamped immovably in a vertical position.

When the jacket is put on and has cooled, the gun is lifted from the pit and carried down the room to the lathe. The processes by which the tube was prepared for the jacket are repeated with the different sets of hoops. Five times the 12 inch gun makes the journey to the pit. Each time it comes out heavier by many tons than when it went in, and each time it assumes more and more the appearance of a cannon, losing its harmless appearance as a cylinder of steel and looming up formidable, massive and threatening.



ARSENAL AT WATERVLIET.

After the last hoop has been put on it goes to the boring lathe, after which the breech thread is cut and the breech screwed on. There is but one step of essential importance yet necessary—it must be made a rifled gun. Its inside must be grooved with a spiral groove, which will set the shot whirling when the time comes for it to speed on its destructive errand. Again the gun is put into a lathe. Three days are needed to rifle it. The muzzle end is finished and its sharp edges are smoothed and polished. The breech plate is finished and sights are put on. The gun is weighed and marked. Its logbook is packed away for reference, and some fine day the gun will be taken to Sandy Hook to be tested. It has probably been eight or ten months since the tube was taken from the car which brought it, a steel forging, from Pennsylvania.

Six weeks is practically the minimum of time for the making of a modern gun, and to finish one within that space everything would have to go marvelously well. The "treatment" of the steel would have to be a success at the very first attempt—something that does not often happen—and the first tests would have to show that the government standard had been reached. Of ten or twelve otherwise these results can only be obtained through much trying and the expenditure of time. A batch of guns may thus take months in the making, while good luck may bring it down to weeks.

None of the guns is named. They are all numbered, and from the moment the tube is received until the gun becomes old iron for the government its number sticks to it. Sometimes when a successful shrinking has taken place or a great gun has gone out to make its way in the world the men who have done the most work on it christen it after their own fancy, but official cognizance of names has never been given.

CYRUS SYLVESTER.

HORNETS OF THE SEA.

MEN WHO MAN TORPEDO BOATS TRAINED TO KILL AND DIE.

In Peace These Narrow Craft Are Floating Torture Hells—In War They Are Almost Certain to Become Steel Coffins For Officers and Crew.

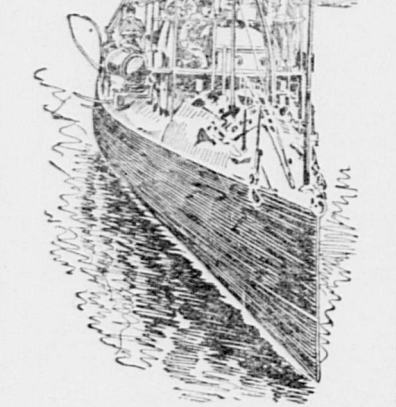
No matter how much in dispute may be the value of the torpedo boat in modern naval warfare one thing is agreed upon unanimously—in peace they are most uncomfortable craft on which to serve one's country.

The other day the Winslow was ordered from Norfolk navy yard to join the flotilla cruising off Key West. A heavy sea was breaking as she reached the capes, but she pluckily stuck her nose into it and turned southward with hardly more than the top of her smokestack out of water. If you know how a long, narrow boat behaves in a seaway, you can imagine how little comfort her crew had during the trip.

So little is there to make life bearable on these torpedo boats that in the English navy they are obliged to pick men for torpedo boat service and give increased pay to the entire crew and officers of the flotilla.

It is impossible to avoid this discomfort. The torpedo boats are constructed primarily for speed, and their lightness, narrow beam and shallow draft, while enabling them to make fair speed in calm weather, makes them almost uninhabitable in bad weather.

In a recent trip of a torpedo boat across the Atlantic it was found impossible for days at a time to light a fire in the cook's quarters. The officers were so cramped in their cabins that they were forced to sit with their feet propped up against the sides of the boat. Every one on board during rough weather



THE TORPEDO BOAT WINSLOW.

er was hurled from side to side of the narrow steel tube until all were a mass of bruises and contusions. To cap their troubles they slept with the unpleasant knowledge that beneath them were stored explosives sufficient to blow them beyond the clouds.

The discomforts in time of peace are bad enough, but in wartime the torpedo boats may well be called the forlorn hope of the fleet. Enough has been seen of the dangers to show what small chance there is of the boat's crew living through a torpedo duel. The most tragic event of recent naval battles in which a torpedo boat took part occurred on the night following the battle of the Yalu, when the Chinese ships had sought shelter in a convenient bay, with only a small outlet to the sea. Through this opening a Japanese torpedo boat stole during the night to the attack.

The commander of the Chinese vessel Ting-yuen and a number of his crew were on deck expecting some attack. When signaled by other vessels that the torpedo boat had been sighted, the Ting-yuen began to fire in the direction from whence she came. The smoke from the guns made it impossible to see the attacking boat, and the command was given to cease firing. The Chinese commander next discovered the torpedo boat about half a mile distant, coming at full speed toward the ship. The gun crew immediately opened fire upon her with all their machine and rapid fire guns.

The Japanese succeeded, however, in discharging her torpedo. A dull, muffled report announced the explosion under the quarters of the ship. The result was a hole in her bottom that practically wrecked the ship. All her compartments were filled with water and the fires extinguished. As the weather was bitter cold—20 degrees below zero—the ship had to be abandoned.

The fate of the crew of the torpedo boat was simply appalling. She was discovered the following morning floating in the bay. The first man who boarded her found what was left of the crew frozen to death on her decks. The engineer, machinist and fireman had been scalded to death through the cutting of the steam pipes by one of the smaller shots from the machine guns. They were all below decks. The chief engineer was found near the hatchway of the engine room, frozen stiff. It was evident, however, that he had died of the scalds and burns. Out of the entire crew of 14 men not one escaped.

So you see that these hornets of the sea do not have things all their own way even in war. That they fully realize this is shown by a recent remark of Lieutenant Commander Kimball, who has charge of the torpedo boat flotilla.

"How to kill and how to die," says Lieutenant Kimball, "must be learned in the trade of war. A knowledge of the latter is considered more important than the former. Men are trained to kill effectively; they are disciplined to die properly. The men of the flotilla know how to accomplish the first part of their trade; they can be relied on to do the latter."

AIR OF MAMMOTH CAVE.

So Pure and Bracing That It Might Be Utilized For a Sanitarium.

In The Century there is an article on "The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky" by John R. Proctor, formerly state geologist of Kentucky. Mr. Proctor, in describing the tour of the cave, says:

Some distance on we come upon two stone cottages built against one of the walls of the avenue. These are the remains of a number that were built in the cave in 1843 for the abode of consumptive patients. It was believed that the pure air of the cave would effect a cure, and 15 consumptives took up their abode here, and remained for five months without going outside. It is said that when they did go out three died before they could reach the hotel.

Something more than purity is required—sunlight. It is said that the salt-peter miners had remarkable health while working in the cave, and persons with weak lungs are certainly benefited by short walks in this atmosphere. I believe, in time, that these immense reservoirs of pure, antiseptic air will be utilized for the cure of consumption and asthma, not by sending the patient into the cave, but by bringing the air into well drained elevated sandstone plateaus above the caves.

We know the air is dry, because the timber carried in 1812 has not decayed, and iron hinges have been here since 1843 and show no sign of rust. We know the air is pure, because here animal matter does not decay, but simply dries up. The mummies found in the caves were not prepared mummies, but simply desiccated bodies. The uniform temperature of from 53 degrees to 54 degrees the year round has been demonstrated. Consumptives take long sea voyages and visit high altitudes to get the benefit of a pure atmosphere, but they suffer from variations of temperature, from storms, and at high altitudes exercise cannot be taken, while the cave air predisposes one to take exercise with little fatigue. I have known delicate women to walk for nine hours in the cave, clambering up steep ascents and over rocks, and come out of the cave feeling no sense of fatigue until they reached the warm, impure air outside, charged with the odors of decayed vegetation, when they would almost faint and would require assistance in ascending the path to the hotel.

We think the atmosphere in the glen at the entrance remarkable for purity before we have become sensitive by hours in the pure atmosphere of the cave. Once went with a friend and a guide to Roaring river and several other remote places, which required remaining in the cave overnight. It was night when we came out, and we had become so sensitive by our stay of 36 hours in the pure air of the cave that we were almost overcome by the suffocating mephitic odors and oppressiveness of the outer air. We dreaded to inhale it into our lungs and returned again and again into the pure air flowing from the cave.

Air freed from bacteria is one of the main reasons for success in modern surgery and a sanitarium into which this air could be pumped would doubtless be resorted to for difficult surgical operations. Consumptives in high altitudes are compelled to remain indoors in winter weather and breathe the vitiated air of closed rooms, while in sanitariums supplied with cave air, by letting the air in at the upper part of the rooms and out at the lower part, all exhalations would pass out and pure air would be constantly rushing in at a uniform temperature, winter and summer. Then it would be a boon if we could escape the oppressive heat of summer into hotels kept cool and pure by the air from these great dry caves.

Hospitality That Paid. Gambling clubs are being raided in London, one of the complaints being that they greatly overcharge their patrons for the use of cards. It is curious that a century ago this was the case in private houses. It is generally supposed that hospitality was more largely extended in old times, and, indeed, was their supreme virtue, whereas it would now be thought the extremity of meanness for a host to charge his guests with any such payment. In The Times of March 22, 1796, we read: "The tabbies of Bath are in a state of insurrection, in consequence of an example by Lady Elcho, who neither visits nor receives company that pay for cards. This laudable reformation is adopted so generally that many of the dowagers who have so long fed on card money are turning their thoughts to some more creditable means of earning their livelihood." A hope is expressed that the ladies in London will follow the examples of those of Bath and "exclude the odious and pitiful custom. We are afraid that many a party is formed rather to derive benefit from the sale of cards than for the sake of hospitality."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Boity Toity. Selden in his "Table Talk" writes: "In Queen Elizabeth's time gravity and state were kept up. In King James' time things were pretty well. But in King Charles' time there has been nothing but French-moré and the cushion dance, omnium gatherum, toly polly, hoite cometoite."

This phrase in modern French is haut comme toit. The late Dr. Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," says: "The most probable derivation I know is this: What we call 'seesaw' used to be called 'hoity toity,' hoity being connected with hoit (to leap up), our 'high,' 'height,' and toity being 'other hoit'—i. e., first one side hoits, then the other side."—Notes and Queries.

Two of a Kind. "I told my employer I had only 10 cents to my name." "What did he say?" "He tried to borrow it of me."—Chicago Record.

FREED FROM JAIL BY DICE.

Prisoner Won Jailer's \$400, Then Played With \$900 and Liberty as Stakes.

"Getting out of jail with a good file seems easy enough," said an ex-convict the other day, "but I don't think I ever heard of but one case where a prisoner made his escape with a handful of dice. It happened years ago in my county after I had arrested a crack gambler from the west for shooting a farmer. The farmer was not killed, and the westerner was shut up in jail until court convened. The chances were that he would be sent to the penitentiary for half a dozen years at least. He went under the name of Mike Hunkler. That, however, was an alias.

"While I was going over the building one morning a stranger came up and asked to see Hunkler. He said that Hunkler was an acquaintance of his and he wanted to talk with him about securing the services of a lawyer to defend him. I let the man in, but told Robinson, the jailer, to watch him.

"The following morning while I was at breakfast a boy rushed in and told me that Hunkler had escaped. When I made an investigation, I discovered that Robinson had also disappeared. Later in the day I found a note from Robinson addressed to me. He asked me to forgive him, said it was an affair of honor and could not be helped. The escape was investigated by the grand jury and after a long wrangle I was completely exonerated, as a trusted employee had played me false.

"The years rolled on and the escape had ceased to cause any comment. Some time afterward I got a telegram from Tennessee saying that Robinson was dead and that he had made a request that I be notified. Five days later I received a letter written by Robinson previous to his death in which he told me the whole story of the escape.

"It seems the man who went to see Hunkler as his friend was a noted crook. He carried the prisoner a set of poker dice and a roll of bills amounting to about \$500. That night, while Robinson was patrolling the jail, Hunkler, who got to talking with him, asked if he did not want to shoot a few hands. The cubes were brought out, and Robinson said he was the luckiest man with them in town. The jailer got \$50 out of his wallet to start on, and despite his luck he lost. He went back for another wad, and in due time that drifted over to Hunkler. Robinson had \$400 in all, and he promptly brought it out. In an hour's time the last of his three years' savings was gone. Noticing his dejection, Hunkler after awhile said:

"Robinson, I will make this proposition. I will give you a chance to win your money back and mine, too, on one throw. I'll put up \$900, and if you win, you get all. If I win, you let me escape tonight."

"Robinson thought over the matter for 15 minutes, and finally agreed to play one poker hand to the fill. Robinson won the toss, and had to play first. He pitched out the dice and then looked down on two pairs, queens and jacks. He kept the queens and then took the three other cubes for the second throw. He got another pair of jacks and an ace. He cursed his luck, but threw again to the queens. He turned another queen and a pair of aces.

"Hunkler took the dice to beat the full. He rattled them long and carefully, and when they hit the jail floor he smiled as he saw three tens. Another ten would set him free, with \$900 in his pockets. On the second throw he made a pair of jacks, but they did not free him. Robinson held his breath on the third toss, and to his sorrow he saw the lucky ten turn. He told Hunkler he was free, but that he had made himself an outcast. At 1 o'clock the next morning the two slipped away, Robinson refusing to accept a dollar from Hunkler."—Charleston Letter in New York Sun.

Boity Toity. Selden in his "Table Talk" writes: "In Queen Elizabeth's time gravity and state were kept up. In King James' time things were pretty well. But in King Charles' time there has been nothing but French-moré and the cushion dance, omnium gatherum, toly polly, hoite cometoite."

This phrase in modern French is haut comme toit. The late Dr. Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," says: "The most probable derivation I know is this: What we call 'seesaw' used to be called 'hoity toity,' hoity being connected with hoit (to leap up), our 'high,' 'height,' and toity being 'other hoit'—i. e., first one side hoits, then the other side."—Notes and Queries.

Two of a Kind. "I told my employer I had only 10 cents to my name." "What did he say?" "He tried to borrow it of me."—Chicago Record.

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Quincy Monitor.

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QUINCY, MASS., MARCH, 1898.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER.

BY DICE.

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THE PATH ACROSS THE FIELDS.

Around me was the beauty
Which only summer yields—
The shadow of the woodland,
The loquacity of the fields,
The gleam of shining waters,
The murmur of the sea—
The varied look of nature,
All opened wide for me!

And these scenes of beauty
I quitted for a dusty,
All hard and brown and bare
No dainty gown swept over,
No foot in dalliance strayed
Along the narrow limit
The tread of toil had made.

—Harper's Bazar.

A SOCIETY COUPLE.

They had agreed to differ about it. Husbands and wives who agree without differing are a trifle old-fashioned and grumpy nowadays. Husbands and wives who differ without agreeing are also somewhat behind those times when a certain calm independence is the fashionable keynote of marital existence, and Mr. and Mrs. Buller were eminently up to date.

The first two years of their married life had been spent practically out of the world in consequence of the state of health of Mr. Buller's father. Then had come their succession to the property and a period of retirement—they were a trifle old-fashioned in those days, it will be seen—and then they had launched out into the world of society. They went with the stream with that enthusiasm which not infrequently attends new experiences. She was an extremely pretty and dainty little personage, with charming wit, and a very few weeks of social life put quite an extraordinary polish on her. He was good looking, too, not particularly clever, but quite capable of following the lead set him by his fellows and cheery and good natured withal. There was plenty of money. They became immensely popular and found a thorough going society life altogether delightful.

The head of each was a little turned perhaps by the end of their first season. They had become so very modern. But neither could have said how the idea first suggested itself to him or her that their relations with one another needed shortening up. Neither was aware, indeed, that it had presented itself to the other. But each was secretly convinced that the old "spoony" relations would not do. It was ridiculous to care for the society of your husband or wife. It was "the thing" to live independent lives.

Independent lives, however, are not always, it appears, to be achieved at a word by two wholesome minded young people living in the same house and sharing the same round of pleasures. Delia Buller was a coquette, but there was a touch of delicate haughtiness in her and she was incapable of a vulgar flirtation. Also George Buller would have been incapable of jealousy where she was concerned, old fashioned traits in each which hinted that their regeneration was not complete. So that when at last a tangible subject of dispute presented itself husband and wife alike jumped at it with avidity.

The subject in question was thoroughly up to date, which was as it should be. At first, it cost Mr. Buller a pang to realize that the side he had accidentally adopted was that behind the times. But he had an obstinate fiber in him, so he nailed his colors to the mast like a man. The moot point was the bicycle craze. He would have none of it, in any shape or form; he decided it where men were concerned; for women he declared it not unsuitable—he knew his age better than that—but what was far worse, ridiculously unbecoming. Mrs. Buller, on the other hand, threw herself into the movement heart and soul. Her bicycle was for her the center of the universe. Nothing could have been better. The husband and wife agreed to differ, as has been said, in most approved fashion, and for the rest of the season they hard-

For people who had arrived at so desirable an understanding, however, they were arguing the question rather hotly as they sat over the dinner table on a certain evening in February. They were tete-a-tete, a state of things which each felt to be highly ridiculous. They had come down for the hunting—that is to say, Mr. Buller intended to hunt; Mrs. Buller no longer followed the hounds, since it is not as yet feasible to do so on a bicycle. And there was to be an unavoidable interval of two days before their house would be full.

"Where does the fun come in?" Mr. Buller was demanding indignantly, "that's what I can't make out! Of course, one wouldn't care about the thing being dangerous if the game was worth the candle."

Lady Buller was drawing patterns on the tablecloth with her dessert fork. "That's obvious," she returned with spirit, "or you wouldn't want to ride a horrid horse."

"Horses don't 'skid'—or, whatever you call it."

"Bicycles don't shy—neither do they rear."

Mr. Buller rose wrathfully and walked to the fireplace, taking up a majestic position on the hearthrug. "One thing is, you'll soon be tired of it," he observed. "You never keep a thing up for long."

"You made that remark last spring," was the answer, given with remarkable heat, "and you were wrong, you see."

"Lots of women have got tired of it, though," said Mr. Buller shifting his ground disingenuously. "Every one says it is a craze, and it's going out. And I'm not so sure," he added vindictively, "that you are as keen about it as you were. There wasn't half so much fuss over the confounded thing on the journey down as we had last time."

Mrs. Buller rose impetuously. She appeared to have lost her temper. "I love it more than ever," she cried, "and I always shall," with which incoherent observation she withdrew.

The breakfast room was empty when Mr. Buller strolled down at about half past 10 on the following morning. This did not surprise him, but the message delivered to him by the servant did.

"Mrs. Buller told me to say, if you please, sir," said the man, "that she has ridden over to Fernhill on her bicycle, and will lunch there."

"What time will she be back?" demanded her husband.

"About 5 o'clock, sir," was the answer.

Mr. Buller unfolded his newspaper and ground his teeth. "The whole day!" he ejaculated to himself. "Well, I must say—However, she'll be tired. Forty miles there and back, and then she'll go to sleep all the evening. Well, hanged if I care! Wonder at what time she started, and how far she's got."

upheaval of the universe, which left her lying in the road with a broken bicycle beside her and every bone in her body, as it seemed, dislocated. "Oh, what a fool I've been!" she wailed despairingly, and then she fainted.

It was not a lonely road fortunately, and she was soon found and taken home. The doctor was sent for and enjoined by Mr. Buller on his departure to come again in the evening, and on coming down stairs after his second visit he found Mr. Buller hanging about in the hall. The doctor did not wait to be questioned.

"Going on splendidly," he said cheerily. "Feverish tonight, of course. But with a broken arm and a very nasty sprained ankle that's only to be expected."

For a man whose sentiments toward his wife are of an eminently philosophical nature Mr. Buller was looking extraordinarily pale and wretched. He drew a quick sigh of satisfaction; then he said, with an air of stern superiority which ill disguised an undertone of ferocious vindictiveness:

"Wretched things, these bicycles! I've always said so." Then he added: "Is there any reason why I shouldn't see my wife? Would it do any harm, I mean?"

The doctor screwed up his lips doubtfully.

"Well," he said, "no; hardly that. But she is feverish, as I said, and if she would rather be quiet—why, her wishes must be respected, you know."

Confound it! ejaculated the husband, and, wheeling round, he stood staring into the fire. "Going out tomorrow?" inquired Dr. Willoughby as he drew on his gloves. The hounds were to meet the next day.

"I don't know."

"I should, if I were you," was the answer. "There's nothing to be anxious about in your wife's condition, and she's better quiet, you know."

A gloomy man was Mr. Buller, to judge from his appearance as he sat in his smoking room that night, and a gloomy man was he as he came down next morning. He had been to Mrs. Buller's door and had been sternly denied admittance. He pulled himself together, however, at the meet, and answered the numerous inquiries after his wife with an off-hand nonchalance which did him credit. There was a long interval of standing about by the cover, and Mr. Buller's mare, a young one, could not stand it. When they got away eventually, she bolted, rushed at a fence, missed it and came down heavily.

"What a jolly good thing!" murmured Mr. Buller as he sank into unconsciousness.

It was Dr. Willoughby who undertook to break the news of her husband's accident to Mrs. Buller. She was more feverish that afternoon and dreadfully depressed, but he set about his task with the slightest possible circumlocution.

"Well, Mrs. Buller," he said, "you're not to have the sick list all to yourself after all. Horses can play tricks, it seems, as well as bicycles."

Mrs. Buller turned her head sharply. She was a good deal bruised, and there was little else that she could turn.

"What do you mean?" she demanded as the color rushed into her woe-begone face. "Not George?" Then, as she read assent in the doctor's face, she turned white to her lips. "Oh!" she gasped, with a sudden change of tone. "He's not hurt badly?"

"Hurt badly? No, of course not," returned the doctor cheerily. "A very neatly fractured leg, that's all—a companion to your arm. Nothing to faint about, I assure you."

"I'm not going to faint," declared Mrs. Buller—indeed, a considerable amount of color had come back to her cheeks, and her eyes were dancing. "Poor old boy! I'm dreadfully sorry." Her voice gave a curiously different meaning to the words. "I know what horrid pain it is, don't I? But I've always told him that horses were quite as—I mean, I've always said that you run great risks with horses. How did it happen, doctor? Is he pretty comfortable? Is there anything I have for my arm that he would like? Take him some of those grapes, will you? He'll be so thirsty."

During the weeks that followed the respective attendants on Mr. and Mrs. Buller had a very busy time of it. Each patient took quite an ex-

traordinary interest in the symptoms and progress of the other, and each was, of course, confined to his or her room. It was all quite impersonal. Mrs. Buller's eyes were hardly opened in the morning before her nurse must repair to Mr. Buller's door to inquire whether he had been able to sleep or whether his leg had felt—this, that or the other—as her arm had done. Mr. Buller could not rest easily for an hour together without full and particular information as to the particular position in which Mrs. Buller found her ankle gave her least pain.

Mrs. Buller had flowers sent her, and the lion's share had to go to her husband's room. Mr. Buller found something particularly entertaining in the illustrated papers, and it must forthwith be taken to Mrs. Buller. Of course it was only human, as Mrs. Buller assured herself at frequent intervals, to take an interest in another fellow creature who was suffering just as you yourself were suffering and in the very same house. Of course, as Mr. Buller assured Dr. Willoughby more than once, it was rather a lark to compare notes.

The sprained ankle made progress quicker than the broken limbs. When Mrs. Buller was able to be moved to a sofa, Mr. Buller being still in his bed, Dr. Willoughby suggested that Mrs. Buller should be wheeled into his room and pay him a little visit.

"I dare say he's very dull, poor thing!" she said. "I don't know that there is any reason why I should not go today."

"I don't know that there is," said Dr. Willoughby. So that afternoon there was great activity in both sick-rooms. Mr. Buller's nurse had to arrange flowers, to put away this, to straighten that and to shake up the cushions of the armchair a dozen times. Mrs. Buller's nurse had to change her patient's dressing gown twice, and her maid was requisitioned to do her hair. And at about 4 o'clock a knock came at Mr. Buller's door, and Mrs. Buller appeared, leaning on a stick and escorted by her nurse. She was received by the nurse and established with much circumstance in the armchair prepared for her reception.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," said Mr. Buller, with constrained politeness. He was rather pathetic in his enforced recumbency, and he was looking very white and thin. "You must have had a horrid time."

"Pretty bad," she said, "and so have you, I'm afraid."

"Willoughby talks of sending me south," said Mr. Buller.

The conversation thus far had been characterized by the utmost nonchalance and composure, each party having steadily avoided a glance in the direction of the other. But at this juncture he, with a self confidence entirely unjustified by events, turned politely in his wife's direction. She looked round at the same moment. Their eyes met, and—it was all over.

"Delia, my sweetheart, how white you look!"

"Oh, George, my old darling, how thin you are!"

The ejaculations were simultaneous, and before they had died away Mrs. Buller, with a little hop and the assistance of the table, had reached the sofa and had subsided on to the floor, with her face buried on her husband's breast. "Oh, George," she cried, "you were quite right! Bicycles are horrid things, and so are horses. Oh, George, you might have been killed!"

"I might, darling," he said incoherently. "You were quite right, too, Delia, dearest. It's been the very deuce of a time! Do you know how long it is since you really kissed me?"

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If you feel a little shaky on correct fixings—we have the latest in HATS, FURNISHINGS and SHOES, and can fit you out to perfection.

We make a specialty of the Lamson and Hubbard Hat in the fine grade at \$3.00 or can sell you a good one at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

GEO. W. JONES.

Adams Building, Quincy.

J. F. Sheppard & Sons,

— DEALERS IN —

The Best Quality Lyken's Valley Franklin, Red and White Ash and Cumberland

COAL,

PRESSED HAY, HARD AND SOFT WOOD AND SPLIT KINDLINGS.

Wharves, East Braintree and Quincy Point. Yard, Granite Street, Quincy

Telephone Numbers: Quincy, 53-3; East Braintree, 68-2; Quincy Point, 53-2. Postoffice Box: 19 Granite Street, Quincy; Weymouth, 102; East Braintree, 6.

WALTER H. RIPLEY,

Guarantees satisfaction to purchasers of . . .

Granite Tools

OF ALL KINDS.

Jobbing of all Kinds Promptly Attended To.

Works Cross St., W. Quincy.

N. B.—Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. P. O. address Box 16.

The Quincy Monitor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
By the St. John's C. L. and A. A.

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Advertising Agent, Quincy Monitor,
Quincy, Mass.
Lock Box, - - - 161.

Rates Made Known Upon Application.

All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

MARCH, 1898.

Dreyfus, the unfortunate victim of religious and racial hostility, still lingers in his miserable exile, and the petition of his heartbroken wife, that she be allowed to share his misery, is refused by the French government. If intercession was ever justifiable it is in this case, and the hope is burning in every liberty-loving heart that it will not be many days before the French nation will be called to answer for this and other atrocious crimes.

During all our military history but a few men have risen to the exalted rank of lieutenant general of the armies of the United States. The list embraces Washington, Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Schofield, and of these only three have attained the full honor and merit of extraordinary military service, the title of general, and these were Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. It is now proposed to honor the present commander-in-chief of the army, Major Gen. Miles, with the title of lieutenant general, a bill having this object in view having been introduced to this session of Congress, but it is not believed the rank will be restored. Gen. Miles has certainly done faithful service, but not such as would call for such an unusual mark as this promotion would signify.

The Post in its Monday issue shows conclusively the difference between jingoism and Toryism. The Post's conclusions are that if it must choose between these two extremes, it would gladly join hands with the jingoes and in this all sensible men will readily concur. It may be that the American jingoes are loud-mouthed, indiscreet and harmful in a small way, but the menace to the country from the snarling Tories much overtops the small harm that will come from the noisy jingoes. As the Post says, we all deprecate war, but if it be found that the American people have been the victims of a diabolical deed, only the terrible punishment that war would entail will satisfy the great bulk of the common people. Commercial interests have little weight in such cases, and no more inimical doctrine can be disseminated than that national honor can be vindicated by the power and potency of gold. The history of the world shows beyond contradiction that the nations that have subordinated every consideration to the whims and caprices of the marts have always occupied a secondary place, and the people of such nations have never risen to the power and intelligence of the nations that are jealous of national honor and solicitous for the lives and fortunes which such honor shelters and succors. Peace with honor, to be sure, but not peace on any other terms. But it is a small matter that can be settled honorably with a few pieces of gold.

The Boston Herald calls Mr. Michael Davitt a boreskite, and for no other reason than because Mr. Davitt has written to the London Chronicle protesting against the English overtures to the United States. Mr. Davitt may be reasonably supposed to know the real English feeling toward America, and if he claims that the friendly feeling is only assumed, we may be pardoned, despite the Herald's snappish manner, if we believe that the honorable gentle speaks the whole truth. No matter how strongly the English press and the Tory government of England may petition for an alliance between Victoria government and our own, strong barriers will always present themselves to thwart such an unholy alliance, as Mr. Davitt frequently states the United States are peopled largely by those who have felt alike the tyranny of England's home and foreign policy, and our government could not hope to retain the services of these people if a coalition should be made with a power they thoroughly despise. It is not believed that an alliance between England and the United States is near at hand, and in consequence no worriment is necessitated on this account. The Herald in its snap judgment of Mr. Davitt rather belittles itself in the eyes of all rational beings, but the Herald's disposition toward the outspoken enemies of English policy is only on a par with its disposition toward a large number

of our own representative men, who have on divers occasions had the temerity to differ with the Herald on public questions.

By the estimates of the Mayor's budget, sent to the Council on Monday evening last, the estimated cost of maintaining the city will be over \$20,000 in excess of the amounts voted by the Council of 1897. The plaint of the large body of taxpayers is that the cost of running the corporation is not kept within bounds. His Honor was elected on a platform that pledged economy in the management of the city's finances, but it does not appear that he has kept this matter fresh in mind. Of the total excess, providing that the Council votes the sums asked by the Mayor and School Committee—the Mayor is directly responsible for about one-half, and the School Committee, bad statutory laws, misplaced charity, and the shortsightedness of past City Councils are responsible for the other half. Nearly \$14,000 of the excess can be rightly withheld, without any impairment of the public service, and if the members of the Council are prudent they will refuse every cent in excess of the amounts voted in 1897, and where no statutes makes obligatory the granting of sum asked for this year. If His Honor and the School Committee will defy and ignore the intelligent public sentiment for retrenchment, the Council should, if it would make any pretence to being a representative body, refuse to yield to the extravagant ideas of the executive and the School Committee. If more money is needed to maintain one branch of the public school system, why can not some other branch bear the burden, and that too, without curtailment of activity or benefits. If the fire department of last year was creditably managed with an appropriation of \$20,500, why should it be necessary to appropriate \$24,550 this year? If the cost of keeping the chief's horse was \$125 last year, why should \$200 be called for this year? In this connection we may state that the Council is wholly responsible for \$728 of the excess in this department, since this represents the sum that will be paid to the permanent man that is not needed at Quincy Point. That the fire alarm telegraph service was damaged to the extent of \$1,350 by the February storm seems almost incredible, but even allowing for these extra burdens the amount petitioned for is still in advance of that voted to Chief Williams. We do not believe that the city is as economically managed as it should be, and though the saving may be small here and there and elsewhere, and while we have contented ourselves with pointing out what we deem extravagance, we venture the opinion, that the cost of giving the city an efficient and economical administration could be done for a smaller sum by \$20,000 than that voted last year. We sincerely hope that the intelligent members of the City Council will scrutinize the estimates carefully, and that they will without fear rebuke the attempt to further impoverish the city.

POSTMASTER BURKE.

Mr. James F. Burke, for the past four years the postmaster in this city, severs his connection with the office on April 1. Mr. Burke was appointed by President Cleveland to succeed Mr. Warren W. Adams, and during his tenure of office he has constantly and gratefully developed and strengthened the postal facilities of the city until today Quincy takes place second to none in the large number of offices in a similar class. Mr. Burke has been zealous in the discharge of his duties, and by his uniform courtesy and attention to the needs of the patrons of the office he has won an enviable place in the estimation of Quincy folks. Upon his retirement from his important post he bears credentials of public appreciation of his faithful and honorable discharge of a public trust.

MRS. MARY ROCHE.

The parishoners of St. John's church were grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. Mary Roche on Tuesday morning, March 22. Mrs. Roche has been a sufferer from consumption for some time, but outside of her family none knew that the end was so near. The estimable lady was well known, and her death casts a gloom over a wide circle of friends. The funeral was held from St. John's church on Thursday morning, the requiem mass being celebrated by Rev. F. A. Friguglietti. The interment was at West Quincy. Mrs. Roche leaves five daughters and one son, who have in their great affliction the sympathy of the people of the parish and of neighbors and friends.

DO YOU WANT WORK?

If you do, send your name and address to Manager, Box 424, Wollaston, and secure a position at once at a good salary. Active men wanted to call upon merchants and introduce our business; also a few gentlemen or ladies to solicit for our special department.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.

Passage Tickets
to and from the
OLD COUNTRY
for sale by
JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

LOCAL TINTS.

Division 18, A. O. H., has leased the hall in French's building.

The Societe St. Jean Baptist will hold a ball at St. Mary's hall on Monday evening, April 11.

Mr. Michael J. Dwyer, the newly-elected president of the Irish Charitable society was formerly the editor of Donohoe's Magazine, and is now connected with the Institutions department of the city of Boston.

Mr. Thomas A. Mullen, private secretary to Mayor Quincy, will be the guest of Quincy council, Knights of Columbus, on Tuesday evening, April 5. The council will hold a "smoker" on that evening, and Mr. Mullen, out of his fund of reminiscences, will undoubtedly give the members an interesting talk.

"A Bit o' Blarney," given under the auspices of Division 5, A. O. H., in Music hall, on St. Patrick's night, was a grand success in every way. The audience was an appreciative one and the clever acting called forth much applause. The piece is a typical Irish portrayal, and while many of the parts were difficult, all acquitted themselves with credit.

The St. John's society is making active preparation for the presentation of "Past Redemption" on the evening of April 19. The rehearsals presage a treat for the lovers of amateur theatricals, and without doubt a large number will avail themselves of the opportunity to witness a clever presentation of this taking piece. In the April Monitor we will give a more extended notice of the piece, together with the names of the young men and women taking the different roles.

The promenade concert and ball of Quincy Council, No. 96, Knights of Columbus, will be held on Easter Monday night, April 11, in Music hall, and promises to be the greatest social event in Catholic circles in the history of the city. The preparations are on a grand scale, and efficient committees have labored assiduously in arranging the multitudinous matters incidental to such an undertaking. State Deputy Hearn and other prominent officers of the Knights of Columbus, the reverend clergy, Mayor Sears, the gentlemen of the local and metropolitan press and the officers of the Catholic and fraternal societies of the city will be present. Dickinson's orchestra of Boston will furnish the music. Everything points to an extraordinary success for Quincy Council on this occasion, and the friends of the council may also count on a most enjoyable time. Special cars will be chartered to leave the hall for all points at the close of the ball.

The late Gen. Rosecrans was a devout member of the Roman Catholic church, and in his leisure was pleased to discourse to his brother officers on the beauty and depth of the faith which he had embraced in his young manhood. Gen. Rosecrans, like Gen. McClellan, was accounted one of the bravest and most skillful leaders on the Union side, but for some unaccountable reason failed to reach the zenith of fame for which his great talents fitted him.

Poor Fellow!

Once a fine mechanic.
Now digs in a ditch.
Drink?
No; his sight began to fail. Properly fitted glasses at that time would have enabled him to continue at his occupation at good wages, but he delayed until too late. Now he digs at starvation wages.

If you have any trouble with your eyes, go to

WILLIAMS,

Refracting Optician,

QUINCY.

CHAMCOCK ST. Q.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Portuguese-speaking Catholics of Providence have just completed a handsome church.

Mgr. Schroeder has left the United States for his native land, to fill a position in the Munster University.

The colored Catholics of Buffalo, N. Y., are considering the question of forming a church in that city. Bishop Quigley, it is said, is favorably inclined toward the movement.

The Franciscan fathers have begun the work of building their convent in the neighborhood of the Catholic University, and it is hoped to have the structure ready for occupation by next October.

Cardinal Mertel celebrated his 92d birthday recently. This venerable prelate is the Pope's senior by four years, and has completed his 40th year in the Roman purple, for he was made a cardinal March 15, 1858. He ranks as a cardinal deacon, and is, of course, the oldest member of the sacred college.

The breviary used in his prison by Mgr. Darboy, the archbishop of Paris, martyred during the commune of 1870, has just come to light after 27 years, and has just taken its place among the treasures of Notre Dame. It is given by the archbishop of Paris, who lately received it from one of the priests of his diocese, the Abbe Jouin, cure of St. Medard.

Archbishop Kátzer and Bishop Hennessy of Washita, who were down in Mexico for some time past, returned home recently, and both are at work again in their respective jurisdictions. Both prelates declare themselves highly pleased with their visit and speak very eulogistically of the Mexican people and their faith, which shows itself in so many ways, especially in the splendid churches they have erected and which they frequent daily for devotional exercises.

The gold chalice of Chaplain Chidwick was recovered from the wreck last week, to the delight of that good man. It was presented to him by the crew of the Maine, who revered him as a priest and admired him as a man. The chalice was studded with diamonds, and valuable. Although the chaplain valued the gift highly, he had never asked any one to search for it, fearing to delay the work of recovering the dead imprisoned beneath the wreck.

Whatever else may be said about the Cubans and the Spaniards, the bishop of Havana cannot certainly be accused of any hostility toward the people of this country, says the Republic. Mr. Santander, it will be remembered, officiated with Chaplain Chidwick at the obsequies of the victims of the Maine disaster, and now it is announced that he intends inclosing with a neat wall their final resting place in the cemetery down there. This prelate's full name is Rt. Rev. Manuel Santander y Frutos, and he became bishop of Havana on St. Patrick's day, 1887.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of Division 5, A. O. H., held on February 23, 1898, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS—Our Heavenly Father has been pleased to call from our midst our late Brother Cornelius Wren, and

WHEREAS—While bowing with humble submission to the Divine will we sincerely mourn his loss, therefore be it

Resolved—That we the members of Division 5, A. O. H., deeply regret his early demise.

Resolved—That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife and family in this hour of their sad affliction.

Resolved—That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the widow of our late Brother, entered upon the records of the Division and a copy be forwarded to the Quincy Monitor for publication.

THOMAS MURPHY, Pres.,
WILLIAM H. SULLIVAN,
PATRICK CREMENS,
JOHN T. SAVAAGE,
JOHN DEARD,
Committee on resolutions.

For

Fresh Cigars

Moist Tobacco,

in all the leading brands,

WE HAVE IT.

Fruit,

Confectionery,

Ice Cold Drinks,

and a complete line of

Base Ball Goods.

Agent for Daily, Weekly and Monthly Newspapers and all magazines.

HERE. New York Sunday papers on time, 9.30 A. M.

Leading Cigar and Tobacco Store.

J. P. O'BRIEN

38 Hancock St., Quincy St.

JAMES M. FITZ-GERALD,

16 and 18 HANCOCK STREET.

Stoves, - Ranges, - Furnaces,

HOT WATER HEATING.

Tin Roofing and Jobbing.

Stove and Furnace Repairing

THE BLUEBIRD

BARGE

Has Just Delivered

At Our Wharves,

A Cargo of

Also, . . .

Hazleton,
Lehigh.

Wyoming,
Egg and Stove

Yours for Trial,

Yours for Trial,

C. PATCH & SON.

George F. Wilson & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Groceries, Provisions

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Teas, Coffees, Tobaccos, Cigars, Imports and Fancy Groceries.

WILSON BLOCK, HANCOCK STREET.

Joseph Had Coat

of many Colors and it pleased both himself and his father.

You can get a SPRING OVERCOAT of ANY COLOR, of ANY STYLE and at ANY PRICE.

The coat will fit you and the price will fit the coat.

You will always find reliable goods, latest styles and square dealing at

THE GRANITE CLOTHING STORE.

Durgin & Merrill's Block, Quincy.

March 1.

Catholic

Prayer Books, Pearl Rosaries, Silver Rosaries, Photo Medals, Books of Devotion, Gold and Silver Medals, Statuettes, Pictures, etc.

FLYNN & MAHONY, 18 and 20 ESSEX ST., BOSTON.

Drafts for \$1 and upwards.

Agent for all the European Steamship Lines

The

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Carries the Finest and

Most Complete Line of

Groceries

TO BE FOUND IN QUINCY.

J. F. MERRILL, - - Proprietor

Durgin & Merrill's Block.

104

MAGAZINE EXPLODED!

That is what a man said as he handed us his watch the other day.

An Investigation

showed that the Main (es) spring was broken.

DIVERS

were not required. We removed the

Revolving Turret

and mounted a new

100-CENT MAIN-

spring, and warranted it for two years in either

American or

Spanish Territory.

All ordinary American or Swiss Watches cleaned or main-spring for ONE DOLLAR.

WILLIAMS,

QUINCY.

CHAMCOCK ST.

GIVEN AWAY!

SOUVENIR SPOON OF

Battleship Maine

WITH ONE PACKAGE OF

Old Grist Mill

ROLLED WHEAT,

13 cts.

L. M. PRATT & CO.

BOSTON BARGAIN STORE.

Music Hall Building, Quincy.

BARGAIN DAY THURSDAY, MARCH 24.

It seems almost too good to believe, but nevertheless is a fact, that in our Kitchen Furnishing Department, we shall offer for sale the greatest values ever shown for 5c., 10c., and 15c., in Glass, Crockery, Agate and Tinware, and special bargains in Ladies' Dress Skirts, Shirt Waists, Print Wrappers, Cotton Underwear, and bargains in every department. We shall offer for sale two elegant steel engravings, 10x22, subjects: "The Better Land," and "The Vale of Peace." These engravings are actually worth \$2.00 each; our price, 10c. each.

We shall present with every purchase of 50c. and upwards a magnificent half tone engraving, 15x12, of the

Battleship Maine.

BOSTON BARGAIN STORE.

SWITHIN BROS.,

REAL ESTATE

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,

Cranch Hill,

Dell Estate,

WEST QUINCY

Hillside Terrace,

GROVE STREET

Wollaston,

BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

M. FITZ-GERALD,
18 HANCOCK STREET.

Ranges, - Furnaces,

WATER HEATING.

Stove and Furnace Repairing

BLUEBIRD

Has Just Delivered
At Our Wharves,

Also, . . .

Wyoming,

Egg and Stove.

Yours for Trial,

HATCH & SON.

F. Wilson & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Fruits, Provisions.

GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

Es, Tobaccos, Cigars, Imported

and Fancy Groceries.

BLOCK, HANCOCK STREET.

Joseph Had Coat

Colors and it pleased both himself and his father.

A SPRING OVERCOAT OF ANY COLOR, OF ANY

PRICE.

The price will fit the coat.

While goods, latest styles and square dealing at

WHITE CLOTHING STORE.

in A Merrill's Block, Quincy.

MAHONY, 18 and 20 ESSEX ST., BOSTON.

Agent for all the European Steamship Line

BRANCH GROCERY

Carries the Finest and

Most Complete Line of

groceries

BE FOUND IN QUINCY.

Proprietor.

RRILL, - -

gin & Merrill's Block.

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ROLLED WHEAT,

13 cts.

L. M. PRATT & CO.

BOSTON BARGAIN

STORE,

Music Hall Building, Quincy.

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but nevertheless is a fact, that in our

Kitchen Furnishing Department, we

shall offer for sale the greatest values

ever shown for 5c., 10c., and 15c., in

Glass, Crockery, Agate and Tinware,

and special bargains in Ladies' Dress

Skirts, Shirt Waists, Print Wrappers,

Cotton Underwear, and bargains in

every department. We shall offer for

sale two elegant steel engravings,

11x22, subjects: "The Better Land,"

and "The Vale of Peace." These en-

gravings are actually worth \$2.00 each;

our price, 10c. each.

We shall present with every purchase of 50c.

GENTLE DR. GATLING.

MILD OLD GENTLEMAN WHO MAKES

MURDEROUS MACHINES.

At Eighty the Inventor Perfects a New

Rapid Fire Gun Which Is Both Big and

Terrible—The First Gatling Gun and Its

History.

Dr. Gatling, whose very name has a

farlike sound, is at work on a new

gun. It will be big and terrible and

quite deadly at long distances as well as

short. Having almost reached the limit

in the matter of speed, his new gun

will show that death in large doses can

be dealt out almost as rapidly as in

small ones.

Dr. Richard Jordan Gatling now lives

and works in Cleveland. Although he

has reached 80, he is still industriously

turning out the murderous machines

which have made his name famous in

all parts of the world. Yet he is neither

a fire eater nor a man hater. On the

contrary he is a mild mannered, soft

spoken old gentleman whose kind dis-

position shows clearly in his bright blue

eyes. He actually claims that his death

dealing machine gun is a humanitarian

instrument and often compels peace

where in its absence there would be a

bloody contest.

Dr. Gatling was born in North Caro-

lina. He showed mechanical genius as

a boy, but at first he studied medicine;

hence his title. Then he dropped physi-

c and developed his talent. His first effort

of importance was to make a screw to

propel water craft. When he applied for

a patent, he found that John Ericsson

had been before him. He then invented a

rice planter, which was something of a

success. In 1844 he got a patent for a

modification of his rice planter designed

for drilling in wheat. This was the first

wheat drill, and for many years there-

after Dr. Gatling was principally occu-

pled in making these drills and selling

A FAIR COLONEL.

Does She Lose Her Title Because of Her

Marriage?

Governor Atkinson of Georgia is called

upon to decide a very delicate ques-

tion. As it is in relation to a very hand-

some young woman he may be trusted

to do nothing ungallant. One of his

first appointments upon re-election was

that of Miss Lewis Butt of Augusta as

a member of his staff, with the rank of

colonel. This was in accordance with a

promise which he had given Miss Butt

during the heat of the campaign for a

political service which she rendered

him.

Now the members of governors' staffs

are usually force, mustached gentlemen,

who are chosen mainly for their political

prestige and secondly for the appear-

ance which they make in military

clothes. But he had promised Miss Butt

to make her a colonel, and he kept his

word. She was presented with a jeweled

sword by the male members of the staff

and rode in several parades, wearing

the warlike weapon. She also proved

useful on several occasions by helping

the governor entertain. She was called

Colonel Butt by everybody who knew

her and took much pride in the title.

A few weeks ago, however, the fair

colonel married. Her husband is George

M. Cunningham, a cotton dealer and

one of the wealthiest men in the state.

Then came the complications. Right in

the midst of the honeymoon came per-

plexing questions which ran something

like this:

"Are you Colonel Butt still, or are

you Colonel Cunningham? Does your

marriage change your title to Colonel

Cunningham? As Mrs. Cunningham

are you still a colonel?"

The fair colonel was bewildered. She

was sure she did not know anything

about it. She had never thought that

MONEY FREE TO ALL.

REMARKABLE BILL INTRODUCED BY

MR. HOWARD OF ALABAMA.

His New Style of Paper Currency - All

Government Debts and Claims to Be

Paid In It - Yearly Pension of \$1,000

For Each Citizen Over 21 Years of Age.

Some very remarkable bills are intro-

duced in congress, and none this session

is more remarkable than one fired into

the hopper by Mr. M. W. Howard of

Alabama. Mr. Howard is the author of

a book entitled "If Christ Came to Con-

gress," that made its appearance a few

years ago, but it is not with that this

story has to deal. One day recently Mr.

Howard introduced a bill in the house

which is entitled "a bill to change the

nature, improve the form and increase

the volume of the currency."

Mr. Howard's bill starts in by direct-

ing the secretary of the treasury to re-

tire outstanding redeemable currencies

of the United States as fast as they may

be received back into the treasury with

a new national currency, which shall be

receivable for all public revenues and a

full legal tender at its face value for all

debts payable within the limits of its

maker, but not redeemable or exchange-

able in any other kind of money.

Next Mr. Howard's bill provides that

the money of account of the United

States shall be mills, cents, dimes, dol-

lars, eagles, condors and talents, a con-

dor to be ten eagles, or \$100, and the

talent ten condors, or \$1,000. All is to

be paper. The mill is to be 3 inches by

8 inches and each denomination in-

creasing in value to be one-half inch

longer, so that the talent would be

about two inches longer than the pre-

sent paper currency in circulation. There

are to be ones, twos, threes and fives

of each denomination.

Then follow the usual provisions as to

counterfeiting, circulation of any other

Definition of a Poet by Wordsworth.

What is a poet? To whom does

he address himself? And what lan-

guage is to be expected from him?

He is a man speaking to men—a

man, it is true, endowed with more

lively sensibility, more enthusiasm

and tenderness, who has a greater

knowledge of human nature and a

more comprehensive soul than are

supposed to be common among man-

kind; a man pleased with his own

passions and volitions, and who re-

joices more than other men in the

spirit of life that is in him; delight-

ing to contemplate similar volitions

and passions as manifested in the

goings on of the universe and habit-

ually impelled to create them where

he does not find them. To these

qualities he has added a disposition

to be affected more than other men

by absent things, as if they were

present; an ability of conjuring up

in himself passions which are indeed

far from being the same as those

produced by real events, yet (espe-

cially in those parts of the general

sympathy which are pleasing and

delightful) to more nearly resemble

the passions produced by real events

than anything which, from the mo-

tions of their own minds merely,

other men are accustomed to feel in

themselves; whence, and from prac-

tice, he has acquired a greater read-

iness and power in expressing what

he thinks and feels, and especially

those thoughts and feelings which,

by his own choice or from the

structure of his own mind, arise in

him without immediate external ex-

citement.

Boston Monuments.

In the early days of no sidewalks

people who were wont to take their

nightly outings carried their own

MILLIONS TO SPEND.

Commander Brownson, Who Was Sent to

Europe to Buy Warships.

Commander Willard H. Brownson,

who is now in Europe with authority

to spend part of the \$50,000,000 which

Uncle Sam has plunked down for offense

HOW CANNONS ARE MADE

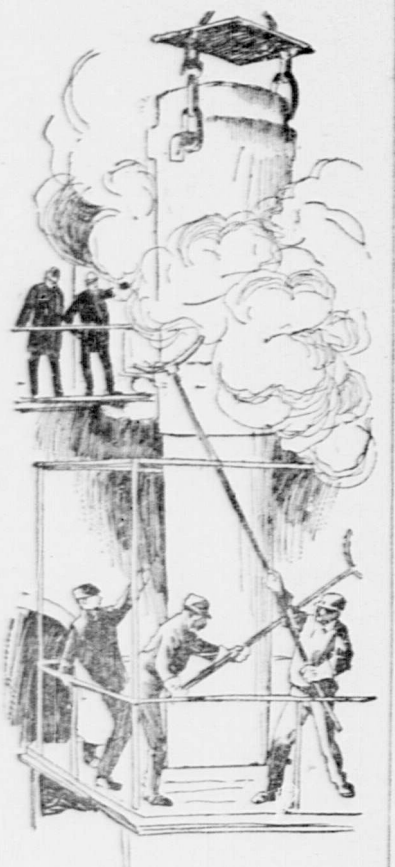
Building Peace Compellers an Intricate Process.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG GUN FACTORIES.

The Huge Rifles of Modern Warfare Not Cast in One Piece, but Made Up of Many Sections—Some Interesting Features of the Work.

Whenever the distant growlings of the dogs of war mutter through the medium of big headlines you are sure to read that "the work on big guns for battleships and coast defenses is being pushed along." Don't you believe it. No one ever undertook to rush work on a big gun and made a success of it.

The construction of a fort or a battleship can be hurried by putting big



SHRINKING ON A JACKET.

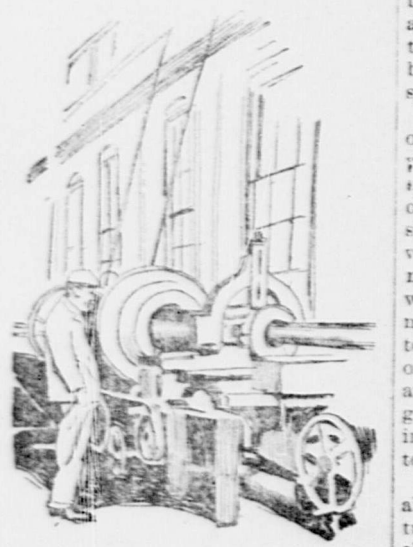
forces of men to work, but none of the steel monsters which guard our coast line was born in a hurry, nor will any of their future comrades be rushed into existence.

Gunmaking when the guns weigh thousands of tons is a deliberate art. With ponderous dignity the huge rifles come into being, and all their later movements are correspondingly slow until the time comes for them to act in real earnest—the supreme moment when with a mighty roar, a tremendous belching of flame and smoke, they hurl their gigantic missiles across miles of sea to seek out and sink the audacious invader.

Uncle Sam has two big shops where he turns out peace compellers. One of these is near Washington, where the big guns for the navy are made. The other is at Watervliet, N. Y., where are made the mammoth rifles, siege guns, mortars and other pieces of heavy ordnance. It is at the latter that the biggest gun in the world, destined for the defense of New York harbor, is now in course of construction. There is another arsenal at Watertown, Mass., near Cambridge, and there the new disappearing gun carriages and heavy projectiles are made.

The post at Watervliet was established in 1807, and the reservation embraces a tract of 47 acres. It was then called Githonsville. This unpoetic name was changed to Watervliet in 1817. It is only within recent years that the government has been making any of the most modern of the large guns. A board of officers, acting for the ordnance department at Washington, was directed by act of congress March 3, 1882, to investigate and report on the needs of this country for coast defenses. In accordance with this act a report was submitted Jan. 23, 1886, recommending that about 1,000 guns be mounted for protection at 27 points along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The new building is 1,000 feet long, with an average width of about 150 feet. The annual output is twenty 12 inch, fourteen 10 inch and twelve 8 inch guns.

The guns made at the Watervliet factory are the same in their essential con-



RIFLING A BIG GUN.

struction as those made in the great European factories. The forgings are brought to the factory ready for use, coming chiefly from the Bethlehem and Midvale works in Pennsylvania. American steel is used entirely.

The modern gun differs from the old

in this—the old one was cast and the modern one is built. The old gun was a single piece of metal. The modern gun is a mechanism. It may be taken apart. The old one was simple and the new one is complex. A steel tube, forged, 419 inches long, with walls 5 inches thick at one end, weighing 15 tons, is the basis of a 12 inch modern gun. With this as a core there are put around it 17 other cylinders of steel. The adjustments are perfect, within a thousandth of an inch.

When this tube reaches the factory, the car which brings it is run within the building, and the first of the big machines which are to handle it during its different stages lifts it off and drops it beside other tubes on the floor of the building. This operation is performed as easily and gently by the traveling cranes as a man might handle a three foot section of one inch lead pipe. There are three of these cranes at Watervliet—two of 50 tons each and one of 150 tons. They are simply great bridges which span the building's width and run its length on trucks not unlike car trucks on elevated trestles, one each side of the factory. The larger one works by electricity.

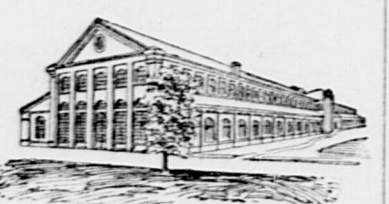
One of the chief objects in building up a gun rather than casting it is that it may have a greater strength than an equal amount of cast or forged steel of the same proportions. Another advantage is that by making a gun in thin layers the quality of the metal may be known all the way through—a thing impossible in thick castings.

When the tube has been measured, it is lifted by one of the big cranes to a lathe of monster proportions, and it is "rough bored," as it is called. This process requires several days, and when completed the crane again comes and lifts it to another lathe, where the shrinkage surface for the jacket is turned. It is then a bright, smooth shining cylinder. The jacket is simply a steel cylinder large enough when expanded by heat to go over the tube. It covers the tube for a little more than one-third its length from the breech.

When the tube and the jacket are ready, the most interesting, the most delicate and the most significant of all the processes comes next. This is the operation of "shrinking." The coat is to be heated until it is large enough to go on over the tube, and then, cooling, the tough band of steel is to contract with such irresistible force that the mighty steel cylinder will be compressed until its bore shrinks under the enormous pressure.

In the center of the factory is the shrinkage pit. It is an excavation 50 feet deep, with an exterior opening 40 feet long and 20 feet wide. When they began to excavate it at the Watervliet factory, it was found that solid rock lay underneath the building to more than that depth. The pit is therefore nothing but an excavation into solid rock. No retaining walls were needed. A furnace occupies a portion of this pit, in which the jackets and hoops are heated. There is at the bottom and built upward some distance apparatus by which one of the monster guns may be balanced and clamped immovably in a vertical position.

When the jacket is put on and has cooled, the gun is lifted from the pit and carried down the room to the lathe. The processes by which the tube was prepared for the jacket are repeated with the different sets of hoops. Five times the 12 inch gun makes the journey to the pit. Each time it comes out heavier by many tons than when it went in, and each time it assumes more and more the appearance of a cannon, losing its harmless appearance as a cylinder of steel and looming up formidable, massive and threatening.



ARSENAL AT WATERVLIET.

After the last hoop has been put on it goes to the boring lathe, after which the breech thread is cut and the breech screwed on. There is but one step of essential importance yet necessary—it must be made a rifled gun. Its inside must be grooved with a spiral groove, which will set the shot whirling when the time comes for it to speed on its destructive errand. Again the gun is put into a lathe. Three days are needed to rifle it. The muzzle end is finished and its sharp edges are smoothed and polished. The breech plate is finished and sights are put on. The gun is weighed and marked. Its logbook is packed away for reference, and some fine day the gun will be taken to Sandy Hook to be tested. It has probably been eight or ten months since the tube was taken from the car which brought it, a steel forging, from Pennsylvania.

Six weeks is practically the minimum of time for the making of a modern gun, and to finish one within that space everything would have to go marvelously well. The "treatment" of the steel would have to be a success at the very first attempt—something that does not often happen—and the first tests would have to show that the government standard had been reached. Of course, these results can only be obtained through much trying and the expenditure of time. A batch of guns may thus take months in the making, while good luck may bring it down to weeks.

None of the guns is named. They are all numbered, and from the moment the tube is received until the gun becomes old iron for the government its number sticks to it. Sometimes when a successful shrinking has taken place or a great gun has gone out to make its way in the world the men who have done the most work on it christen it after their own fancy, but official cognizance of names has never been given.

CYRUS SYLVESTER

HORNETS OF THE SEA.

MEN WHO MAN TORPEDO BOATS TRAINED TO KILL AND DIE.

In Peace These Narrow Craft Are Floating Torture Hells—In War They Are Almost Certain to Become Steel Coffins For Officers and Crew.

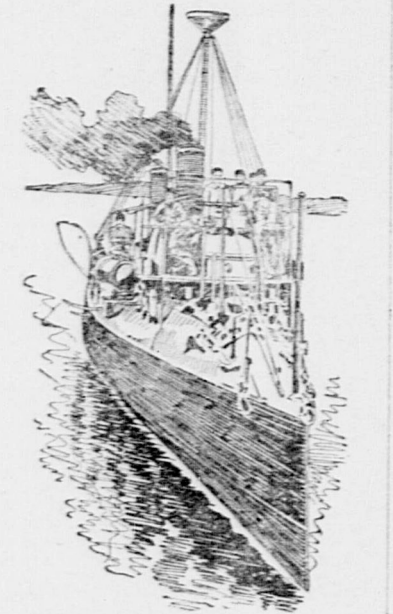
No matter how much in dispute may be the value of the torpedo boat in modern naval warfare one thing is agreed upon unanimously—in peace they are most uncomfortable craft on which to serve one's country.

The other day the Winslow was ordered from Norfolk navy yard to join the flotilla cruising off Key West. A heavy sea was breaking as she reached the cape, but she pluckily stuck her nose into it and turned seaward with hardly more than the top of her smokestack out of water. If you know how a long, narrow boat behaves in a sea, you can imagine how little comfort her crew had during the trip.

So little is there to make life bearable on these torpedo boats that in the English navy they are obliged to pick men for torpedo boat service and give increased pay to the entire crew and officers of the flotilla.

It is impossible to avoid this discomfort. The torpedo boats are constructed primarily for speed, and their lightness, narrow beam and shallow draft, while enabling them to make fair speed in calm weather, makes them almost uninhabitable in bad weather.

In a recent trip of a torpedo boat across the Atlantic it was found impossible for days at a time to light a fire in the cook's quarters. The officers were so cramped in their cabins that they were forced to sit with their feet propped up against the sides of the boat. Every one on board during rough weather.



THE TORPEDO BOAT WINSLOW.

er was hurled from side to side of the narrow steel tube until all was a mass of bruises and contusions. To cap their troubles they slept with the unpleasant knowledge that beneath them were stored explosives sufficient to blow them beyond the clouds.

The discomforts in time of peace are bad enough, but in wartime the torpedo boats may well be called the forlorn hope of the fleet. Enough has been seen of the dangers to show what small chance there is of the boat's crew living through a torpedo duel. The most tragic event of recent naval battles in which a torpedo boat took part occurred on the night following the battle of the Yalu, when the Chinese ships had sought shelter in a convenient bay, with only a small outlet to the sea. Through this opening a Japanese torpedo boat stole during the night to the attack. The commander of the Chinese vessel Ting-yuen and a number of his crew were on deck expecting some attack. When signaled by other vessels that the torpedo boat had been sighted, the Ting-yuen began to fire in the direction from whence she came. The smoke from the guns made it impossible to see the attacking boat, and the command was given to cease firing. The Chinese commander next discovered the torpedo boat about half a mile distant, coming at full speed toward the ship. The gun crew immediately opened fire upon her with all their machine and rapid fire guns.

The Japanese succeeded, however, in discharging her torpedo. A dull, muffled report announced the explosion under the quarters of the ship. The result was a hole in her bottom that practically wrecked the ship. All her compartments were filled with water and the fires extinguished. As the weather was bitter cold—30 degrees below zero—the ship had to be abandoned.

The fate of the crew of the torpedo boat was simply appalling. She was discovered the following morning floating in the bay. The first man who boarded her found what was left of the crew frozen to death on her decks. The engineer, machinist and fireman had been scalded to death through the cutting of the steam pipes by one of the smaller shots from the machine guns. They were all below decks. The chief engineer was found near the hatchway of the engine room, frozen stiff. It was evident, however, that he had died from the scalds and burns. Out of the entire crew of 14 men not one escaped. So you see that these hornets of the sea do not have things all their own way even in war. That they fully realize this is shown by a recent remark of Lieutenant Commander Kimball, who has charge of the torpedo boat flotilla.

"How to kill and how to die," says Lieutenant Kimball, "must be learned in the trade of war. A knowledge of the latter is considered more important than the former. Men are trained to kill effectively; they are disciplined to die properly. The men of the flotilla know how to accomplish the first part of their trade; they can be relied on to do the latter."

AIR OF MAMMOTH CAVE.

So Pure and Bracing That It Might Be Utilized For a Sanatorium.

In The Century there is an article on "The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky" by John R. Proctor, formerly state geologist of Kentucky. Mr. Proctor, in describing the tour of the cave, says:

Some distance on we come upon two stone cottages built against one of the walls of the avenue. These are the remains of a number that were built in the cave in 1843 for the abode of consumptive patients. It was believed that the pure air of the cave would effect a cure, and 15 consumptives took up their abode here, and remained for five months without going outside. It is said that when they did go out three died before they could reach the hotel. Something more than purity is required—sunlight. It is said that the salt-peter miners had remarkable health while working in the cave, and persons with weak lungs are certainly benefited by short walks in this atmosphere. I believe, in time, that these immense reservoirs of pure, antiseptic air will be utilized for the cure of consumption and asthma, not by sending the patient into the cave, but by bringing the air into suitably ventilated rooms on the dry, well drained elevated sandstone plateaus above the caves.

We know the air is dry, because the timber carried in in 1812 has not decayed, and iron hinges have been here since 1843 and show no sign of rust. We know the air is pure, because here animal matter does not decay, but simply dries up. The mummies found in the caves were not prepared mummies, but simply desiccated bodies. The uniform temperature of from 53 degrees to 54 degrees the year round has been demonstrated. Consumptives take long sea voyages and visit high altitudes to get the benefit of acetic atmosphere, but they suffer from variations of temperature, from storms, and at high altitudes exercise cannot be taken, while the cave air predisposes one to take exercise with little fatigue. I have known delicate women to walk for nine hours in the cave, clambering up steep ascents and over rocks, and come out of the cave feeling no sense of fatigue until they reached the warm, impure air outside, charged with the odors of decayed vegetation, when they would all most faint and would require assistance in ascending the path to the hotel.

We think the atmosphere in the glen at the entrance remarkable for purity before we have become sensitive by hours in the pure atmosphere of the cave. I once went with a friend and a guide to Roaring river and several other remote places, which required remaining in the cave overnight. It was night when we came out, and we had become so sensitive by our stay of 36 hours in the pure air of the cave that we were almost overcome by the suffocating mephitic odors and oppressiveness of the outer air. We dreaded to inhale it into our lungs and returned again and again into the pure air flowing from the cave.

Air freed from bacteria is one of the main reasons for success in modern surgery and a sanatorium into which this air could be pumped would doubtless be resorted to for difficult surgical operations. Consumptives in high altitudes are compelled to remain indoors in winter weather and breathe the vitiated air of closed rooms, while in sanatoriums supplied with cave air, by letting the air in at the upper part of the rooms and out at the lower part, all exhalations would pass out and pure air would be constantly rushing in at a uniform temperature, winter and summer. Then it would be a boon if we could escape the oppressive heat of summer into hotels kept cool and pure by the air from these great dry caves.

Hospitality That Paid.

Gambling clubs are being raided in London, one of the complaints being that they greatly overcharge their patrons for the use of cards. It is curious that a century ago this was the case in private houses. It is generally supposed that hospitality was more largely extended in old times, and, indeed, was their supreme virtue, whereas it would now be thought the extremity of meanness for a host to charge his guests with any such payment. In The Times of March 22, 1796, we read: "The tabbies of Bath are in a state of insurrection, in consequence of an example by Lady Elcho, who neither visits nor receives company that pay for cards. This laudable reformation is adopted so generally that many of the dowagers who have so long fed on card money are turning their thoughts to some more creditable means of earning their livelihood." A hope is expressed that the ladies in London will follow the examples of those of Bath and "exclude the odious and pitiful custom. We are afraid that many a party is formed rather to derive benefit from the sale of cards than for the sake of hospitality."—San Francisco Argonaut.

FREED FROM JAIL BY DICE.

Prisoner Won Jailer's \$400, Then Played With \$200 and Liberty as Stakes.

"Getting out of jail with a good file seems easy enough," said an ex-convict the other day, "but I don't think I ever heard of but one case where a prisoner made his escape with a handful of dice. It happened years ago in my county after I had arrested a crack gambler from the west for shooting a farmer. The farmer was not killed, and the westerner was shut up in jail until court convened. The chances were that he would be sent to the penitentiary for half a dozen years at least. He went under the name of Mike Hunkler. That, however, was an alias.

"While I was going over the building one morning a stranger came up and asked to see Hunkler. He said that Hunkler was an acquaintance of his and he wanted to talk with him about securing the services of a lawyer to defend him. I let the man in, but told Robinson, the jailer, to watch him.

"The following morning while I was at breakfast a boy rushed in and told me that Hunkler had escaped. When I made an investigation, I discovered that Robinson had also disappeared. Later in the day I found a note from Robinson addressed to me. He asked me to forgive him, said it was an affair of honor and could not be helped. The escape was investigated by the grand jury and after a long wrangle I was completely exonerated, as a trusted employee had played me false.

"The years rolled on and the escape had ceased to cause any comment. Some time afterward I got a telegram from Tennessee saying that Robinson was dead and that he had made a request that I be notified. Five days later I received a letter written by Robinson previous to his death in which he told me the whole story of the escape.

"It seems the man who went to see Hunkler as his friend was a noted crook. He carried the prisoner a set of poker dice and a roll of bills amounting to about \$500. That night, while Robinson was patrolling the jail, Hunkler, who got to talking with him, asked if he did not want to shoot a few hands. The cubes were brought out, and Robinson said he was the luckiest man with them in town. The jailer got \$50 out of his wallet to start on, and despite his luck he lost. He went back for another wad, and in due time that drifted over to Hunkler. Robinson had \$400 in all, and he promptly brought it out. In an hour's time the last of his three years' savings was gone. Noticing his dejection, Hunkler after a while said:

"Robinson, I will make this proposition. I will give you a chance to win your money back and mine, too, on one throw. I'll put up \$900, and if you win, you get all. If I win, you let me escape tonight."

"Robinson thought over the matter for 15 minutes, and finally agreed to play one poker hand to the fill. Robinson won the toss, and had to play first. He pitched out the dice and then looked down on two pairs, queens and jacks. He kept the queens and then took the three other cubes for the second throw. He got another pair of jacks and an ace. He cursed his luck, but threw again to the queens. He turned another queen and a pair of aces.

"Hunkler took the dice to beat the full. He rattled them long and carefully, and when they hit the jail floor he smiled as he saw three tens. Another ten would set him free, with \$900 in his pockets. On the second throw he made a pair of jacks, but they did not free him. Robinson held his breath on the third toss, and to his sorrow he saw the lucky ten turn. He told Hunkler he was free, but that he had made himself an outcast. At 1 o'clock the next morning the two slipped away, Robinson refusing to accept a dollar from Hunkler."

Charles Letter in New York Sun.

Hoity Toity.

Selden in his "Table Talk" writes: "In Queen Elizabeth's time gravity and state were kept up. In King James' time things were pretty well. But in King Charles' time there has been nothing but French-more and the cushion dance, omnium gatherum, toly polly, hoity cometoite."

This phrase in modern French is haut comme toit.

The late Dr. Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," says: "The most probable derivation I know is this: 'What we call 'seesaw' used to be called 'hoity toity,' hoity being connected with hoit (to leap up), our 'high,' 'height,' and toity being 'tother hoit'—i. e., first one side hoits, then the other side."

Notes and Queries.

Two of a Kind.

"I told my employer I had only 10 cents to my name."

"What did he say?"

"He tried to borrow it of me."

Chicago Record.

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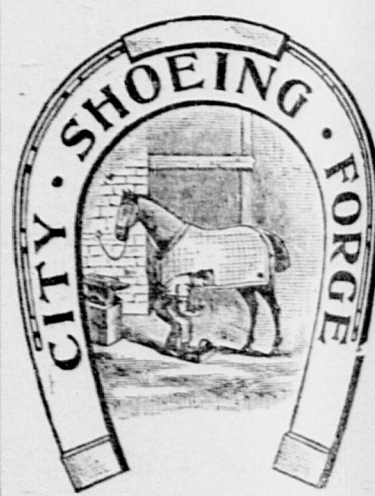
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SAVED BY AN ARTIST.

STORY OF A PAINTING FROM NAZARETH CONVENT, BARDSTOWN, KY.

It Was Destined to Be Split Up For Kindling—Artist John Ward Dunsmore Spent a Winter in Restoring It—Is Accredited to Rubens.

Professionals and laymen alike will find a peculiar interest in a large picture recently on exhibition in Cincinnati. Whether it is a genuine Rubens entirely or in part or whether it be an example of brush work by one of that master's pupils remains to be determined. Mr. John Ward Dunsmore, who reclaimed it from the kindling wood pile at Nazareth convent, Bardstown, Ky., at odd times when the mood was on him during the winter scraped and cleaned little by little, until the old painting stands out now in all its original beauty of color and freshness, filling the beholder with a sense of awe and wonderment—a silent tribute to the art of two centuries ago.

Every artist will recognize the subject, "Adoration of the Kings," the Virgin Mary, the Christ child in the manger, surrounded by the magi and the high priests who have journeyed to Bethlehem with their offerings of jewels and money. The picture, as it appears today, gives little evidence of what it was when turned over to Mr. Dunsmore by the venerable chaplain at Nazareth, old Father Russell.

By chance learning that some very old things had been taken down from the walls of a room in which one of the older sisters had died and thrown away as having outlived their usefulness, Mr. Dunsmore, from curiosity, asked to see a picture painted on boards which had come all apart and been sent to the kindling pile to be used for fuel in the convent furnace.

The sister who called Mr. Dunsmore's attention to the incident said she thought it a shame to burn the thing, even if it had lost all its value as a picture. Few of the sisters remembered anything that would make its identity clear. Those who did recalled that it hung for a long time in the "poor kitchen," the place where the poor were given. When that place was cleaned and given an overhauling last summer, the picture, which with the accumulated grease and dust of years resembled more the grimy surface of one of the pots in the scullery than anything having artistic value, was thrust out to be split up for kindling.

With some difficulty the picture in question was fished out and turned over to him. The artist, it may be explained here, has been going to the convent for some two or three years giving instruction to a class of sisters. The mother superior, known there as Cleophas, readily agreed to Mr. Dunsmore's suggestion that he bring the pieces to Cincinnati with him, where he might discover what was beneath the dirt and grime. This was last September. The pieces were sent him one day soon after his discovery, and the labor of restoration began a little later. Unlike the work of the present day masters, this picture is painted on a plaster ground, such as was used altogether those days, and which was in turn laid on hard oak panels. The whole thing, with the four panels joined, makes a picture about 25 by 40 inches in size. When found, the panels were all bulged apart, and, indeed, only hung together by the merest chance. The wood cleats which held them when planned or cut produced a fine powder, almost flourlike in consistency. This evidence of extreme age in the wood was intensified in the appearance of the face of the picture.

"There was the accumulation of years of varnish. Seemingly everybody who was called upon to clean it in years gone by had spread on it another coat of sticky varnish," said Mr. Dunsmore. "They apparently had not stopped to clean it first." The first panels, as stated, were all separated. The parting had taken away a portion of the drapery of the Virgin; there had disappeared a piece of the red robe of the kneeling king in the foreground, and a small bit of the arched neck of the Virgin, who, by the way, was evidently none other than the great master's second wife, Helena Fourment, was gone.

The arguments in favor of this being an original painting by Rubens are many, not the least of which is found in the historical fact which tells of the enriching in an art way of the churches of primitive Kentucky. Father Russell, the old chaplain at Nazareth convent, tells a most interesting and probably the most authentic story. His idea is that the picture in question was one of a number—about 100—masterpieces that came over from Holland and Belgium between the years 1790 and 1810. These were secured by the early bishops of Kentucky from the galleries of the rich European monasteries, convents and the private collections in palaces of the noblemen. They were brought over without frames and distributed among the few churches and religious institutions in Kentucky at that time.

Father Russell thinks Bishop David, who was the first bishop of Kentucky, was the churchman who collected the pictures and placed this identical one

in the Nazareth convent. Other high church dignitaries of the present day in conversation with Mr. Dunsmore and the convent people think either Bishop Flager or Father Neericks may have brought them. Both were among the earlier officials.

The picture will hang in the choicest spot within the walls of the convent at Bardstown, where it will be cherished as one of the institution's most valued and valuable possessions, in curious contrast truly to its exit on that day in the summer of 1897 when it was banished to the kindling wood pile through the door of the poor kitchen.—H. E. H. in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

INCREASE OF CATHOLICS.

Some Interesting Statistics of the Strength of the Catholic Church.

It is customary every two years for the propaganda to issue an "Annuaire of Catholic Missions." The increase in numbers of Catholic adherents is interesting. Thus the increase in Great Britain is stated as 37,203 souls, the total number of Catholics accordingly being 5,283,059. In Holland and Luxemburg there is an increase of 62,338 Catholics, and a total of 1,854,340. In Denmark, increase, 1,906; total, 7,000. In the German mission provinces, increase, 57,487; total, 207,180. Increase of Catholics in the Balkan peninsula, 82,112; total, 686,210. In Greece, 8,000, the total being 34,710. The following official returns show very marked progress in the number of Catholics: United States, 9,479,250; Canada, 2,184,480; Antilles and Guiana, 339,200; Patagonia, 50,287; Oceania, 897,980. The Catholics of Latin rite in Asia are enumerated as follows: 120,680 in Turkey, 1,500 in Arabia, 1,178,325 in India, 872,680 in Indo-China, 801,410 in Japan and Korea. In north Africa and the islands there are 428,170 Catholics. The oriental Catholics are divided according to rites: Abyssinians or Ethiopians, 30,000; Armenians, 107,000; Copts, 25,500; Greek Rumenians, 1,048,690; Greek Bulgarians, 13,000; Greek Ruthenians, 3,543,600; Greek Melchites, 116,700; Syrians, 720,000; Syro-Maronites, 277,000; Syro-Malabarites, 260,329. Among the acts of the sacred congregation of the propaganda within the last two years may be mentioned the erection of the vicariate apostolic of Tonguin April 18, 1895; the new delimitation of the diocese of Vizagapatam in India in July, 1895; the division of Madagascar into two vicariates in June, 1896; the erection of the prefecture apostolic of William's Land in Oceania in January, 1896; the transformation of the vicariate apostolic of Arizona into a diocese under the name of Tucson in March, 1897.—Catholic Review.

NEW SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

The Postulants From Ireland Have Begun Their New Life.

The first formal step in the new life chosen by the 45 young ladies who came to America from Ireland to join the order of Sisters of St. Joseph, was taken recently, when they entered the novitiate. Until recently the young ladies were housed in the dormitories occupied by the girls of the St. Joseph academy. The other day at noon they were moved to another building, west of the big open court, where they take up the duties of their novitiate. This means that they will rise early and retire early. They will eat of plain food and give up much time to prayer and self denial. Under the guidance of the more learned sisters they will fit themselves for teachers, the highest work done by the sisters.

It is not expected that all of the young ladies will take the same course or that they will make the same progress. On the contrary, their duties will be individual, and each one will be trained along the lines to which she is best adapted. The girls' ages range from 16 to 23 years and the advantages they have had vary. Some of them are excellent musicians. Of these, some are expert with one instrument and others with another. In whatever accomplishment they are most proficient will they be given opportunity of further cultivation. The work done by the sisters covers a very wide field. They are known best as teachers of young girls in the different boarding schools or academies established by the order. However, they have hospitals, orphanages, deaf and dumb institutions, and engage in almost every possible charity. In this diversified field it is possible to allow the girls to choose duties to which they are best adapted and fit themselves accordingly.

Valuable Jesuit Document Found.

A discovery of great importance to Canadian history has recently been made at Quebec among the old manuscripts in the archives of the archdiocese. Vicar General Marois, while going through these, discovered a document in three parts written in 1672 by Pere Francois de Crepien, a Jesuit missionary who spent part of his life among the Indians of the Saguenay region. Historians have believed in the existence of this document because of allusion to and extracts from it, but no trace of it could be found until now, though it was frequently and diligently searched for.—Boston Transcript.

Widow of Windthorst.

The widow of Windthorst, the most illustrious German Catholic of modern times, deserves to stand among the noblest heroines of the fatherland, for Dr. Windthorst himself repeatedly avowed that without her sympathy and assistance his public career would have been impossible. She lately passed to her reward at the venerable age of 93.—

TO DAM UP THE NILE

PROJECT THAT AROUSES OPPOSITION OF ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

Desert Would Be Irrigated From the Stored Supply of Water When the River Is Low—Antiquarians Saw Their Temples in Danger and Earnestly Objected.

Having explored the Nile, gone through all kinds of dangers and sufferings to discover its sources and fought their way up its troubled stretches Englishmen are about to turn the river to new uses by damming its water and storing it to flood the dry land during the season when the Nile falls to low ebb.

The project is one of the most stupendous ever undertaken and embraces other difficulties besides those that will confront the engineers. One of these is the objections of archaeologists to any scheme that threatens to sweep away the ancient landmarks on the banks of the Nile. The antiquarians take the temple of Isis as one ancient structure that they think should be an effective barrier to any modern engineering feat that would threaten its existence. Ptolemy II built the temple to Isis, whose tears, by the way, are the legendary cause of the rise of the Nile, upon the island of Philæ, and that island will be almost submerged if the Nile is held up to the extent proposed.

What is a temple, say the engineers, in comparison with the work involving the prosperity of millions of human beings? Are base commercial motives, cry the archaeologists, to override everything in this world, and is a priceless monument of antiquity to be lost to mankind in order that a few mere felahin may grow cotton and millet?

Various solutions are proposed. Philæ is to be surrounded by masonry as solid as the dam itself and to be thus secured against all anticipated dangers. One distinguished engineer is prepared to hoist the temple bodily and underpin it so as to stand permanently above the highest water level. Another discusses its removal stone by stone and its re-erection on a neighboring island which will never be submerged.

The actual solution is more prosaic. The dam is to be built on the unrivaled site of Assuan, but it is not to be carried to the height first proposed. A head of 46 feet of water now satisfies the engineers and does not alarm archaeologists. Of course the water supply is greatly reduced, for the originally proposed head of water was some five meters greater, but if something is lost much remains. Cost is reduced, and the provision of water is perhaps as great as Egypt can profitably utilize for some years to come.

This great dam will serve the double purpose of storing water in relief of the dry season or of abnormally low Nile and of mitigating the violence of exceptional floods. The dam will be built of granite ashlar founded on the great reef crossing the river. It will be 76 feet high and about 6,000 feet long, and the difference in water level above and below the dam will be 46 feet. The approximate storage capacity will be 1,065,000,000 cubic meters. Locks will be built for the passage of Nile steamers.

The contractors, who promise completion in five years, present a moderate bill. They are to receive \$800,000 a year for 50 years from the carrying out of their contract. That is a payment of nearly \$25,000,000, but the credit is very long, and the present actual value is probably about half the sum.

It may be confidently stated that without the credit of the British government Egypt could never have come within speaking distance of so good a bargain. The annual payment will be saved three times over in security from floods alone.

The great work, which will be carried out under Sir William Garstin's able supervision, with its subsidiary system of canals both for irrigation and for transport, and with the accompanying drainage system, the importance of which is now fully recognized, will constitute such an addition to the sum of national happiness and prosperity as it does not every day fall to the lot of the most well meaning rulers to make.—Washington Post.

Bishop of Havana.

Bishop Santander is the resident Catholic prelate of Havana, and the full title of his see is San Cristobal de la Habana. He was consecrated on St. Patrick's day, 1887, and he exercises jurisdiction over a flock that numbers 1,300,000 souls, worshipping in 147 parochial and 237 other churches and chapels and requiring the services of 228 priests, according to the latest available statistics. The Havana cathedral disputes with the Santo Domingo one the renown of possessing the remains of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this western world.

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CHURCH MADE A CLUBHOUSE

Father Frielings' Odd Plan For Reclaiming Boys Who Are Wayward.

Rev. Herman J. Frielings, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church at Beaver Falls, Pa., believes in fighting the devil with fire. Many of the young men of his congregation had gone astray. They frequented clubs and saloons and totally neglected the work of the church. Father Frielings wondered how he could reclaim them. At last he thought of a plan.

A year ago St. Mary's congregation moved into a handsome new cathedral. Since that time the old church, a small wooden structure, has remained idle, except for an occasional bazaar or other entertainment. Why not use that and convert it into a clubhouse? Without further ado he proceeded to answer the question himself by making the transformation.

The clubhouse is now in working order. There are billiard tables, pool tables and card tables, and there will be a library and reading room, as well as other features to furnish entertainment for the young men of the parish. The organization will be known officially as St. Mary's Literary and Dramatic club. Said Father Frielings:

"The object of the club is to draw young men and boys away from questionable resorts by giving them a place where they can enjoy all the games and amusements they find there, which are innocent enough in themselves so long as confined within certain limits. The first purpose of the club will be literary and educational in its nature. We will have dialogues, small dramas, recitations and essays. Music of all kinds will also be an attraction, and I propose to donate a piano out of my own funds."

"One of the strict provisions of that constitution will be that any member of St. Mary's club known to have frequented any other club or any saloon or billiard hall after having been made a member of St. Mary's club shall be summarily dismissed. By this means I hope to keep our boys from the evil associations they have learned to like and make them enjoy themselves as fully and with nobler results in our own club."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"THE WATERLOO VETERAN."

First Drama to Be Given in a Catholic Cardinal's Palace.

For the first time on record a dramatic representation is to be given within the walls of a Catholic cardinal's palace. The announcement is made that, at the request of the Catholic Social union, the general committee of which includes many members of the nobility, Sir Henry Irving has consented to give early in May next a presentation of his play, "The Waterloo Veteran," at the archbishop's house in Westminster, London, the residence of Cardinal Vaughan. The cardinal has given his consent to the programme and will himself be present on the occasion. The affair will take place in the large reception room at the palace, where seats will be provided for 350 people. The price of the tickets, which will be issued to private subscribers only, has been placed at \$50 each, so that the performance will net the charity the magnificent sum of \$17,500. Sir Henry Irving will be assisted by Miss Ellen Terry and the members of his company who usually take part in the presentation of "The Waterloo Veteran."—Boston Herald.

Archbishop Ireland's Discourses.

A Rome correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says: "Among other evidences of the influence and effectual presence of the American mind in Italy may be mentioned the publication of a selection of Archbishop Ireland's discourses translated into Italian. This work, which has recently appeared, is published at Milan and is entitled 'La Chiesa e la Società Moderna' (The Church and Modern Society). It is translated from the third and latest American edition and is the only Italian translation authorized by the author, being the work of the Countess Sabina di Parravicino di Revel. In a notice prefixed to this translation Countess Parravicino writes that it is well readers should know that these discourses were not written for Italian readers, and that they have not been modified in any degree in being turned into Italian. Indeed this translation was not even submitted to the revision of the illustrious author, who only after three years' asking permitted the translation into Italian."

Mass in an Old British Church.

One of the features of the curious celebration of the two hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the death of King Charles I in London the other day was a mass in the old Church of St. Margaret Patten, in which is his royal banner, and whose altar cloths are wrought with his monogram. The anthem on the occasion was a collection of Old Testament texts generally supposed to refer to Christ's crucifixion, and a special hymn was sung, of which this is a stanza:
With stricken heart by proud rebelkin bruised,
He found a crown of thorns in crown of gold.
Marred was his face by weeping, false accused,
Like thee, O Christ, forsaken, mocked and sold.
—New York Tribune.

The Quincy Monitor.

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By the St. John's C. L. and A. A.

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All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

APRIL, 1898.

"THE CHURCH WILL LIVE."

All expression or conjecture as to the future of religion, philosophy or politics, at least in their relations to peoples, is more or less futile, and likely to be presumptuous and vain. We cannot fully discern the causes of events already accomplished, much less foresee the happenings of tomorrow in the acting causes of the present hour.

In the course of the century now ending the church has been face to face with mighty movements, intellectual, moral, social and political, yet she is credited with marvellous success. Criticism has not weakened her foundations, science and philosophy have not changed her dogma, neither has any phase of politics affected her constitution. In the struggle some of her children have fallen away, but many others have been attracted to her fold. She enters the new century with an organization thoroughly "perfected," a hierarchy fully developed and activities capable for all demand.

The ideas characteristic of this century are liberty, progress, science, justice and equality; but these have been exaggerated and led astray, for they have been divested of divine authority and supernatural life. In their true nature all these ideas are essentially Christian.

Never was the church better equipped to meet the demands of the modern spirit, to guide science, illumine the intellect and save society. Outside the church there is a cry for that Christian unity which the church alone possesses. The hopes of the new century are centred in the unity of the one true church. The aged pontiff, who has added lustre to the century now closing shows the way to success by the re-establishment of Christian life in civil and domestic society, in rulers and people, because true life can come only to us only through Christ.

The church of Christ will live. The century will be great if it seeks for guidance at her hands.

ALPINE CASUALTIES.

The Alpine casualties of 1897 are summed up in an interesting article in Le Dauphine. Thirty-three climbers perished, about half of whom, it is worth noting, were single excursionists making their ascent without a guide or even a companion. Only one climber was lost, who had a guide. Eight of the 33 were killed by avalanches, 2 by falls of stones, 2 by slipping on snow, 3 on grass, and 15 on rock. Three perished in crevasses. Twelve of the 33 were Swiss, 8 Austrians, 6 Germans, 3 Frenchmen and only 1 Englishman.

MRS. GLADSTONE.

Mrs. Gladstone has just celebrated her 80th birthday. The elder of the two daughters of Sir Stephen Glynne, she was married to Mr. Gladstone on July 25, 1839. Her sister, Miss Mary Glynne, on the same day became the wife of Lord Lytton.

Poor Fellow!

Once a fine mechanic.

Now digs in a ditch.

Drink?

No; his sight began to fail. Properly fitted glasses at that time would have enabled him to continue at his occupation at good wages, but he delayed until too late. Now he digs at starvation wages.

If you have any trouble with your eyes, go to

WILLIAMS,
Refracting Optician,
QUINCY.

HANCOCK ST.

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.

Passage Tickets
to and from the
OLD COUNTRY
for sale by

JOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The Very Reverend John J. Power, D. D., rector of St. Paul's church, Worcester, is seriously ill.

The Very Reverend T. L. Doran, D. D., vicar general of the Providence diocese, sailed April 16, for Europe.

Bishop Sweeney, the pastor of the Canadian hierarchy, observed the 35th anniversary of his consecration April 15.

The Rt. Rev. William Vaughan, bishop of Plymouth, Eng., celebrated the 60th anniversary of his ordination recently, and was the recipient of a letter from the Pope congratulating him on the occurrence. Bishop Vaughan is the uncle of Cardinal Vaughan, and is in his 85th year.

A correspondent of The Pilot in St. John, N. B., writes: "At a meeting held April 6, the Father Mathew Association decided to present an address to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Connolly, V. G., on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of his ordination. Vicar-General Connolly was the first chaplain of the Father Mathew Association when organized in 1817.

A Rome paper says that the Pope invited all his relatives to Rome a short time ago, in order to arrange some family matters and to make them acquainted with the provisions of his private will. The Pope has never publicly left the Vatican since his election to St. Peter's chair, and is said to have left the papal palace but once secretly, and that by night, in order to visit his brother when he was dying in a village near Rome.

The Rev. B. W. Maturin, formerly of the Cowley fathers, and who on his conversion about a year ago to the Catholic faith went to take up his residence in Rome, left the Eternal City recently for England. The Rev. Maturin's departure he had spent not at his ordinary abode, the Canadian College, but at the Benedictine monastery of St. Anselmo, on the Aventine Hill, and this for greater seclusion and repose. Mr. Maturin at Easter received the three holy orders of sub-deaconship, and priesthood.

The sacrament was conferred by Cardinal Vaughan, who entertains the very highest esteem for him. Mr. Maturin will shortly return to Rome. His fame as a preacher is known far and wide, and the missions which he used to direct in England and in the United States will long be remembered in those countries. His writings, too, have a wide reputation, the most popular publication of his being "Practical Studies on the Parables."

IN MEMORIAM.

The following Resolutions were passed by Quincy Council on the death of Alphonse Reinhalter.

Whereas—The members of Quincy Council No. 96, Knights of Columbus, having been apprised of the sudden death on April 5, 1898, of Brother Alphonse Reinhalter under the most sad circumstances, it is hereby

Resolved—That we here give expression to the loss which our Council has sustained, the first bereavement in its history, and also give substantial evidence of the esteem in which our late brother was held by his associates; and it is further

Resolved—That copies of these Resolutions be forwarded to the family of our late brother and to the Quincy Monitor, and that a record of them be placed in the keeping of our Council.

M. T. SULLIVAN,
T. F. FORD,
J. C. DORGAN,
Committee on Resolutions,
Quincy, April 19, 1898.

The spoliation of Italian palaces has become a regular branch of business with architects and decorators to-day. A short time since it was reported that the Countess Castellane had purchased an Italian palace in Verona for the purpose of securing 11 ceilings decorated by the great painter Tiepolo, which were to be transferred to the house being built in Paris. The same practice is going on all the time and many Italian palaces are being rifled to enrich New York houses. A number of carved and painted ceilings, doorways, mantels, etc. have been sent over for the adornment of W. C. Whitney's new house in New York and many others are on their way. The ceilings are taken down in sections, generally in quarters, and the mouldings and ornaments marked so they can be put in place in the same order.

Children's Carriages and Go Carts from \$2.98 to \$25.00. Henry L. Kincaide & Co.

ABOUT PERSONS OF NOTE.

The Prince of Wales has taken to having his prepared speeches written by a typist on small sheets of paper, each containing about 100 words, from which he reads at a very rapid rate.

Dr. J. Travers Lewis, the Anglican archbishop of Ontario, Canada, will celebrate the 50th anniversary of his ordination July 16. He declines to receive any personal gift on the occasion and it is, therefore, proposed to raise \$100,000 for the diocese.

Henry and Richard Carr, brothers, and both blind, who live at Asheville, N. C., are employed by the government as mail carriers. They travel to the little mountain towns over rough roads, without guides, trusting entirely to the intelligence of their horses.

Congressman James R. Campbell of Illinois who has resigned his seat in Congress to raise a regiment to fight Spain was one of the "famous 105," who voted Gen. Palmer into the United States Senate in 1891. He is 45 years of age, and is a lawyer and journalist by profession.

Anna Bicknell whose paper, "French Wives and Mothers," has attracted much notice is, properly speaking, an English woman, although her mother was the daughter of Daniel Strobel of Charleston, S. C. who, for many years, filled the post of United States consul at Bordeaux, France.

John Adriance is living quietly at the age of 90 years in a modest home at the old town of Columbus, Tex., which was the first capital of the state. At the battle of San Jacinto, Adriance served on the staff of Gen. Sam Houston, and conducted Santa Anna to that officer at the surrender of the Mexican army.

Miss Emma Whittington, who has been appointed a colonel of 3d infantry, Arkansas state guards, is not only the first woman ever appointed to a military position in that state, but is the youngest woman holding such a position in the United States.

Mme. Semblich has been giving operatic performances in Vienna, in Italian, with a company consisting principally of Italian singers and chorists, and conducted by Beignani for several years one of the subordinate directors at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

George C. Gorman, ex-Secretary of the United States Senate, has completed his biography of Edwin M. Stanton, on which he has been engaged for some years. The great secretary's only son, Lewis H. Stanton, is practising law in New Orleans. One of the daughters is married to an army officer and stationed somewhere in the West.

In 1890 Abram S. Hewitt of New York received from Sir James Kitson, president of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain a medal "conferred for distinguished services to the iron and steel trade." One of Mr. Hewitt's distinctions as enterprising ironmaster was that his firm was the first in the United States to erect a Bessemer converter.

It is reported from Teheran that the Shah has expressed a great desire to undertake a European tour, and more particularly to visit England. There is, indeed, only one influence which restrains him from at once preparing for the journey and that is the fear that the animosity which his ascent to the throne inspired may result during his absence in the appointment of a rival.

Many years ago C. W. M. Van de Velde, the distinguished Dutch artist, who has just died, undertook the task of mapping Palestine single handed, and so successful were his efforts that when, in later years, a more minute survey was undertaken through the instrumentality of the Palestine exploration fund, his work was found to be thoroughly exact.

Henry C. Elwell of Philadelphia, in June next, if he lives till then, will complete 50 years' service as a private in the Pennsylvania militia, and will claim as the senior marching soldier of the state National Guard the first gold medal to be awarded under the will of the late Gen. William M. Reilly to the soldier with the longest continuous service in the Pennsylvania military. He is now 73 years old.

Mr. Robert E. Foy has entered the employ of A. H. Doble & Co. Mr. Foy was employed for many years by L. M. Pratt & Co., and by his tact and amiability won many friends.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY,
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WAR WITH SPAIN

Would cause Coal to advance in Price. When the time comes Uncle Sam will undoubtedly make it hot for Spain, but thoughtful people will provide something to keep their families warm next winter. For reliable coal send an order to

C. Patch & Son.

"PAST REDEMPTION."

The Advertiser in its issue of April 22, speaks in the following complimentary terms of the young men and women who took part in the recent play:

Of the many amateur theatricals held by the St. John's C. L. & A. A., none have proved to be of greater artistic success than "Past Redemption," which was presented at Music Hall on Tuesday evening.

The cast was as follows:
John Maynard, a New England farmer,
John J. Bradley
Nat Harlow, a country trader,
George A. Cahill

Harry Maynard, his son,
Robert Thornton, a speculator,
Tom Loomis, a farmer,
John C. McGane

Capt. Nathan Bragg,
Thomas F. Shea
Stub, a negro, Maynard's help, Richard J. Grey
Murdoch, a friend of Thornton, George Whiting
Daley, a barkeeper,
Miles Burke

Mrs. Maynard, John's wife,
Miss Annie Keegan
Mrs. Charity Goodall, John's sister,
Miss Julia Duffy

Jessie Maynard, an adopted daughter,
Miss Nellie McCarthy
Kitty Corum, "The girl with two strings to her bow,"
Miss Mary Doran

The leading female character was taken by Miss Mary R. Doran and her rendition of the part assigned to her was a pleasant surprise to her many friends for the young lady had never appeared in theatricals before. Her acting was true to the part and being possessed of a sweet voice and one of considerable strength, she was enabled to render a number of solos in a manner that merited the heartiest applause.

Miss Nellie McCarthy, who portrayed another prominent character, was fully equal to the occasion and by her faithful and dramatic interpretation of a difficult part, she lent an added interest to the play.

Miss Julia Duffy gave an excellent portrayal of a character that was interwoven with dramatic situations and Miss Annie Keegan as Mrs. Maynard, played her part with an unaffectedness that lent an added charm to the character.

As John Maynard, the honest, whole-hearted farmer, Mr. Bradley was a most successful counterpart of the real article. His interpretation was so natural and his acting of such a high order that his efforts alone added an interest and a realism to the play that was felt from the very start.

Mr. Phelan as the wayward son had a fine chance to exhibit his dramatic ability and he filled all the difficult requirements with an ability that was a genuine treat to the audience. Edward McGinty proved to be a capital villain and Richard Grey as the ubiquitous negro happy-go-lucky added a dash of merriment and good nature to the performance that was appreciable.

Thomas Shea as Capt. Bragg "by jingo" was excellent; in fact it is no discredit to say that his friends were not aware that he could do so well but he did, and was rewarded with a great ovation. George A. Cahill and John C. McGane, as the rival lovers, furnished plenty of mirth and good humor and acquitted themselves most creditably.

The entire piece was staged finely which lent an effectiveness to the whole production.

There was a very large attendance present despite the bad weather conditions. Among those who enjoyed the performance was Mayor Sears and his wife, the Rev. J. P. Cuffe and the Rev. J. F. Purcell.

In the second act of the play, the Quincy Quartette made its appearance and rendered several selections. The singing was excellent and many encores were demanded.

Those who took part in the play deserve great praise for their good work and their ability to uphold the high standard in theatricals that was established long ago by the members of the St. John's society.

Mr. Henry Talbot, an honored member of Post 88, G. A. R., died Sunday, the 17th inst., and was buried from St. John's church on Tuesday morning, the 19th, the requiem mass being celebrated by Rev. J. E. Johnstone. The burial was at West Quincy. Mr. Talbot had a most creditable war record, and was quite prominent in the Grand Army. A guard of honor from the post escorted the remains to the grave.

Spring Clothing.

All the new styles, Men's, Boys' and Children's Spring and Summer Clothing.

We are showing the largest and best line of Men's Suits in Quincy. Prices to suit the times, \$5.00 to \$15.00.

All the pretty things in Children's Suits. Look at the prices, \$2.00 to \$5.00. Ages 3 to 16 years.

Hats, Caps and Furnishings. Largest and most complete line of Neckwear in the city. All the new and nobby styles.

LOWEST PRICES.

C. F. DERBY,

BANK BUILDING, QUINCY.



ABOVE ALL.

Our LADIES' SHOES are above the slightest suspicion of wrong in quality, style and price. OUR GOODS are well within the reach of the most economical purse.

We can save you 25 cents on the dollar for the very latest styles in

BICYCLE BOOTS.

GEO. W. JONES,
Adams Building, Quincy.

Last Year

I bought my Bicycle Suit, Shirt, Cap, etc., at the—

GRANITE CLOTHING STORE.

and this year I find greater attractions than ever at this ever reliable store. Everything, the Latest Styles, the Lowest Prices and the BEST Goods.

DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK, QUINCY.

Just Opened.

OUR NEW LINE OF

WRAPPERS.

ALL PRICES.

D. E. Wadsworth & Co.

HANCOCK STREET, QUINCY.

A Few Barg

We are the largest strictly grocery house in Norfolk County, head from packers, millers and manufacturers. We can and good quality as any New York or Boston house. We will goods packed in short weight packages. Every article weight.

It is expected that a duty will be put on Tea and Coffee time only:

Good Oolong and English Breakfast Tea, 2 COFFEE (quoted by some dealers as J. Flavored Coffee, ground while you wait, 19c. lb. A 5-gallon galvanized iron faucet can filled, \$1. 10-gallon Keg Best Porto Rico Molasses (no char 10-gallon Keg Good Molasses, \$2.75. 10 gallons Best Cider Vinegar, including keg, \$ 25 lbs. Laundry Starch, \$1.00. 20 lbs. Corn Starch, \$1.00. 20 lbs. Pearl Tapioca, \$1.00. 12 Cans Tomatoes, \$1.00. 20 quarts Best Pea Beans, \$1.00. 100 lbs. Sugar, \$3.25.

BOSTON BRANCH

DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK

April 16.

SWITHIN BROS.,

REAL ESTATE

Having opened a Real Estate office in Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared to show plans and give prices on some of the finest house lots offered for sale in this city in recent years. These lots are embraced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Dell Estate,
WEST QUINCY
Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on hand at Presidents' Hill every afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring lots or any information on the above properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

104

MAGAZINE EXPLODED!

That is what a man said as he handled us his watch the other day.

An Investigation

showed that the Main(s) spring was broken.

DIVERS

were not required. We removed the

Revolving Turret

and mounted a new

100-CENT MAIN-

spring, and warranted it for two years in either

American or Spanish Territory.

All ordinary American or Swiss Watches cleaned or main-spring for ONE DOLLAR.

WILLIAMS,
QUINCY.

HANCOCK ST.

BOSTON BARGAIN STORE.

A Complete Department Store.

HONEST HOSIERY.

It's the only kind that's worth buying, and when you can buy stockings of this sort at these prices, it's good policy to "stock up."

Ladies', Men's and Children's Fast Black Seamless Hosiery, double sole and heel, 25c., at 10c.

Plaids—Ladies', Men's and Children's, 10c., 25c., and 50c.

Children's School Shoes Our Specialty.

Soft soles, 15c., 25c.

Spring Heels, all sizes, Black and Tan, 50c., 65c., 75c., and \$1.

Boys' Shoes, Black and Tan, \$1, \$1.25, and \$1.50.

Ladies' Black and Tan, special, \$1.50, \$2.

New Idea Fashion Patterns, 10c.

Ladies, clean your Kid Gloves with Miller's Glove, 15c.

Special Bargains in Kitchen Furnishings.

BOSTON BARGAIN STORE.

Music Hall Building, Quincy.

A Few Bargains.

We are the largest strictly grocery house in Norfolk County. Our goods are bought first hand from packers, millers and manufacturers. We can and will sell goods at as low prices for good quality as any New York or Boston house. We WILL NOT compete with poor quality goods packed in short weight packages. Every article sold by us guaranteed in quality and weight.

It is expected that a duty will be put on Tea and Coffee in case of war. We quote for a short time only:

Good Oolong and English Breakfast Tea, 25c. lb., 5 lbs. \$1.00.
COFFEE (quoted by some dealers as Java and Mocha) a rich, full flavored Coffee, ground while you wait, 13c. lb., 6 lbs. \$1.00.
A 5-gallon galvanized iron faucet can filled, \$1.15.
10-gallon Keg Best Porto Rico Molasses (no charge for keg), \$4.50.
10-gallon Keg Good Molasses, \$2.75.
10 gallons Best Cider Vinegar, including keg, \$2.00.
25 lbs. Laundry Starch, \$1.00.
20 lbs. Corn Starch, \$1.00.
20 lbs. Pearl Tapioca, \$1.00.
12 Cans Tomatoes, \$1.00.
20 quarts Best Pea Beans, \$1.00.
100 lbs. Sugar, \$5.25.

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY,
DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK, QUINCY.

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Ladies'—Ladies', Men's and Children's, 10c., 20c., and 30c.

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Spring Heels, all sizes, Black and Tans, 50c., 60c., 75c., and \$1.
Boys' Shoes, Black and Tans, \$1, \$1.25, and \$1.50.
Ladies' Black and Tans, special, \$1.50, \$2.
New Idea Fashion Patterns, 10c.
Ladies' clean your Kid Gloves with Miller's Cream, 15c.

BOSTON BARGAIN STORE.
Music Hall Building, Quincy.

RIDICULOUS FANCIES AND PHANTOMS.

"Speaking of phantom sounds," said Uncle Dave, when the old-timers again resumed their chin concerts, "I am reminded of the fact that many of those weird melodious sounds which romance and legendary lore have connected with the enchanted strains of invisible music, no doubt originated in the winds, and the rhythmical flow of the waves. In several of their operatic works, many of the old and some of the modern composers have skillfully introduced the music of the fairies and of other aerial conceptions of the fancy, reminding us of those harmonious sounds which Caliban depicts in the Tempest."

"The Isle is full of noises, Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not; Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices That, if I had them waked after a long sleep, Will make me sleep again."

Does your "Ghost World," Ben, give us any account of such rhythmical sounds or music?"

"It does," replied the squire, and then began his narration of them as follows: "Most countries, boys, have their stories and traditions of mysterious music, which, in many cases, has been associated with certain supernatural properties. Under one form or another, the belief in phantom music has extensively prevailed throughout Europe, and in many parts of England it is still supposed to be heard, occasionally as a presage of death. It has been generally supposed that music is the favorite recreation of the spirits that haunt mountains, rivers, and all kinds of lonely places. The Indians, it is said, would not venture near Manitoba island, their superstitious fears being due to the weird sounds produced by the waves as they beat upon the beach at the foot of the cliffs, near its northern extremity. During the night, when a gentle breeze was blowing from the north, the various sounds heard on the island were quite sufficient to strike awe into their minds. These sounds frequently resembled the ringing of distant bells; so close, indeed, was the resemblance that travellers would awake during the night with the impression that they were listening to chimes. When the breeze subsided, and the waves played gently on the beach, a low wailing sound would be heard 300 yards from the cliffs."

"Sometimes music is heard at sea, and it is believed in Ireland that when a friend or relative dies, a warning voice is discernable. The following is a rough translation of an Irish song founded on this superstition which is generally sung to a singularly wild and melancholy air:

"A low sound of song from the distance I hear, In the silence of night, breathing sad on my ear. Whence comes it? I know not—uncertainly the note, And uncertainly the tones through the air as they float; Yet it sounds like the lay that my mother once sung, As o'er her first-born in his cradle she hung."

When ships go down at sea, it is said the death-bell is at times distinctly heard, a superstition to which Sir Walter Scott alludes.

"And the kelpie rang, And the sea-maid sang, The dirge of lovely Rosabelle."

At the present day, in the older countries, all kinds of phantom musical sounds are believed to float through the air—sounds which the peasantry, in days past, attributed to the fairies.

"The American Indians have a similar piece of legendary lore. Gayarre, in his 'Louisiana,' says that mysterious music floats on the waters of the river Pascagoula, 'particularly on a calm moonlight night. It seems to issue from caverns or grottoes in the bed of the river, and sometimes oozes up through the water under the very keel of the boat which contains the traveller, whose ear it strikes as the distant concert of a thousand aeolian harps. On the banks of the river, close by the spot where the music is heard, tradition says that there existed a tribe different from the rest of the Indians. Every night when the moon was visible, they gathered round the beautifully carved figure of a mermaid, and, with instruments of strange shape, worshipped the idol with such soul-stirring music as had never before blessed human ears. One day a priest came among them and tried to convert them from the worship of the mermaid. But on a certain night, at midnight, there came a rushing on the surface of the river and the water seemed to be seized with a convulsive fury. The Indians and the priest rushed to the bank of the river to contemplate the supernatural spectacle. When she saw them, the mermaid turned her tones into still more bewitching melody, and kept chanting a sort of mystic song. The Indians listened with growing

ecstasy, and one of them plunged into the river to rise no more. The rest—men, women and children—followed in quick succession, moved, as it were with the same irresistible impulse. When the last of the race disappeared, the river returned to its bed. Ever since that time is heard occasionally the distant music, which the Indians say is caused by their musical brethren, who still keep up their revels at the bottom of the river, in the palace of the mermaid."

"It was a popular belief in years gone by that it was dangerous to listen to the weirdly fascinating influence of phantom music, or, as it was sometimes called, diabolic music," as it was employed by evil-disposed spirits for the purpose of accomplishing some wicked design. Tradition tells how certain weird music was long since heard in an old mansion in Schleswig Holstein. The story goes that at a wedding there was a certain young lady present who was the most enthusiastic dancer far and near, and who, in spite of having danced all the evening, petulantly exclaimed, "If the devil himself were to call me out, I would not refuse him." Suddenly the door of the ball room flew open, and a stranger entered and invited her to dance. Round and round they whirled unceasingly, faster and faster, until to the horror of all present, she fell down dead. Every year afterwards, on the same day as this tragic event happened, exactly at midnight the mansion long resounded with diabolic music, the lady haunting the scene of her fearful death. There are numerous versions of this story, and one current in Denmark is known as 'The Indefatigable Fiddler.' It appears that on a certain Sunday evening, some young people were merry making, when it was decided to have a little dancing. In the midst of an animated discussion as to how they could procure a musician, one of the party boastfully said: 'Now leave that to me. I will bring you a musician, even if it should be the devil himself.' Thereupon he left the house and had not gone far when he met a poor-looking man with a fiddle under his arm, who, for a certain sum, agreed to play. Soon the young people, spell-bound by the fiddler's music, were frantically dancing up and down the room, unable to stop, and in spite of their entreaties, he continued playing. They must have soon died of exhaustion had not the parish priest arrived at the farm-house and expelled the fiddler by certain mystic words. Sometimes, it is said, the sound of music, such as harp playing, is heard in the most sequestered spots, and is attributed to supernatural agency. The Welsh peasantry thought it proceeded from the fairies, who are supposed to be specially fond of this instrument; but such music had this peculiarity—no one could ever learn the tune.

"Cortachy Castle (in Scotland) the seat of the Earle of Airlie, has long had its mysterious drummer, and whenever the sound of his drum is heard, it betokens the speedy death of a member of the Ogilvie family. The story goes that either the drummer, or some officer whose emissary he was, had excited the jealousy of a former Lord Airlie, and that, in consequence, he was put to death by being thrust into his own drum and flung from the window of the tower in which is situated the chamber where his music is apparently chiefly heard. It is said that he threatened to haunt the family if his life were taken, a promise which it is said he has fulfilled."

"With this strange warning may be compared the amusing story popularly known as 'The Drummer of Tedworth,' in which the ghost or evil spirit of a drummer or the ghost of a drum, performed the principal part in this mysterious drama 'for two entire years.' The story, as told, goes that in March, 1661, Mr. Monpesson, a magistrate, caused a vagrant drummer to be arrested, who had been annoying the country by noisy demands for charity, and had ordered his drum to be taken from him, and left in the bailiff's house. About the middle of the following April, when Mr. Monpesson was preparing for a journey to London, the bailiff sent the drum to his house. But on his return home he was informed that noises had been heard, and then he heard the noises himself, which were a 'thumping and a drumming,' accompanied by 'a strange noise and hollow sound.' The sign of it when it came was like the hurting in the air over the house, and at its going off the beating of a drum, like that of the 'breaking up of a guard.' After a month's disturbance outside the house, it came into the room where the drum lay. For an hour together it would beat 'Round-heads and Cockolds,' the 'tattoo' and several other points of war, as well as any drummer. Upon one occasion, when many were present, a gentleman said: 'Satan, if the drummer set thee to work, give three

knocks,' which it did at once. And, for further trial, he bid it, for confirmation, if it were a drummer, to give five knocks, and no more, that night, which it did, and left the house quiet all the night after. 'But, strange as it certainly was, is it not still more strange that educated gentlemen, and even clergymen, as in this case,' says George Cruikshank, in his 'Discovery Concerning Ghosts,' also should believe that the Almighty would suffer an evil spirit to disturb and affright a whole innocent family because the head of that family had, in his capacity as magistrate, thought it his duty to take away a drum from, no doubt, a drunken drummer, who by his noisy conduct, had become a nuisance to the neighborhood?"

"In many parts of the country phantom bells are supposed to be heard ringing their ghostly peals. Near Blackpool, Eng., about two miles out at sea, there once stood, tradition says, the church and cemetery of Kilmigrol, long ago submerged. Even now, in rough weather, the melancholy chimes of the bells may be heard sounding over the restless waters. A similar story is told of Jersey. According to a local legend, many years ago 'the 12 parish churches in that island possessed each a valuable chime of bells, but during the long civil war, the bells were sold to defray the expenses of the troops. The bells were sent to France, but on the passage the ship foundered, and everything was lost. Since then, during a storm, these bells always ring at sea, and to this day the fishermen of St. Ouen's bay, before embarking, go to the edge of the water to listen if they can hear the bells; if so, nothing will induce them to leave the shore.' With this story may be compared one told of Whitby Abbey, which was suppressed in 1539. The bells were sold, and placed on board to be conveyed to London. But as soon as the vessel had moved out into the bay it sank, and beneath the waters the bells may occasionally be heard, a legend which has been thus poetically described:

'Up from the heart of the ocean The mellow music peals, When the sunlight makes its golden path, And the sea-mew flits and wheels. For many a checkered century, Untired by flying time, The bells no human fingers touch Have rung their hidden chime.'

"To this day the tower of Forrabury Church, Cornwall, or, as it has been called, 'the silent tower of Botreaux,' remains without bells. It appears the bells were cast and shipped for Forrabury, but as the ship neared the shore, the captain swore and used profane language, whereupon the vessel sank beneath a sudden swell of the ocean. As it went down, the bells were heard tolling with a muffled peal; and ever since, when storms are at hand, their phantom sound is still audible from beneath the waves."

"Indeed, there are all kinds of stories current of phantom bells, and, according to a tradition at Tunstall, in Norfolk, the parson and churchwardens disputed for the possession of some bells which had become useless because the tower was burnt. But, during their altercation, the arch-deacon quickly travelled off with the bells, and, being pursued by the parson, who began to exorcise in Latin, he dived into the earth with his ponderous burden, and the place where he disappeared is a boggy pool of water, called 'Hell Hole.' Notwithstanding the aversion of the powers of darkness to such sounds, even these bells are permitted to favor their native place with a ghostly peal. Similarly, at Fishertown, near Lowsdale, there is a sort of hollow where, as the legend runs, a church, parson and congregation were swallowed up. On a Sunday morning the bells may be heard ringing a phantom peal by any one who puts his ear to the ground."

"Occasionally, it is said, phantom music, by way of warning, is heard just before a death, instances of which are numerous. Samuel Foote, in the year 1740, while visiting his father's house in Truro, was kept awake by the sounds of sweet music. His uncle was at about the same time murdered by assassins. This strange occurrence is thus told by Mr. Ingram in 'Haunted Holmes': 'Footes maternal uncles were Sir John Goodere and Capt. Goodere, a naval officer. In 1740 the two brothers dined at a friends near Bristol. For a long time they had been on bad terms, owing to certain money transactions, but at the dinner table a reconciliation was, to all appearance, arrived at between them. But, on his return home, Sir John was waylaid by some men from his brother's vessel, acting by his brother's authority, carried on board, and deliberately strangled. Capt. Goodere not only unconcernedly looking on, but furnishing the rope with which the crime was committed. The strangest part of this terrible tale, however, remains to be told. On the night the murder was perpetrated, Foote arrived at his father's house in Truro, and he used to relate how he was kept awake

for some time by the softest and sweetest strains of music he had ever heard. At first he tried to fancy it was a serenade got up by some of the family to welcome him home, but, not being able to discover any trace of the musicians, he came to the conclusion that he was deceived by his own imagination. He shortly afterwards learnt that the murder had been consummated at the same hour of the same night as he had been haunted by the mysterious sounds."

YELLOW FEVER IN CUBA.

Unacclimated Troops, It Is Said, Would Become Victims In Summer Months.

Surgeon General Sternberg of the army was recently asked what possible preventive measures against yellow fever might be taken by his department in case of forces being sent to Cuba. He said:

"We know of no preventive measures by which an army of unacclimated troops could be protected from yellow fever if they should be stationed in an infected locality during the months from May to the end of October. The only preventive measure when yellow fever appears for an unacclimated indi-



SURGEON GENERAL STERNBERG.

vidual during the season favorable for its prevalence is the prompt removal to a noninfected locality. Havana, Matanzas, Cienfuegos, Cardenas and several other seaports are centers of infection, where the disease prevails to a greater or less extent annually. The development of disease at any of these places depends alone upon the introduction of a considerable number of unacclimated individuals during the summer months.

"The native population of these infected places has an immunity, which probably results from the fact that the people have suffered a mild attack of the disease during childhood. While the permanent infection of a seaport city in the tropics depends largely upon local unsanitary conditions, yellow fever, when introduced, may prevail as an epidemic in localities where great care has been taken to maintain the best possible sanitary conditions. Evidence of this may be found in the epidemics which have occurred at Fort Barrancas, Fla., and the Pensacola navy yard on various occasions, notwithstanding the fact that the commanding officers and medical officials were especially vigilant with reference to the sanitation of these places."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE WAR SPIRIT.

As It Is Noted In Washington From Congressmen.

Representative Dockery of Missouri is a conservative man and a Democrat. He said the other morning: "Never in the world have the people of my district been unanimous on any subject until now, and every man, woman and child is for war. It's the same all over the country, and I don't see how the sentiment can be satisfied or suppressed without bloodshed. For myself, I deplore war, and have thought until now that some peaceful way would be offered us to solve this problem, but the people seem determined to fight Spain with or without the president, and any man who attempts to restrain them will be run over. If there was an election today, no candidate upon a peace platform would get 1,000 votes west of the Alleghany mountains."

A representative from Ohio came into the navy department the other day and said in a loud voice, "When are we going to declare war?" "Against whom?" "Spain, of course." "For what?" "I don't care a --; on general principles; any old thing will do. We have given you \$50,000,000 to buy guns and powder and now we want to hear them go off. I got 42 letters in my mail recently. Every one of them asked when the fighting would commence and most of the writers asked me to tender their services to the president."—Chicago Record.

Women Obeyed When Commanded.

Several methods have been adopted by a theatrical manager in Chanute, Kan., to induce the ladies to remove their hats during performances. First he caused to be printed a polite request across the top of the programmes. This availed nothing, and he then distributed gum to all the ladies, each stick being wrapped in a paper bearing the same printed request. The ladies were still obdurate, and he had painted a drop curtain bearing this sentence in huge letters, "Ladies, Take Off Your Hats!" When this curtain was lowered before the audience, a great laugh went up, and the women commenced to shed their hats and kept it up until the last one disappeared.—Chanute (Kan.) Times.

—It is said that the boards and timbers in an old house in Bridgewater, built in 1740, are in better condition today than many that are put into new houses.

"THE YANKEE KING."

GENERAL DANIEL SICKLES' INFLUENCE IN SPANISH POLITICS.

His Interview with the Deposed Queen Isabella—Notified Alfonso XII of His Probable Return to Power While the Young Lad Was Skating—His Recall.

General Daniel E. Sickles, who is now 75 years old and permanently retired from active life, has recently been reported as saying virtually that in his opinion there will be war between the United States and Spain unless it be prevented by the business influences of the civilized world, which are now stronger than they were in 1873, when they prevented war between the two countries over the Virginian affair.

General Sickles should be well qualified to talk with intelligence concerning Spain, since as minister to Madrid from this country from 1869 to 1874 he made himself exceedingly popular with all classes.

His service there began soon after Spain had thrown over Queen Isabella to accept General Prim and the republic. Later Prim was dropped that an Italian prince might be made sovereign, but his reign was short lived, and after his close Castelar was placed at the head of the republican government. Castelar and Sickles were close friends, and the American general's advice to the Spanish statesman was of great value.

It was followed so implicitly, in fact, that Sickles was long termed "the Yankee king" in Spain, and there is no doubt in the minds of some who are familiar with the facts and situation that the republic would have prevailed had he not been recalled at the time of the Virginian affair through the influence of the late Hamilton Fish, then secretary of state.

Despite General Sickles' popularity in Spain and his sympathy with that country in many things he was much averse to yielding a single point with regard to the Virginian, and this was the cause of his recall, since the business interests of this country as well as the rest of the world believed the incident not of sufficient importance to cause war.

General Sickles had never met Isabella when he was recalled, but he met her soon afterward in Paris, where he spent some months before returning to the United States. The meeting was in her apartments, where he called by special appointment, and the conversation was opened by the general, who stated that although he had never seen his hostess before, he could not fail of recognizing her anywhere, since he had become familiar with her features from her portrait, which still adorned the walls of the royal palace in Madrid. This interested the themeless monarch.

"What?" she exclaimed. "Do those odious rebels still tolerate the presence of my portrait in the palace?"

"Certainly, madam," replied the general, "and the palace also contains many other souvenirs of your majesty."

It was with difficulty that she could be made to believe this, and when she accepted the fact she fell into a soliloquy, the burden of which ran: "In my palace! In my palace! It is unexplainable. Why are these things allowed to remain there when I have been driven out?"

General Sickles then assured her that her downfall was not so much due to personal unpopularity on her part as to the odious politics that had flourished under her reign. The Spanish people continued to love her, he said, in spite of all, and he had heard many expressions of tender feelings toward her. It was remembered that she had always been averse to signing death warrants and that many a wretch condemned to the garrote had been pardoned through her influence. He concluded by the statement that while, in his opinion, she might never resume the throne the Spaniards might some time be ready for monarchical rule again.

Later he received news through private sources that the republic was tottering to a fall, and, meeting her son, Alfonso, then only a lad of 16, the general communicated the news to him.

Alfonso was engaged in roller skating on one of the boulevards with a lot of other youngsters when the general spoke to him, and, though he was greatly interested, as was soon shown, he affected to receive the information with the greatest indifference. The general's message to the prince was decidedly simple.

"It will not be long," said Sickles, "before the people at Madrid will be sending for you."

Alfonso stopped to adjust a skate strap before making reply. Then he straightened up.

"Is it so?" he said nonchalantly. "Perhaps I shall be ready to go."

Then, after some commonplace remark, he glided away to join his companions. In spite of his assumed nonchalance, Alfonso left off skating as soon as possible, hastened home to his mother and advised her to send for the American at once.

She did so, and the general responded to her summons. She was exceedingly curious as to the source of his information, but this he could not make known to her. He succeeded, however, in satisfying her that it was probably correct, and he advised her in the strongest terms to abdicate in favor of her son, that he might be able to take the throne in regular course in case the people felt disposed to accept him.

Before he left her she informed him that she saw much of wisdom in his advice, and the event proved that he had fully convinced her that it was the only thing to do, for she soon after resigned all claims to the throne, and Alfonso XII ascended.—New York Press.

Outlawed by Limitation.
A Kansas City man, 80 years of age, has applied for admission to the bar. He can claim that in point of time he began about where Blackstone left off.—Boston Transcript.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Spring Hats Present a Variety of Fresh and Charming Features—Novelties in Jewelry.

The notable features of the bewildering array of flowers now blossoming out on the spring headgear are the fineness of the quality and the exquisite coloring. Hyacinths, orchids, nasturtiums, camellias and foxgloves in various tints add their loveliness to the list, which includes every known blossom in the most natural colors and other colors quite unknown to floriculture. An idea of the latest and prettiest fashions of the day in millinery may be gained from items and illustrations here reproduced from the New York Sun.

Huge bouquets of flowers are arranged at one side of some of the hats, par-



SOME STUNNING HATS.

tially covering the crown; others are trimmed around the back both above and under the brim with large roses, possibly mixed with violets. The fancy for veiling the blossoms above the brim with chiffon, net or lace seems to be one of the prevailing fads of the season. Flowers thus treated are put on very compactly and usually without any foliage.

Most of the toques are trimmed high on one side with flowers and flutings of straw, which also form the shape, giving the effect of tiers of straw. As usual, the medium sized hat and toque will be the prevailing styles, but there are larger hats and bonnets as well.

Some of the brims are as straight as a sailor, but trimming underneath at the back and sides changes the effect. Other brims curve in on one or both sides.

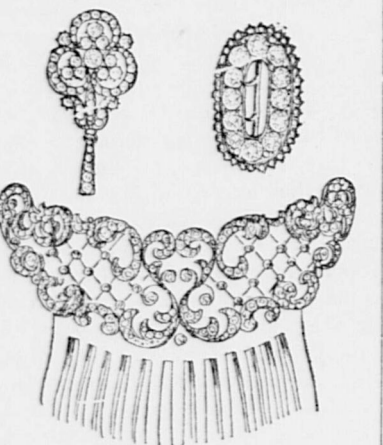
Another shape turns up high on one side.

Wings and quills of all sorts are a conspicuous feature of the new millinery, and are sometimes arranged to spread wide directly at the back.

The special novelty in hat brims is the one which droops all around and is bent in close to the hair on one side toward the back. This sort of brim can be made becoming to almost every woman by bending it into curves which suit the contour of the face. A hat with this sort of brim is quite the latest Parisian novelty. Bunches of flowers nestle under the down curving brim with very coquettish effect.

Novelties in Jewelry.

Semiprecious stones of every description steadily advance in favor. Popular fancy has taken them up, and even in high class work jewelers no longer confine themselves to the use of a few standard and costly stones. The fancy stones are utilized in a manner that not long ago would have been entirely inad-



ARTISTIC JEWELRY.

missible. Amethysts and turquoises rank high among these just now.

They are to be seen in chains for watch or locket, in bracelets, in dog collars and belts and in the elaborate slides and buckles so much worn. A watch chain of alternate links of velvet ribbon and gold in which is set an amethyst or a turquoise exemplifies one of the present fancies. The cut shows fashionable shapes in comb, buckle and pendant.

A New Field for Women.

The Puritan quotes a woman who thinks there is a new field of endeavor fairly open to women of refinement and capability: "I go bicycling a great deal and in my trips about the suburbs of New York I am always led to wonder why there are so few roadhouses of the kind that would attract women like myself. Houses of entertainment there are in plenty, but I do not know of a single one that is what it should be or that can be compared to the inns to be found in England. I have come to the conclusion that such an establishment could be better conducted by a refined woman who has been accustomed to the niceties of life than by any man of the hotel keeping class, and to more than one woman who has sought my advice in regard to making a living, I have said, 'Get up a proprietary club of habitual bicyclists and rent an old country house. Hire a man of sobriety, discretion and industry to act as manager of the bar, stables, etc., call your place by some attractive name, and then throw open your doors to the public, giving special privileges and concessions to the members of your club. Above all, conduct the sort of place that will breed women without male escort will visit unhesitatingly, and I don't see how you can help making money.'"

One's Neighbors in Kansas.

About 15 of George Newman's neighbors gathered at his place near Sedgewick, Kan., recently and seeded about 60 acres of oats for him. It will be remembered that Mr. Newman was severely injured in a runaway at Wichita not long ago, and it was thought for a time the accident would prove fatal, but he is gradually getting better.—Sedgewick (Kan.) Pantograph.

A SPANISH FORECAST

SEÑOR ALAS PREDICTS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IN A WAR.

The First of Spanish Military Writers Foretells Defeat For Spain—Believes All European Nations Together Could Not Secure a Foot of the United States.

Senor Genaro Alas, who is considered in Spain to be the first Spanish military writer, published the following article in La Epoca of Madrid on March 11 about the results of a war between his country and the United States:

"Will it be a duel in French style, or until the first blood is shed, or a fight to the death? In my opinion neither one nor the other. If we are defeated quickly, we shall lose Cuba and probably also Puerto Rico, and it is very likely that we shall have a stronger revolt in the Philippines and serious troubles at home.

"But suppose that at the beginning of the war we sink the whole Yankee fleet and even bombard with success two or three Yankee ports. Will it all end there? Oh, no! The Americans will not stand it, and the nation that from 1861 to 1865 put in arms more than 2,000,000 soldiers, raised powerful fleets, spent \$4,000,000,000 and lost nearly the same amount, will make such efforts that, in spite of all my respect for Spanish patriotism, I cannot believe that Spain will be able to stand against it.

"If there are those who believe in intervention by European powers in favor of Spain, I do not.

"A fight to the death it will not be either, because the Americans cannot conquer us with so many miles of ocean between the two countries. We may lose our colonies, but Spain will remain. Probably that loss, though immediately disastrous, would be a benefit to our sons.

"Now, can any man of sense believe that we can do to the United States what the Americans cannot do to us? Is it not a nonsensical dream to think of a conquest of American territory? I am not doubting the courage of the Spaniards, but I believe that all nations of Europe together are not strong enough to sever a foot of land from the United States.

"In brief, the United States will not come to conquer us here, neither shall we go to conquer them there. The whole war will be reduced to this: The Yankees will provide the insurgents with arms and ammunition, blockade the ports of Cuba and starve to death our army there, that subsists now exclusively on imported food.

"What will be the role of our navy? To break the blockade in order to provision our army and in order to get coal for itself, because I suppose that our ships will not come back to coal in Spain.

"That will be all. At the start the Yankees may destroy our whole navy or we may destroy theirs, but in the long run they will get the advantage. All other things will be mere episodes of the war. The privateers on either side will amount to nothing in deciding where victory shall rest."

AMERICAN WOMEN'S EXHIBIT

Mrs. Ledyard Stevens' Unique Plan For One at the Paris Exposition.

Mrs. Ledyard Stevens of New York city has been in Washington several days with a view of interesting congressmen and government officials in the plan of having a department at the Paris exposition of 1900 conducted under the auspices of American women and illustrating the genius and progress of the sex in the new world.

"The women of this country," said Mrs. Stevens to a Washington Post man at the Cochran recently, "will ask for sufficient space at the exposition and a sum from the general appropriation, so



MRS. LEDYARD STEVENS.

that they can prepare an exhibition in all the lines of art, industry and employment in this country.

"The remarkable exhibition made by American women at the Chicago exposition was such a great success and such a revelation of their part in the business affairs of the nation that it would be wise to repeat the same at the French capital. A woman's department in this international fair will be unique as the first of the kind ever admitted in any European exposition, and the novelty of it would prove very attractive.

"A number of very prominent and experienced ladies in New York have already held a preliminary meeting, and the matter will be energetically pressed. An organization will be formed to promote the idea and women of influence and ability in every section of the Union will be enlisted in the cause."

One's Neighbors in Kansas.

About 15 of George Newman's neighbors gathered at his place near Sedgewick, Kan., recently and seeded about 60 acres of oats for him. It will be remembered that Mr. Newman was severely injured in a runaway at Wichita not long ago, and it was thought for a time the accident would prove fatal, but he is gradually getting better.—Sedgewick (Kan.) Pantograph.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

"Say!" called out the man who entered the doctor's office. "Are ye de bloke weel takes out uniform apprentices or somethin like dat?"

"I have removed the vermin from appendix several times with great success," answered the physician.

"Ever take a guy's stomach out an sew him up again?"

"No. I never tried that operation. Though I have a patient in training now in whom I shall make the experiment as soon as he is strong enough to make his will."

"Did never cut a man's leg off?"

"Certainly. What can I do for you?"

"Say! I'm Asphalt Tim, de Hoboken Tarrier. I'm matched for a 20 round bout wid Bat Eared Mike, de Camden Catamount. He will make a go fer my solar plexus. I want to fool him a trip. Wot'll ye take to cut out de plexus, solar an all? Den ye bets all yer boodle on me an ye will have money to lead a double life. What soiz?"—W. B. Holland in New York Journal.

He Was Alone.

One night after the curtain was rung up at a certain English theater where the "Standing Room Only" was not needed a small boy was discovered sobbing in front of the box office. The manager of the theater went to the lad and kindly asked him what the trouble was. "I want my money back!" sobbed the boy. In surprise the manager asked his reason for such a request. "Because—because I'm afraid to sit up in the gallery all alone!" he wailed. His money was returned.—Argonaut.

His Only Fear.

"I want a gentle horse for my wife to drive," said the prospective purchaser. "Can you recommend this one?" "Yes, indeed," replied the owner. "There is not a safer horse for a lady to be found anywhere, and there is but one thing he's afraid of."

"And what is that?" asked the other. "He is awfully afraid some one will say 'What?' to him and he won't hear it," replied the conscientious owner.—Chicago Daily News.

A la Cleo de Merode.



"'N I s'pose I've excited deir attention now, 'n dey're wonderin have I got any ears! Oh, dere's more dan one Cleo!"—New York Journal.

His College Yell.

"My dear," said the young wife, "there was a time when I was proud of the powerful voice you put into your college yell, but now I wish it had been merely a whisper."

"Why, dearest?" asked the astonished husband.

"Because," she replied, "the baby has inherited it."—Chicago News.

Reckless Daring.

"Colonel," the beautiful girl asked, "what was the bravest deed you ever did?" "Let me think a moment," the old warrior answered. "Oh, yes! Once while conversing with a Boston girl I deliberately said, 'I done it.'"—Cleveland Leader.

An Indication.

Singleton—Now that you have been married to the heiress for several months, I want to ask you, is marriage a failure?

Benedick—Well, my wife has suspended payment.—Brooklyn Life.

No Room For Large Babies.

"Isn't the baby awfully small?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, rather," said the proud father, "but our flat is a small one, you know."—New York Journal.

And They're Mighty Useful Habits.

After a man has been married about six months he takes to carrying a little wad of string in his pocket and wears pins under the bottom edge of his vest.—New York Press.

Uncle Eben.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "a man is like de bottom number ob a fraction. De bigger he tries ter be de smaller what he stands for really is."—Washington Star.

Down at 'Lish Little's Store.

The war with Spain is really on. It's fought noon, noon 'n night. 'N folks is happy who wuz born A-spellin for a fight. The eagle screams 'n flaps his wings. 'N great 'n small guns roar. 'N all the air is thick with smoke Down at 'Lish Little's store.

The Spanish fleet is blown sky high A dozen times a day. Old Weyler's wallowed, 'n the dons Are doomed 'n made to pay In blood 'n money both, thrice o'er—Thrice o'er 'n gold 'n gore—For our good ship, the martyred Maine, Down at 'Lish Little's store.

There's millions voted for defense, 'N billions for the chance To wipe the earth with little Spain 'N make Alfonso dance For Uncle Sam, 'n day 'n night The deadly broadsides pour—From bearded 'n unbearded lips Down at 'Lish Little's store.

The war is fought 'n ended, too, Right there before they quit. No man goes home to leave the fight 'N mind—not a bit. Fact is, there ain't no kind o' use In congress votin more O' money or o' men while Spain Is licked at 'Lish's store.—Boston Globe.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Providence Wants a Cruiser—He Couldn't Sow Onions Very Well—Speaker Reed and the Barber.

(Special Correspondence.)

Providence wants to be honored with naming one of the new cruisers. A written request to this effect was forwarded to the navy department by Representative Bull, who pointed out that Providence is the only great commercial city on the Atlantic coast that has not yet been honored by the naming of a United States cruiser. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, Atlanta and Montgomery are all represented in the new navy. Mr. Bull also took occasion to mention that the Providence would be not only an appropriate name for the defender of a Christian nation. He closed his request to the navy department with reference to the historical fact that the first naval expedition ever fitted out in this country was fitted out at Providence, now the second city in size in New England, and that it was crowned with signal success in the capture of the British sloop Gaspee on the Providence river.

He Couldn't Sow Onions.

The strange adventures of seed packages are beginning to be heard from now that congressional distribution is under way. People in Washington now and then forget that in some parts of New England in March there are six or seven feet of snow. This accounts for the return of a package of onion seed with the following letter, the name of the representative being omitted for obvious reasons:

DEAR JOE—For you are certainly dear to all of us—(referring to the town where the representative resides) sons, and I am one of them; to most of the daughters, too, I guess. I enclosed I send a package of onion seeds, which was sent me by the agricultural department and marked "Sow in January, February or March." Yours truly, GEORGE T. J.—P. S.—Six feet of snow on the ground at the present time.

Speaker Reed's Hair.

The Hon. T. Reed, speaker, reclined in a hotel barber shop chair the other afternoon looking like an aproned Buddha far plunged in contemplation of the limitations of the infinite. Inscrutably gleamed steadily from his penetrating little eyes. He seemed to rock not that the burly, selfish world was a-move. He gazed with a continuously focused gaze upon the knob of the barber shop door—whether attempting to hypnotize himself or to hypnotize the knob who knows?—and he spoke no word to the grinning black barber with teeth like peeled almonds who swept the seissors with zephyr touch through the colorless wisp of hair that faintly fringes the after part of the great man's skull. The disinclination of the Hon. T. Reed to be discursive was not according to the barber's ideas of things. He attempted to draw the great man out, perhaps in order to bequeath a legacy of epigrams to posterity. The great man only grunted monosyllabic replies and resumed his reverie. Then the barber decided to switch the conversation to the subject of Mr. Reed's hair.

Thinning Out a Heap.

"Yo' hair's cuttin' out thinnin out a heap, suh," said he.

"Um-m," said Mr. Reed.

"Teenchy bit o' tonic do it whole lot o' good, suh."

"Um-m, no."

"Bin bald on de top o' yo' head long, suh?"

Mr. Reed did not remove his gaze from the door knob as he drawled:

"I came into the world that way. Then I had an interval of comparative hirsute luxuriance, but it was not enduring. I have long since emerged from the grief of the deprivation. It no longer afflicts me. Do not permit it to weigh upon you."

The black barber studied over this for awhile, apparently fully apprehending its meaning, however.

"Yo' hair'd look some bettuh, suh, ef yo' kep' it long in de back laikie," he said after a few moments of silence.

The Hon. T. Reed removed his gaze from the door knob, fastened it upon the ceiling, cleared his throat and spoke again:

"Let me assure you, my tonsorial friend," said he, "that the appearance of my hair, as I have been accustomed to wearing it, is eminently satisfactory to myself, and perhaps I might also say to my constituents."

Old and Inseparable Friends.

"What little hair still adorns my head I have possessed for a long time. I know it well. I have been on familiar terms with it for many years. I have inadvertently mingled spruce gum and chewing tar with it in my years of extreme youth. I have often sun dried it in order to present a proper not guilty appearance at home after surreptitious swimming expeditions. I have had it pulled the wrong way by boys whom I only learned to thrash afterward. At the same period of my life I even endured the ignominy of having it cut—in ascending tiers—by experimental maiden aunts. The consequence of all this is that that bit of remaining hair and I are old and I trust, inseparable friends. I indulge the hair and the hair indulges me. The hair indulges me by permitting me to wear it after my own conception of the way it ought to be worn, and I indulge the hair by firmly declining to have it trifled with by gentlemen of the scissors who possess artistic ideas more bizarre than my own. I fear I'll have to ask you to indulge us both—the hair and me. Cut it the way I directed you to cut it."

The black barber looked dazed, and the Washington Post says that when the great man had lumbered out of the shop, rolling like a man-o-war bos'n's mate on a three day liberty ashore, the barber mumbled:

"Speakuh! Ah shoud' say he all is a speakuh!"

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SAVED BY AN ARTIST.

STORY OF A PAINTING FROM NAZARETH CONVENT, BARDSTOWN, KY.

It Was Destined to Be Split Up For Kindling — Artist John Ward Dunsmore Spent a Winter in Restoring It — Is Accredited to Rubens.

Professionals and laymen alike will find a peculiar interest in a large picture recently on exhibition in Cincinnati. Whether it is a genuine Rubens entirely or in part or whether it is an example of brush work by one of that master's pupils remains to be determined. Mr. John Ward Dunsmore, who reclaimed it from the kindling wood pile at Nazareth convent, Bardstown, Ky., at odd times when the mood was on him during the winter scraped and cleaned, little by little, until the old painting stands out now in all its original beauty of color and freshness, filling the beholder with a sense of awe and wonderment—a silent tribute to the art of two centuries ago.

Every artist will recognize the subject, "Adoration of the Kings," the Virgin Mary, the Christ child in the manger, surrounded by the magi and the high priests who have journeyed to Bethlehem with their offerings of jewels and money. The picture, as it appears today, gives little evidence of what it was when turned over to Mr. Dunsmore by the venerable chaplain at Nazareth, old Father Russell.

By chance learning that some very old things had been taken down from the walls of a room in which one of the older sisters had died and thrown away as having outlived their usefulness, Mr. Dunsmore, from curiosity, asked to see a picture painted on boards which had come all apart and been sent to the kindling pile to be used for fuel in the convent furnace.

The sister who called Mr. Dunsmore's attention to the incident said she thought it a shame to burn the thing, even if it had lost all its value as a picture. Few of the sisters remembered anything that would make its identity clear. Those who did recalled that it hung for a long time in the "poor kitchen," the place where the poor were fed. When that place was cleaned and given an overhauling last summer, the picture, which with the accumulated grease and dust of years resembled more the grimy surface of one of the pots in the scullery than anything having artistic value, was thrust out to be split up for kindling.

With some difficulty the picture in question was fished out and turned over to him. The artist, it may be explained here, has been going to the convent for some two or three years giving instruction to a class of sisters. The mother superior, known there as Cleophas, readily agreed to Mr. Dunsmore's suggestion that he bring the picture to Cincinnati with him, where he might discover what was beneath the dirt and grime. This was last September. The picture was sent him one day soon after his discovery, and the labor of restoration began a little later. Unlike the work of the present day masters, this picture is painted on a plaster ground, such as was used altogether those days, and which was in turn laid on hard oak panels. The whole thing, with the four panels joined, makes a picture about 25 by 40 inches in size. When found, the panels were all bulged apart, and, indeed, only hung together by the merest chance. The wood cleats which held them when planed or cut produced a fine powder, almost flourlike in consistency. This evidence of extreme age in the wood was intensified in the appearance of the face of the picture.

"There was the accumulation of years of varnish. Seemingly everybody who was called upon to clean it in years gone by had spread on it another coat of sticky varnish," said Mr. Dunsmore. "They apparently had not stopped to clean it first." The first panels, as stated, were all separated. The parting had taken away a portion of the drapery of the Virgin; there had disappeared a piece of the red robe of the kneeling king in the foreground, and a small bit of the arched neck of the Virgin, who, by the way, was evidently none other than the great master's second wife, Helena Fourment, was gone.

The arguments in favor of this being an original painting by Rubens are many, not the least of which is found in the historical fact which tells of the enshrining in an art way of the churches of primitive Kentucky. Father Russell, the old chaplain at Nazareth convent, tells a most interesting and probably the most authentic story. His idea is that the picture in question was one of a number—about 100—masterpieces that came over from Holland and Belgium between the years 1790 and 1810. These were secured by the early bishops of Kentucky from the galleries of the rich European monasteries, convents and the private collections in palaces of the noblemen. They were brought over without frames and distributed among the few churches and religious institutions in Kentucky at that time.

Father Russell thinks Bishop David, who was the first bishop of Kentucky, was the churchman who collected the pictures and placed this identical one

in the Nazareth convent. Other high church dignitaries of the present day in conversation with Mr. Dunsmore and the convent people think either Bishop Flaget or Father Neerincx may have brought them. Both were among the earlier officials.

The picture will hang in the choicest spot within the walls of the convent at Bardstown, where it will be cherished as one of the institution's most valued and valuable possessions, in curious contrast truly to its exit on that day in the summer of 1897 when it was banished to the kindling wood pile through the door of the poor kitchen.—H. E. H. in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

INCREASE OF CATHOLICS.

Some Interesting Statistics of the Strength of the Catholic Church.

It is customary every two years for the propaganda to issue an "Annuaire of Catholic Missions." The increase in numbers of Catholic adherents is interesting. Thus the increase in Great Britain is stated as 37,203 souls, the total number of Catholics accordingly being 5,293,059. In Holland and Luxembourg there is an increase of 62,338 Catholics, and a total of 1,854,340. In Denmark, increase, 1,900; total, 5,000. In the German mission provinces, increase, 57,487; total, 207,180. Increase of Catholics in the Balkan peninsula, 82,112; total, 686,210. In Greece, 8,000, the total being 34,710. The following official returns show very marked progress in the number of Catholics: United States, 9,479,250; Canada, 2,184,480; Antilles and Guiana, 339,200; Patagonia, 50,287; Oceania, 897,980. The Catholics of Latin rite in Asia are enumerated as follows: 120,689 in Turkey, 1,500 in Arabia, 1,178,325 in India, 872,680 in Indo-China, 801,410 in Japan and Korea. In North Africa and the islands there are 458,170 Catholics. The oriental Catholics are divided according to rites: Abyssinians or Ethiopians, 30,000; Armenians, 107,000; Copts, 25,500; Greek Rumanians, 1,048,690; Greek Bulgarians, 13,000; Greek Ruthenians, 3,543,600; Greek Melchites, 116,700; Syrians, 720,000; Syro-Maronites, 277,000; Syro-Malabarites, 260,329. Among the acts of the sacred congregation of the propaganda within the last two years may be mentioned the erection of the vicariate apostolic of Wales Feb. 5, 1895; of the vicariate apostolic of Tonquin April 18, 1895; the new delimitation of the diocese of Vizagapatnam in India in July, 1895; the division of Madagascar into two vicariates in June, 1896; the erection of the prefecture apostolic of William's Land in Oceania in January, 1896; the transformation of the vicariate apostolic of Arizona into a diocese under the name of Tucson in March, 1897.—Catholic Review.

NEW SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

The Postulants From Ireland Have Begun Their New Life.

The first formal step in the new life chosen by the 45 young ladies who came to America from Ireland to join the order of Sisters of St. Joseph, was taken recently when they entered the novitiate. Until recently the young ladies were housed in the dormitories occupied by the girls of the St. Joseph academy. The other day at noon they were moved to another building, west of the big open court, where they take up the duties of their novitiate. This means that they will rise early and retire early. They will eat of plain food and give up much time to prayer and self denial. Under the guidance of the more learned sisters they will fit themselves for teachers, the highest work done by the sisters.

It is not expected that all of the young ladies will take the same course or that they will make the same progress. On the contrary, their duties will be individual, and each one will be trained along the lines to which she is best adapted. The girls' ages range from 16 to 22 years and the advantages they have had vary. Some of them are excellent musicians. Of these, some are expert with one instrument and others with another. In whatever accomplishment they are most proficient will be given opportunity of further cultivation. The work done by the sisters covers a very wide field. They are known best as teachers of young girls in the different boarding schools or academies established by the order. However, they have hospitals, orphanages, deaf and dumb institutions, and engage in almost every possible charity. In this diversified field it is possible to allow the girls to choose duties to which they are best adapted and fit themselves accordingly.

Valuable Jesuit Document Found.

A discovery of great importance to Canadian history has recently been made at Quebec among the old manuscripts in the archives of the archdiocese. Vicar General Marois, while going through these, discovered a document in three parts written in 1672 by Pere Francois de Crepiau, a Jesuit missionary who spent part of his life among the Indians of the Saguenay region. Historians have believed in the existence of this document because of allusion to and extracts from it, but no trace of it could be found until now, though it was frequently and diligently searched for.—Boston Transcript.

TO DAM UP THE NILE

PROJECT THAT AROUSES OPPOSITION OF ARCHÆOLOGISTS.

Desert Would Be Irrigated From the Stored Supply of Water When the River Is Low—Antiquarians Saw Their Temples In Danger and Earnestly Objected.

Having explored the Nile, gone through all kinds of dangers and sufferings to discover its sources and fought their way up its troubled stretches Englishmen are about to turn the river to new uses by damming its water and storing it to flood the dry land during the season when the Nile falls to low ebb.

The project is one of the most stupendous ever undertaken and embraces other difficulties besides those that will confront the engineers. One of these is the objections of archaeologists to any scheme that threatens to sweep away the ancient landmarks on the banks of the Nile. The antiquarians take the temple of Isis as one ancient structure that they think should be an effective barrier to any modern engineering feat that would threaten its existence. Ptolemy II built the temple to Isis, whose tears, by the way, are the legendary cause of the rise of the Nile, upon the island of Philæ, and that island will be almost submerged if the Nile is held up to the extent proposed.

What is a temple, say the engineers, in comparison with the work involving the prosperity of millions of human beings? Are base commercial motives, cry the archaeologists, to override everything in this world, and is a priceless monument of antiquity to be lost to mankind in order that a few mere felahin may grow cotton and millet?

Various solutions are proposed. Philæ is to be surrounded by masonry as solid as the dam itself and to be thus secured against all anticipated dangers. One distinguished engineer is prepared to hoist the temple bodily and underpin it so as to stand permanently above the highest water level. Another discusses its removal stone by stone and its re-erection on a neighboring island which will never be submerged.

The actual solution is more prosaic. The dam is to be built on the unriveted site of Assuan, but it is not to be carried to the height first proposed. A head of 46 feet of water now satisfies the engineers and does not alarm archaeologists. Of course the water supply is greatly reduced, for the originally proposed head of water was some five meters greater, but if something is lost much remains. Cost is reduced, and the provision of water is perhaps as great as Egypt can profitably utilize for some years to come.

This great dam will serve the double purpose of storing water in relief of the dry season or of abnormally low Nile and of mitigating the violence of exceptional floods. The dam will be built of granite ashlar founded on the great reef crossing the river. It will be 76 feet high and about 6,000 feet long, and the difference in water level above and below the dam will be 46 feet. The approximate storage capacity will be 1,065,000,000 cubic meters. Locks will be built for the passage of Nile steamers.

The contractors, who promise completion in five years, present a moderate bill. They are to receive \$800,000 a year for 30 years from the carrying out of their contract. That is a payment of nearly \$25,000,000, but the credit is very long, and the present actual value is probably about half the sum.

It may be confidently stated that without the credit of the British government Egypt could never have come within speaking distance of so good a bargain. The annual payment will be saved three times over in security from floods alone.

The great work, which will be carried out under Sir William Grist's able supervision, with its subsidiary system of canals both for irrigation and for transport, and with the accompanying drainage system, the importance of which is now fully recognized, will constitute such an addition to the sum of national happiness and prosperity as it does not every day fall to the lot of the most well meaning rulers to make.—Washington Post.

Bishop of Havana.

Bishop Santander is the resident Catholic prelate of Havana, and the full title of his see is San Cristobal de la Habana. He was consecrated on St. Patrick's day, 1887, and he exercises jurisdiction over a flock that numbers 1,300,000 souls, worshipping in 147 parochial and 237 other churches and chapels and requiring the services of 225 priests, according to the latest available statistics. The Havana cathedral disputes with the Santo Domingo one of the renown of possessing the remains of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of this western world.

Widow of Windthorst.

The widow of Windthorst, the most illustrious German Catholic of modern times, deserves to stand among the noblest heroines of the fatherland, for Dr. Windthorst himself repeatedly avowed that without her sympathy and assistance his public career would have been impossible. She lately passed to her reward at the venerable age of 93.—

CHURCH MADE A CLUBHOUSE

Father Frieling's Odd Plan For Reclaiming Boys Who Are Wayward.

Rev. Herman J. Frieling, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church at Beaver Falls, Pa., believes in fighting the devil with fire. Many of the young men of his congregation had gone astray. They frequented clubs and saloons and totally neglected the work of the church. Father Frieling wondered how he could reclaim them. At last he thought of a plan.

A year ago St. Mary's congregation moved into a handsome new cathedral. Since that time the old church, a small wooden structure, has remained idle, except for an occasional bazaar or other entertainment. Why not use that and convert it into a clubhouse? Without further ado he proceeded to answer the question himself by making the transformation.

The clubhouse is now in working order. There are billiard tables, pool tables and card tables, and there will be a library and reading room, as well as other features to furnish entertainment for the young men of the parish. The organization will be known officially as St. Mary's Literary and Dramatic club. Said Father Frieling:

"The object of the club is to draw young men and boys away from questionable resorts by giving them a place where they can enjoy all the games and amusements they find there, which are innocent enough in themselves so long as confined within certain limits. The first purpose of the club will be literary and educational in its nature. We will have dialogues, small dramas, recitations and essays. Music of all kinds will also be an attraction, and I propose to donate a piano out of my own funds."

"One of the strict provisions of that constitution will be that any member of St. Mary's club known to have frequented any other club or any saloon or billiard hall after having been made a member of St. Mary's club shall be summarily dismissed. By this means I hope to keep our boys from the evil associations they have learned to like and make them enjoy themselves as fully and with no nobler results in our own club."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"THE WATERLOO VETERAN."

First Drama to Be Given in a Catholic Cardinal's Palace.

For the first time on record a dramatic representation is to be given within the walls of a Catholic cardinal's palace. The announcement is made that, at the request of the Catholic Social union, the general committee of which includes many members of the nobility, Sir Henry Irving has consented to give early in May next a presentation of his play, "The Waterloo Veteran," at the archbishop's house in Westminster, London, the residence of Cardinal Vaughan. The cardinal has given his consent to the programme and the affair will take place in the large reception room at the palace, where seats will be provided for 500 people. The price of the tickets, which will be issued to private subscribers only, has been placed at \$50 each, so that the performance will net the charity the magnificent sum of \$17,500. Sir Henry Irving will be assisted by Miss Ellen Terry and the members of his company who usually take part in the presentation of "The Waterloo Veteran."—Boston Herald.

Archbishop Ireland's Discourses.

A Rome correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says: "Among other evidences of the influence and effectual presence of the American mind in Italy may be mentioned the publication of a selection of Archbishop Ireland's discourses translated into Italian. This work, which has recently appeared, is published at Milan and is entitled 'La Chiesa e la Societa Moderna' (The Church and Modern Society). It is translated from the third and latest American edition and is the only Italian translation authorized by the author, being the work of the Countess Sabina di Parravicino di Revel. In a notice prefixed to this translation Countess Parravicino writes that it is well readers should know that these discourses were not written for Italian readers, and that they have not been modified in any degree in being turned into Italian. Indeed this translation was not even submitted to the revision of the illustrious author, who only after three years' asking permitted the translation into Italian."

Mass in an Old British Church.

One of the features of the curious celebration of the two hundred and forty-ninth anniversary of the death of King Charles I in London the other day was a mass in the old Church of St. Margaret Patten, in which is his royal banner, and whose altar cloths are wrought with his monogram. The anthem on the occasion was a collection of Old Testament texts generally supposed to refer to Christ's crucifixion, and a special hymn was sung, of which this is a stanza:

With stricken heart by proud rebellion bruised,
He found a crown of thorns in crown of gold.
Marred was his face by weeping, false accused,
Like thee, O Christ, forsaken, mocked and sold.

—New York Tribune.

LETTER. For
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with signal
the British
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tical experience.
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Squares, \$2.00; Up-
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make it hot for
provide something to
inter. For reliable

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\$15.00.

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of Neckwear in the city. All
obby styles.

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the reach of the most economical
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etc., at the—

CLOTHING STORE.

than ever at this ever reliable
the Lowest Prices and the

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OCK STREET, QUINCY.

A Few Bargains.

We are the largest strictly grocery house in Norfolk County. Our goods are bought first
hand from packers, millers and manufacturers. We can and will sell goods at as low prices for
equal quality as any New York or Boston house. We WILL NOT compete with poor quality
goods packed in short weight packages. Every article sold by us guaranteed in quality and
weight.

It is expected that a duty will be put on Tea and Coffee in case of war. We quote for a short
time only.

Good Oolong and English Breakfast Tea, 25c. lb., 5 lbs. \$1.00.
COFFEE (quoted by some dealers as Java and Mocha) a rich, full
flavored Coffee, ground while you wait, 15c. lb., 6 lbs. \$1.00.
A 5-gallon galvanized iron faucet can filled, \$1.15.
10-gallon Keg Best Porto Rico Molasses (no charge for keg), \$4.50.
10-gallon keg Good Molasses, \$2.75.
10 gallons Best Cider Vinegar, including keg, \$2.00.
25 lbs. Laundry Starch, \$1.00.
20 lbs. Corn Starch, \$1.00.
20 lbs. Pearl Tapioca, \$1.00.
12 Cans Tomatoes, \$1.00.
20 quarts Best Pea Beans, \$1.00.
100 lbs. Sugar, \$5.25.

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BURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK, QUINCY.

SWITHIN BROS.,
REAL ESTATE

Having opened a Real Estate office in
Burgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared
to show plans and give prices on some of
the finest house lots offered for sale in this
city in recent years. These lots are em-
braced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
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Hillside Terrace,
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Wollaston,
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Will be on land at President's Hill every
afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring
plans or any information on the above
properties, please call at Room 12, Burgin
& Merrill's Block.

MAGAZINE
EXPLODED!

That is what a man said as he
handed us his watch the other day.

An Investigation

showed that the Main(s) spring
was broken.

DIVERS

were not required. We removed
the

Revolving Turret
and mounted a new

100-CENT MAIN-
spring, and warranted it for two
years in either

American or
Spanish Territory.

All ordinary American or Swiss
Watches cleaned or main-spring for
ONE DOLLAR.

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A Complete Department Store.

HONEST HOSIERY.

It's the only kind that's worth buying, and
when you can buy stockings of this sort at these
prices, it's good policy to "stock up."

Ladies', Men's and Children's Fast Black
Seamless Hosiery, double sole and heel, 20c., at
10c.

Ladies', Men's and Children's, 10c.,
and 50c.

Children's School Shoes Our Specialty.

Soft soles, 15c., 25c.
Spring Heels, all sizes, Black and Tans, 50c.,
60c., 70c. and \$1.

Boys' Shoes, Black and Tans, \$1, \$1.25, and
\$1.50.

Ladies' Black and Tans, special, \$1.50, \$2.
New Idea Fashion Patterns, 10c.

Ladies' clean your Kid Gloves with Miller's
Gloving, 10c.

Special Bargains in Kitchen Furnishings.

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Music Hall Building, Quincy.

RIDICULOUS FANCIES AND PHANTOMS.

"Speaking of phantom sounds Ben," said Uncle Dave, when the old-
timers again resumed their chin
concerts, "I am reminded of the fact
that many of those weird melodious
sounds which romance and legendary
lore have connected with the en-
chanted strains of invisible music, no
doubt originated in the winds, and the
rhythmic flow of the waves. In
several of their operative works, many
of the old and some of the modern
composers have skillfully introduced
the music of the fairies and of other
aerial conceptions of the fancy, re-
minding us of those harmonious
sounds which Caliban depicts in the
Tempest."

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and
hurt not;
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes
voices
That, if I had then waked after a long sleep,
Will make me sleep again."

Does your 'Ghost World,' Ben, give
us any account of such rhythmic
sounds or music?"

"It does," replied the squire, and
then began his narration of them as
follows: "Most countries, boys, have
their stories and traditions of mys-
terious music, which, in many cases,
has been associated with certain
supernatural properties. Under one
form or another, the belief in phantom
music has extensively prevailed
throughout Europe, and in many parts
of England it is still supposed to be
heard, occasionally as a presage of
death. It has been generally sup-
posed that music is the favorite
recreation of the spirits that haunt
mountains, rivers, and all kinds of
lonely places. The Indians, it is
said, would not venture near
Manitoba island, their superstitious
fears being due to the weird sounds
produced by the waves as they beat
upon the beach at the foot of the cliffs,
near its northern extremity. During
the night, when a gentle breeze was
blowing from the north, the various
sounds heard on the island were quite
sufficient to strike awe into their minds.
These sounds frequently resembled the
ringing of distant bells; so close, in-
deed, was the resemblance that
travellers would awake during the
night with the impression that they
were listening to chimes. When the
breeze subsided, and the waves played
gently on the beach, a low wailing
sound would be heard 300 yards from
the cliffs.

"Sometimes music is heard at sea,
and it is believed in Ireland that when
a friend or relative dies, a warning
voice is discernable. The following is
a rough translation of an Irish song
founded on this superstition which is
generally sung to a singularly wild and
melancholy air:

"A low sound of song from the distance I hear,
In the silence of night, breathing sad on my ear.
Whence comes it? I know not—uncertainly the
note,
And uncertainly the tones through the air as they
float;
Yet it sounds like the lay that my mother once
sang,
As o'er her first-born in his cradle she hung."

"When ships go down at sea, it is said
the death-bell is at times distinctly
heard, a superstition to which Sir Wal-
ter Scott alludes.

"And the kelpie rang,
And the sea-maid sang,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle."

At the present day, in the older
countries, all kinds of phantom musi-
calsounds are believed to float through
the air—sounds which the peasantry,
in days past, attributed to the fairies.
"The American Indians have a
similar piece of legendary lore.
Gayarre, in his 'Louisiana,' says that
a mysterious music floats on the waters
of the river Pascagoula, 'particularly
on a calm moonlight night. It seems
to issue from caverns or grottoes in the
bed of the river, and sometimes oozes
up through the water under the very
keel of the boat which contains the
traveller, whose ear it strikes as the
distant concert of a thousand aeolian
harp. On the banks of the river,
close by the spot where the music is
heard, tradition says that there existed
a tribe different from the rest of the
Indians. Every night when the moon
was visible, they gathered round the
beautifully carved figure of a mermaid,
and, with instruments of strange shape,
worshipped the idol with such soul-stir-
ring music as had never before blessed
human ears. One day a priest came
among them and tried to convert them
from the worship of the mermaid.
But on a certain night, at midnight,
there came a rushing on the surface
of the river and the water seemed to be
seized with a convulsive fury. The In-
dians and the priest rushed to the bank
of the river to contemplate the super-
natural spectacle. When she saw them,
the mermaid turned her tones into
still more bewitching melody, and
kept chanting a sort of mystic song.
The Indians listened with growing

ecstasy, and one of them plunged into
the river to rise no more. The rest—
men, women and children—followed
in quick succession, moved, as it were
with the same irresistible impulse.
When the last of the race disappeared,
the river returned to its bed. Ever
since that time is heard occasionally
the distant music, which the Indians
say is caused by their musical brethren,
who still keep up their revels at the
bottom of the river, in the palace of
the mermaid.

"It was a popular belief in years
gone by that it was dangerous to listen
long to the weirdly fascinating influ-
ence of phantom music, or, as it was
sometimes called, diabolic music," as
it was employed by evil-disposed spirits
for the purpose of accomplishing some
wicked design. Tradition tells how
certain weird music was long since
heard in an old mansion in Schleswig
Holstein. The story goes that at a
wedding there was a certain young
lady present who was the most en-
thusiastic dancer far and near, and
who, in spite of having danced all the
evening, petulantly exclaimed, "If
the devil himself were to call me out, I
would not refuse him." Suddenly the
door of the ball room flew open,
and a stranger entered and in-
vited her to dance. Round and round
they whirled unceasingly, faster and
faster, until to the horror of all present,
she fell down dead. Every year after-
wards, on the same day as this tragic
event happened, exactly at midnight
the mansion long resounded with dia-
bolic music, the lady haunting the
scene of her fearful death. There are
numerous versions of this story, and
one current in Denmark is known as
'The Indefatigable Fiddler.' It ap-
pears that on a certain Sunday evening,
some young people were merry mak-
ing, when it was decided to have a
little dancing. In the midst of an ani-
mated discussion as to how they could
procure a musician, one of the
party boastfully said: 'Now leave
that to me. I will bring you a musi-
cian, even if it should be the devil
himself.' Thereupon he left the house
and had not gone far when he met a
poor-looking man with a fiddle under
his arm, who, for a certain sum, agreed
to play. Soon the young people, spell-
bound by the fiddler's music, were
frantically dancing up and down the
room, unable to stop, and in spite of
their entreaties, he continued playing.
They must have soon died of ex-
haustion had not the parish priest
arrived at the farm-house and expelled
the fiddler by certain mystic words.
Sometimes, it is said, the sound of
music, such as harp playing, is heard
in the most sequestered spots, and is
attributed to supernatural agency.
The Welsh peasantry thought it pro-
ceeded from the fairies, who are sup-
posed to be specially fond of this in-
strument; but such music had this
peculiarity—no one could ever learn
the tune.

"Cortachy Castle (in Scotland) the
seat of the Earl of Airlie, has long
had its mysterious drummer, and
whenever the sound of his drum is
heard, it betokens the speedy death
of a member of the Ogilvie family.
The story goes that either the drum-
mer, or some officer whose emissary
he was, had excited the jealousy of a
former Lord Airlie, and that, in con-
sequence, he was put to death by
being thrust into his own drum and
flung from the window of the tower
in which is situated the chamber
where his music is apparently chiefly
heard. It is said that he threatened
to haunt the family if his life were
taken, a promise which it is said he
has fulfilled.

"With this strange warning may be
compared the amusing story popularly
known as 'The Drummer of Ted-
worth,' in which the ghost or evil
spirit of a drummer or the ghost of a
drum, performed the principal part in
this mysterious drama 'for two cen-
tury years.' The story, as told, goes
that in March, 1661, Mr. Monpesson,
a magistrate, caused a vagrant drummer
to be arrested, who had been annoy-
ing the country by noisy demands for
charity, and had ordered his drum to
be taken from him, and left in the
balliff's house. About the middle of
the following April, when Mr. Mon-
pesson was preparing for a journey to
London, the balliff sent the drum to
his house. But on his return home
he was informed that noises had been
heard, and then he heard the noises
himself, which were a 'thumping and
a drumming,' accompanied by 'a
strange noise and hollow sound.' The
sign of it when it came was like the
hurling in the air over the house, and
at its going off the beating of a drum,
like that of the 'breaking up of a
guard.' After a month's disturbance
outside the house, it came into the
room where the drum lay. For an
hour together it would beat 'Round-
heads and Cockolds,' the 'tattoo' and
several other points of war, as well
as any drummer. Upon one oc-
casion, when many were present, a
gentleman said: 'Satan, if the drum-
mer set thee to work, give three

knocks,' which it did at once. And,
for further trial, he bid it, for com-
firmation, if it were a drummer, to
give five knocks, and no more, that
night, which it did, and left the house
quiet all the night after. 'But,
strange as it certainly was, is it not
still more strange that educated gen-
tlemen, and even clergymen, as in this
case,' says George Cruikshank, in his
'Discovery Concerning Ghosts,' also
should believe that the Almighty
would suffer an evil spirit to disturb
and affright a whole innocent family
because the head of that family had,
in his capacity as magistrate, thought
it his duty to take away a drum from
no doubt, a drunken drummer, who by
his noisy conduct, had become a
nuisance to the neighborhood?"

"In many parts of the country
phantom bells are supposed to be heard
ringing their ghostly peals. Near
Blackpool, Eng., about two miles out
at sea, there once stood, tradition says,
the church and cemetery of Kilmigrol,
long ago submerged. Even now, in
rough weather, the melancholy chimes
of the bells may be heard sounding
over the restless waters. A similar
story is told of Jersey. According to
a local legend, many years ago 'the 12
parish churches in that island pos-
sessed each a valuable chime of bells,
but during the long civil war, the bells
were sold to defray the expenses of the
troops. The bells were sent to France,
but on the passage the ship foundered,
and everything was lost. Since then,
during a storm, these bells always ring
at sea, and to this day the fishermen of
St. Owen's bay, before embarking, go
to the edge of the water to listen if
they can hear the bells; if so, nothing
will induce them to leave the shore.'
With this story may be compared one
told of Whitby Abbey, which was sup-
posed in 1539. The bells were sold,
and placed on board to be conveyed to
London. But as soon as the vessel
had moved out into the bay it sank,
and beneath the waters the bells may
occasionally be heard, a legend which
has been thus poetically described:

'Up from the heart of the ocean
The mellow music peals,
When the sunlight makes its golden path,
And the sea-mew dits and wheels.
For many a checkered century,
Untried by flying time,
The bells no human fingers touch
Have rung their hidden chime.'

"To this day the tower of Forrabury
Church, Cornwall, or, as it has been
called, 'the silent tower of Botreaux,'
remains without bells. It appears the
bells were cast and shipped for Forra-
bury, but as the ship neared the shore,
the captain swore and used profane
language, whereupon the vessel sank
beneath a sudden swell of the ocean.
As it went down, the bells were heard
tolling with a muffled peal; and ever
since, when storms are at hand, their
phantom sound is still audible from be-
neath the waves.

"Indeed, there are all kinds of
stories current of phantom bells, and,
according to a tradition at Tunstall, in
Norfolk, the parson and church-war-
dens disputed for the possession of
some bells which had become useless
because the tower was burnt. But,
during their altercation, the arch-fiend
quickly travelled off with the bells,
and, being pursued by the parson, who
began to exorcise in Latin, he dived in-
to the earth with his ponderous burden,
and the place where he disappeared is
a boggy pool of water, called 'Hell
Hole.' Notwithstanding the aversion of
the powers of darkness to such sounds,
even these bells are permitted to favor
their native place with a ghostly peal.
Similarly, at Fisherty Brow, near
Lowdale, there is a sort of hollow
where, as the legend runs, a church,
parson and congregation were swal-
lowed up. On a Sunday morning the
bells may be heard ringing a phantom
peal by any one who puts his ear to
the ground.

"Occasionally, it is said, phantom
music, by way of warning, is heard
just before a death, instances of which
are numerous. Samuel Foote, in the
year 1740, while visiting his father's
house in Truro, was kept awake by the
sounds of sweet music. His uncle was
at about the same time murdered by
assassins. This strange occurrence is
thus told by Mr. Ingram in 'Haunted
Holmes': Foote's maternal uncles
were Sir John Goodere and Capt.
Goodere, a naval officer. In 1740 the
two brothers dined at a friends near
Bristol. For a long time they had
been on bad terms, owing to certain
money transactions, but at the dinner
table a reconciliation was, to all ap-
pearance, arrived at between them.
But, on his return home, Sir John was
waylaid by some men from his brother's
vessel, acting by his brother's author-
ity, carried on board, and delib-
erately strangled. Capt. Goodere not
only unconcernedly looking on, but
furnishing the rope with which the
crime was committed. The strangest
part of this terrible tale, however, re-
mains to be told. On the night the
murder was perpetrated, Foote arrived
at his father's house in Truro, and he
used to relate how he was kept awake

for some time by the softest and sweet-
est strains of music he had ever heard.
At first he tried to fancy it was a ser-
enade got up by some of the family to
welcome him home, but, not being able
to discover any trace of the musicians,
he came to the conclusion that he was
deceived by his own imagination. He
shortly afterwards learnt that the mur-
der had been consummated at the
same hour of the same night as he
had been haunted by the mysterious
sounds.

YELLOW FEVER IN CUBA.

Unacclimated Troops, It Is Said, Would
Become Victims in Summer Months.

Surgeon General Sternberg of the
army was recently asked what possible
preventive measures against yellow fe-
ver might be taken by his department
in case of forces being sent to Cuba. He
said:

"We know of no preventive measures
by which an army of unacclimated
troops could be protected from yellow
fever if they should be stationed in an
infected locality during the months
from May to the end of October. The
only preventive measure when yellow
fever appears for an unacclimated indi-



SURGEON GENERAL STERNBERG.

vidual during the season favorable
for its prevalence is the prompt removal
to a noninfected locality. Havana, Ma-
tanzas, Cienfuegos, Cardenas and several
other seaports are centers of infection,
where the disease prevails to a greater
or less extent annually. The develop-
ment of disease at any of these places
depends alone upon the introduction of
a considerable number of unacclimated
individuals during the summer months.

"The native population of these in-
fected places has an immunity, which
probably results from the fact that the
people have suffered a mild attack of
the disease during childhood. While
the permanent infection of a seaport
city in the tropics depends largely upon
local unsanitary conditions, yellow fe-
ver, when introduced, may prevail as
an epidemic in localities where great
care has been taken to maintain the
best possible sanitary conditions. Evi-
dence of this may be found in the epi-
demics which have occurred at Port
Barrancas, Fla., and the Pensacola
navy yard on various occasions, not-
withstanding the fact that the com-
manding officers and medical officials
were especially vigilant with reference
to the sanitation of these places."—St.
Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE WAR SPIRIT.

As It Is Noted In Washington From Con-
gressmen.

Representative Dockery of Missouri
is a conservative man and a Democrat.
He said the other morning: "Never in
the world have the people of my district
been unanimous on any subject until
now, and every man, woman and child
is for war. It's the same all over the
country, and I don't see how the senti-
ment can be satisfied or suppressed
without bloodshed. For myself, I de-
clare war, and have thought until now
that some peaceful way would be offered
us to solve this problem, but the people
seem determined to fight Spain with or
without the president, and any man
who attempts to restrain them will be
run over. If there was an election to-
day, no candidate upon a peace platform
would get 1,000 votes west of the Alle-
ghany mountains."

A representative from Ohio came into
the navy department the other day and
said in a loud voice, "When are we go-
ing to declare war?"
"Against whom?"
"Spain, of course."
"For what?"
"I don't care a —; on general prin-
ciples; any old thing will do. We have
given you \$50,000,000 to buy guns and
powder and now we want to hear them
go off. I got 42 letters in my mail re-
cently. Every one of them asked when
the fighting would commence and most
of the writers asked me to tender their
services to the president."—Chicago
Record.

Women Obeyed When Commanded.

Several methods have been adopted
by a theatrical manager in Chanute,
Kan., to induce the ladies to remove
their hats during performances. First
he caused to be printed a polite request
across the top of the programmes. This
availed nothing, and he then distributed
gum to all the ladies, each stick being
wrapped in a paper bearing the same
printed request. The ladies were still
obdurate, and he had painted a drop
curtain bearing this sentence in huge
letters, "Ladies, Take Off Your Hats!"
When this curtain was lowered before
the audience, a great laugh went up,
and the women commenced to shed their
hats and kept it up until the last one
disappeared.—Chanute (Kan.) Times.

It is said that the boards and
timbers in an old house in Bridge-
water, built in 1740, are in better
condition today than many that are
put into new houses.

"THE YANKEE KING."

GENERAL DANIEL SICKLES' INFLUENCE IN SPANISH POLITICS.

His Interview With the Deposed Queen Isabella—Notified Alfonso XII of His Probable Return to Power While the Young Lad Was Skating—His Recall.

General Daniel E. Sickles, who is now 73 years old and permanently retired from active life, has recently been reported as saying virtually that in his opinion there will be war between the United States and Spain unless it is prevented by the business influences of the civilized world, which are now stronger than they were in 1873, when they prevented war between the two countries over the Virginia affair.

General Sickles should be well qualified to talk with intelligence concerning Spain, since as minister to Madrid from this country from 1869 to 1874 he made himself exceedingly popular with all classes.

His service there began soon after Spain had thrown over Queen Isabella to accept General Prim and the republic. Later Prim was dropped and an Italian prince might be made sovereign, but his reign was short lived, and after his close Castelar was placed at the head of the republican government. Castelar and Sickles were close friends, and the American general's advice to the Spanish statesman was of great value.

It was followed so implicitly, in fact, that Sickles was long termed "the Yankee king" in Spain, and there is no doubt in the minds of some who are familiar with the facts and situation that the republic would have prevailed had he not been recalled at the time of the Virginia affair through the influence of the late Hamilton Fish, then secretary of state.

Despite General Sickles' popularity in Spain and his sympathy with that country in many things he was much averse to yielding a single point with regard to the Virginias, and this was the cause of his recall, since the business interests of this country as well as the rest of the world believed the incident not of sufficient importance to cause war.

General Sickles had never met Isabella when he was recalled, but he met her soon afterward in Paris, where he spent some months before returning to the United States. The meeting was in her apartments, where he called by special appointment, and the conversation was opened by the general, who stated that although he had never seen his hostess before, he could not fail of recognizing her anywhere, since he had become familiar with her features from her portrait, which still adorned the walls of the royal palace in Madrid.

This interested the throneless monarch. "What?" she exclaimed. "Do those odious rebels still tolerate the presence of my portrait in the palace?" "Certainly, madam," replied the general, "and the palace also contains many other souvenirs of your majesty." It was with difficulty that she could be made to believe this, and when she accepted the fact she fell into a soliloquy, the burden of which ran: "In my palace! In my palace! It is unexplainable. Why are these things allowed to remain there when I have been driven out?"

General Sickles then assured her that her downfall was not so much due to personal unpopularity on her part as to the odious politics that had flourished under her reign. The Spanish people continued to love her, he said, in spite of all, and he had heard many expressions of tender feelings toward her. It was remembered that she had always been averse to signing death warrants and that many a wretch condemned to the garrote had been pardoned through her influence. He concluded by the statement that while, in his opinion, she might never resume the throne the Spaniards might some time be ready for monarchical rule again.

Later he received news through private sources that the republic was tottering to a fall, and meeting her son, Alfonso, then only a lad of 16, the general communicated the news to him.

Alfonso was engaged in roller skating on one of the boulevards with a lot of other youngsters when the general spoke to him, and, though he was greatly interested, as was soon shown, he affected to receive the information with the greatest indifference. The general's message to the prince was decidedly simple. "It will not be long," said Sickles, "before the people at Madrid will be sending for you."

Alfonso stopped to adjust a skate strap before making reply. Then he straightened up. "Is it so?" he said nonchalantly. "Perhaps I shall be ready to go."

Then, after some commonplace remark, he glided away to join his companions. In spite of his assumed nonchalance, Alfonso left off skating as soon as possible, hastened home to his mother and advised her to send for the American at once.

She did so, and the general responded to her summons. She was exceedingly curious as to the source of his information, but this he could not make known to her. He succeeded, however, in satisfying her that it was probably correct, and he advised her in the strongest terms to advocate in favor of her son, that he might be able to take the throne in regular course in case the people felt disposed to accept him.

Before he left her she informed him that she saw much of wisdom in his advice, and the event proved that he had fully convinced her that it was the only thing to do, for she soon after resigned all claims to the throne, and Alfonso XII ascended.—New York Press.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Spring Hats Present a Variety of Fresh and Charming Features—Novelties in Jewels.

The notable features of the bewildering array of flowers now blossoming out on the spring headgear are the fineness of the quality and the exquisite coloring. Hyacinths, orchids, nasturtiums, camellias and foxgloves in various tints add their loveliness to the list, which includes every known blossom in the most natural colors and other colors quite unknown to floriculture. An idea of the latest and prettiest fashions of the day in millinery may be gained from items and illustrations here reproduced from the New York Sun.

Huge bouquets of flowers are arranged at one side of some of the hats, par-



SOME STUNNING HATS.

tially covering the crown; others are trimmed around the back both above and under the brim with large roses, possibly mixed with violets. The fancy for veiling the blossoms above the brim with chiffon, net or lace seems to be one of the prevailing fads of the season. Flowers thus treated are put on very compactly and usually without any foliage.

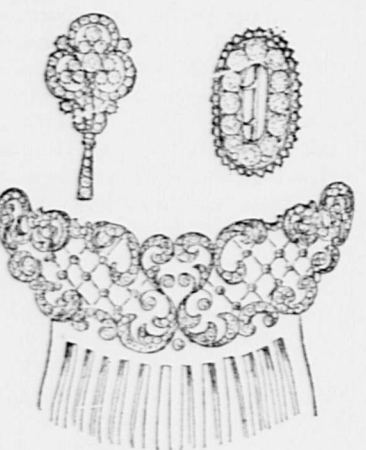
Most of the toques are trimmed high on one side with flowers and flutings of straw, which also form the shape, giving the effect of tiers of straw. As usual, the medium sized hat and toque will be the prevailing styles, but there are larger hats and bonnets as well.

Some of the brims are as straight as a sailor, but trimming underneath at the back and sides changes the effect. Other brims curve in on one or both sides. Another shape turns up high on one side.

Wings and quills of all sorts are a conspicuous feature of the new millinery, and are sometimes arranged to spread wide directly at the back.

The special novelty in hat trims is the one which droops all around and is bent in close to the hair on one side toward the back. This sort of trim can be made becoming to almost every woman by bending it into curves which suit the contour of the face. A hat with this sort of trim is quite the latest Parisian novelty. Bunches of flowers nestle under the down curving trim with very coquettish effect.

Novelties in Jewels. Semiprecious stones of every description steadily advance in favor. Popular fancy has taken them up, and even in high class work jewels no longer confine themselves to the use of a few standard and costly stones. The fancy stones are utilized in a manner that not long ago would have been entirely inad-



ARTISTIC JEWELRY.

missible. Amethysts and turquoises rank high among these just now.

They are to be seen in chains for watch or locket, in bracelets, in dog collars and belts and in the elaborate slides and buckles so much worn. A watch chain of alternate links of velvet ribbon and gold in which is set an amethyst or a turquoise exemplifies one of the present fancies. The cut shows fashionable shapes in comb, buckle and pendant.

A New Field For Women. The Puritan quotes a woman who thinks there is a new field of endeavor fairly open to women of refinement and capability: "I go bicycling a great deal and in my trips about the suburbs of New York I am always led to wonder why there are so few roadhouses of the kind that would attract women like myself. Houses of entertainment there are in plenty, but I do not know of a single one that is what it should be or that can be compared to the inns to be found in England. I have come to the conclusion that such an establishment could be better conducted by a refined woman who has been accustomed to the niceties of life than by any man of the hotel keeping class, and to more than one woman who has sought my advice in regard to making a living, I have said, 'Get up a proprietary club of habitual bicyclists and rent an old country house. Hire a man of sobriety, discretion and industry to act as manager of the bar, stables, etc., call your place by some attractive name, and then throw open your doors to the public, giving special privileges and concessions to the members of your club. Above all, conduct the sort of place that well bred women without male escort will visit unhesitatingly, and I don't see how you can help making money.'"

A Kansas City man, 90 years of age, has applied for admission to the bar. He can claim that in point of time he began about where Blackstone left off.—Boston Transcript.

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A SPANISH FORECAST.

SEÑOR ALAS PREDICTS WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN A WAR.

The First of Spanish Military Writers Foretells Defeat For Spain—Believes All European Nations Together Could Not Secure a Foot of the United States.

Senor Genaro Alas, who is considered in Spain to be the first Spanish military writer, published the following article in La Epoca of Madrid on March 11 about the results of a war between his country and the United States:

"Will it be a duel in French style, or until the first blood is shed, or a fight to the death? In my opinion neither one nor the other. If we are defeated quickly, we shall lose Cuba and probably also Puerto Rico, and it is very likely that we shall have a stronger revolt in the Philippines and serious troubles at home.

"But suppose that at the beginning of the war we sink the whole Yankee fleet and even bombard with success two or three Yankee ports. Will it all end there? Oh, no. The Americans will not stand it, and the nation that from 1861 to 1865 put in arms more than 2,000,000 soldiers, raised powerful fleets, spent \$1,000,000,000 and lost nearly the same amount, will make such efforts then that, in spite of all my respect for Spanish patriotism, I cannot believe that Spain will be able to stand against it.

"If there are those who believe in intervention by European powers in favor of Spain, I do not.

"A fight to the death it will not be either, because the Americans cannot conquer us with so many miles of ocean between the two countries. We may lose our colonies, but Spain will remain. Probably that loss, though immediately disastrous, would be a benefit to our sons.

"Now, can any man of sense believe that we can do to the United States what the Americans cannot do to us? Is it not a monstrous dream to think of a conquest of American territory? I am not doubting the courage of the Spaniards, but I believe that all nations of Europe together are not strong enough to sever a foot of land from the United States.

"In brief, the United States will not come to conquer us here, neither shall we go to conquer them there. The whole war will be reduced to this: The Yankees will provide the insurgents with arms and ammunition, blockade the ports of Cuba and starve to death our army there, that subsists now exclusively on imported food.

"What will be the role of our navy? To break the blockade in order to provision our army and in order to get coal for itself, because I suppose that our ships will not come back to coal in Spain.

"That will be all. At the start the Yankees may destroy our whole navy or we may destroy theirs, but in the long run they will get the advantage. All other things will be mere episodes of the war. The privaters on either side will amount to nothing in deciding where victory shall rest."

AMERICAN WOMEN'S EXHIBIT Mrs. Ledyard Stevens' Unique Plan For the Paris Exposition.

Mrs. Ledyard Stevens of New York city has been in Washington several days with a view of interesting congressmen and government officials in the plan of having a department at the Paris exposition of 1900 conducted under the auspices of American women and illustrating the genius and progress of the sex in the new world.

"The women of this country," said Mrs. Stevens to a Washington Post man at the Cochran recently, "will ask for sufficient space at the exposition and a sum from the general appropriation, so that they can exhibit."

Mrs. Stevens is a woman of many talents. She is a writer, a lecturer, and a social worker. She has been active in many of the most important social and educational movements of her time. Her plan for the Paris exposition is a bold one, and it is hoped that it will be successful.

Uncle Eben. "Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "a man is like a bottom number on a fraction. De bigger he tries ter be de smaller what he stands for really is."—Washington Star.

Down at Lish Little's Store. The war with Spain is really on. It's fought morn, noon 'n night. 'N folks as happy who wuz born A spoolin for a fight. 'N great 'n small guns roar, 'N all the air is thick with smoke Down at Lish Little's store. The Spanish fleet is blown sky high A dozen times a day. Old Weyler's wallowed, 'n the dens Are doomed 'n made to pay In blood 'n money both, three o'er—'Tis clear in 'n gone— For our good ship, the martyred Maine, Down at Lish Little's store. The millions voted for defense, 'N billions for the chance To wipe the earth with little Spain 'N make Alfonso dance For Uncle Sam, 'n day 'n night The deadly broadsides pour From bearded 'n bearded lips Down at Lish Little's store. The war is fought 'n ended, too, Right there before they quit. No man goes home to leave the fight Unfinished—not a bit. Fact is, there ain't no kind o' use In congress votin more O' money or o' men while Spain Is locked at Lish's store. —Boston Globe.

One's Neighbors in Kansas. About 15 of George Newman's neighbors gathered at his place near Sedgwick, Kan., recently and seeded about 60 acres of oats for him. It will be remembered that Mr. Newman was severely injured in a runaway at Wichita not long ago, and it was thought for a time the accident would prove fatal, but he is gradually getting better. —Sedgwick (Kan.) Pantograph.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

"Say!" called out the man who entered the doctor's office. "Are ye bloke took takes out uniform apprentices or somethin like dat?"

"I have removed the vermiform appendix several times with great success," answered the physician. "Ever take a guy's stomach out an' sew him up again?"

"No. I never tried that operation, though I have a patient in training now in whom I shall make the experiment as soon as he is strong enough to make his will."

"Did ye ever cut a man's leg off?"

"Certainly. What can I do for you?" "Say! I'm Asphalt Tim, de Hoboken Tarrier. I'm matched for a 20 round bout wid Bat Eared Mike, de Camden Catamount. He will make a go fer my solar plexus. I want to fool him a trip. Wot'll ye take to cut out de plexus, solar an' all? Den ye best all yer boodle on me an' ye will have money to lead a double life. What say?"—W. B. Holland in New York Journal.

He Was Alone.

One night after the curtain was rung up at a certain English theater where the "Standing Room Only" was not needed a small boy was discovered sobbing in front of the box office. The manager of the theater went to the lad and kindly asked him what the trouble was. "I want my money back!" sobbed the boy. In surprise the manager asked his reason for such a request. "Because—because I'm afraid to sit up in the gallery all alone!" he wailed. His money was returned.—Argonaut.

His Only Fear.

"I want a gentle horse for my wife to drive," said the prospective purchaser. "Can you recommend this one?" "Yes, indeed," replied the owner. "There is not a safer horse for a lady to be found anywhere, and there is but one thing he's afraid of." "And what is that?" asked the other. "He is awfully afraid some one will say 'W. A.' to him and he won't hear it," replied the conscientious owner.—Chicago Daily News.

A la Cleo de Merode.



"'N I s'pose I've excited deir attention now, 'n dey're wonderin I've got any ears! Oh, dere's more dan one Cleo!"—New York Journal.

His College Yell.

"My dear," said the young wife, "there was a time when I was proud of the powerful voice you put into your college yell, but now I wish it had been mere a whisper."

"Why, dearest?" asked the astonished young husband.

"Because," she replied, "the baby has inherited it."—Chicago News.

Reckless Daring.

"Colonel," the beautiful girl asked, "what was the bravest deed you ever did?"

"Let me think a moment," the old warrior answered. "Oh, yes! Once while conversing with a Boston girl I deliberately said, 'I don't.'"—Cleveland Leader.

An Indication.

Singleton—Now that you have been married to the heiress for several months, I want to ask you, is marriage a failure?

Benedick—Well, my wife has suspended payment.—Brooklyn Life.

No Room For Large Babies.

"Isn't the baby awfully small?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, rather," said the proud father, "but our flat is a small one, you know."—New York Journal.

And They're Mighty Useful Habits.

After a man has been married about six months he takes to carrying a little wad of string in his pocket and wears pins under the bottom edge of his vest. —New York Press.

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"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "a man is like a bottom number on a fraction. De bigger he tries ter be de smaller what he stands for really is."—Washington Star.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Providence Wants a Cruiser—He Couldn't Sow Onions Very Well—Speaker Reed and the Barber.

[Special Correspondence.] Providence wants to be honored with naming one of the new cruisers. A written request to this effect was forwarded to the navy department by Representative Bull, who pointed out that Providence is the only great commercial city on the Atlantic coast that has not yet been honored by the naming of a United States cruiser.

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, Atlanta and Montgomery are all represented in the new navy. Mr. Bull also took occasion to mention that the Providence would be not only a euphonious name for a cruiser, but also a very appropriate one for the defender of a Christian nation. He closed his request to the navy department with reference to the historical fact that the first naval expedition ever fitted out in this country was fitted out at Providence, now the second city in size in New England, and that it was crowned with signal success in the capture of the British sloop Gaspee on the Providence river.

He Couldn't Sow Onions.

The strange adventures of seed packages are beginning to be heard from now that congressional distribution is under way. People in Washington now and then forget that in some parts of New England in March there are six or seven feet of snow. This accounts for the return of a package of onion seed with the following letter, the name of the representative being omitted for obvious reasons:

DEAR JOE—For you are certainly dear to all of J.—'s referring to the town where the representative resides, and I am one of them; to most of the daughters, too, I guess. I send a package of onion seeds which was sent me by the agricultural department and marked "Sow in January, February or March." Yours truly, Gronos T. J.—

P. S.—Six feet of snow on the ground at the present time.

Speaker Reed's Hair.

The Hon. T. Reed, speaker, reclined in a hotel barber shop chair the other afternoon looking like an aproned Buddha far plunged in contemplation of the limitations of the infinite. Inscrutability gleamed steadily from his penetrating little eyes. He seemed to seek not the truly selfish world was a-move. He gazed with a continuously focused gaze upon the knob of the barber shop door—whether attempting to hypnotize himself or to hypnotize the knob who knows?—and he spoke no word to the grinning black barber with teeth like peeled almonds who swept the scissors with zephyr touch through the colorless wisp of hair that faintly fringed the after part of the great man's skull. The disinclination of the Hon. T. Reed to be discursive was not according to the barber's ideas of things. He attempted to draw the great man out, perhaps in order to beguile a legacy of epigrams to posterity. The great man only grunted monosyllabic replies and resumed his reverie. Then the barber decided to switch the conversation to the subject of Mr. Reed's hirsute peculiarities.

Thinning Out a Heap.

"Yo' hair's s'ntly thinnin out a heap, suh," said he. "Um-m," said Mr. Reed. "Teenchy bit o' tonic do it whole lot o' good, suh."

"Um-m, no."

"Bin bald on de top o' yo' head long, suh?"

Mr. Reed did not remove his gaze from the door knob as he drawled:

"I came into the world that way. Hens I had an interval of comparative hirsute luxuriance, but it was not enduring. I have long since emerged from the grief of the deprivation. It no longer afflicts me. Do not permit it to weigh upon you."

The black barber studied over this for awhile, apparently fully apprehending its meaning, however.

"Yo' hair'd look some bettah, suh, ef yo' kep' it long in de back laik," he said after a few moments of silence.

The Hon. T. Reed removed his gaze from the door knob, fastened it upon the ceiling, cleared his throat and spoke again:

"Let me assure you, my tonsorial friend," said he, "that the appearance of my hair, as I have been accustomed to wearing it, is eminently satisfactory to myself, and perhaps I might also say to my constituents."

Old and Inseparable Friends.

"What little hair still adorns my head I have possessed for a long time. I know it well. I have been on familiar terms with it for many years. I have inadvertently mingled spruce gum and chewing tar with it in my years of extreme youth. I have often sun dried it in order to present a proper not guilty appearance at home after surreptitious swimming expeditions. I have had it pulled the wrong way by boys whom I only learned to thrash afterward. At the same period of my life I even endured the ignominy of having it cut in ascending tiers—by experimental maiden aunts. The consequence of all this is that that bit of remaining hair and I are old and, I trust, inseparable friends. I indulge the hair and the hair indulges me. The hair indulges me by permitting me to wear it after my own conception of the way it ought to be worn, and I indulge the hair by firmly declining to have it trifled with by gentlemen of the scissors who possess artistic ideas more bizarre than my own. I fear I'll have to ask you to indulge us both—the hair and me. Cut it the way I directed you to cut it."

The black barber looked dazed, and the Washington Post says that when the great man had lumbered out of the shop, rolling like a man-o'-war boss's mate on a three day liberty ashore, the barber mumbled:

"Speckuh! Ah shon'd say he all is a speckuh!"

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A blind man should always have, and so should a live business house. Let those who "have eyes to see" come and look at our outing shirts and note the prices. 20 to 30 kinds to select from.

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HOT WATER HEATING.
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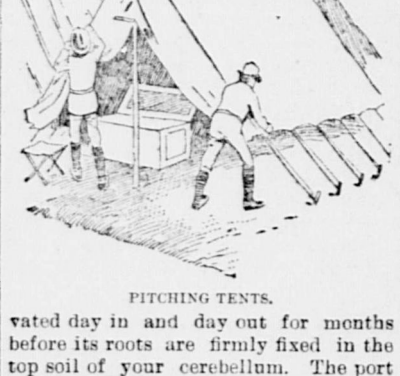
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They are economical from beginning to end, and cost almost nothing to run. After using them once, you'll wonder how you ever lived without one. The new process. 1 Burner, \$3.50; 2 Burner, \$5.00; 3 Burner, \$7.50.
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SEASONING A SOLDIER.
Some of the Things the Militia Volunteer Must Learn.
ARMY DISCIPLINE A HARD LESSON.
Camp Life and the Features Which Make It Dangerous For the Man Used to Steam Heat and Feather Beds—How He Learns the Game.
Grim and earnest and serious is the business of war. Many thousands of young men, some few of whom you probably know personally, are finding this out just about now. They are in camp not as state soldiers, but as soldiers of the nation. From amateurs they are being converted into professionals. The transformation is no easy one. Time is necessary. New habits of both mind and muscle must be acquired. You have been told that it is very easy to acquire a habit. That is a misleading sophistry. A habit must be cultivated day in and day out for months before its roots are firmly fixed in the top soil of your cerebellum. The port and presence of the soldier are nothing more than habit.
The national guardsman of a week or so ago, now a member of Uncle Sam's volunteer army, may have imagined himself a soldier then, but now he knows the difference. The weekly drill and the annual week in camp taught him the mere rudiments of the business. Now he is really learning something about it.
The seasoning period in the state camps for which the army authorities have arranged is a wise and merciful provision. There is a deal more to soldiering than the knowledge of how to present arms or execute a right shoulder shift. For one thing the recruit must learn how to live soldier fashion. The pampered civilian, accustomed to steam heat and feather beds, must learn to live in the open. He has got to get rid of some of the softness with which civilization has afflicted him physically and hark back to the borderlands of barbarism. The poverty of life in a Sibley tent is no charm against the pneumonia and typhoid which camp on the trail of the city bred soldier. With care both can be avoided, and the recruit needs to learn the lesson early in the game.
He has, too, to encounter the results of a changed occupation. The young man whose daily task has been nothing more severe than the handling of a set of double entry books from an office stool perch finds his muscles aching after he has tramped up and down on guard duty for a couple of hours carrying a 10 pound rifle and a 30 pound kit.

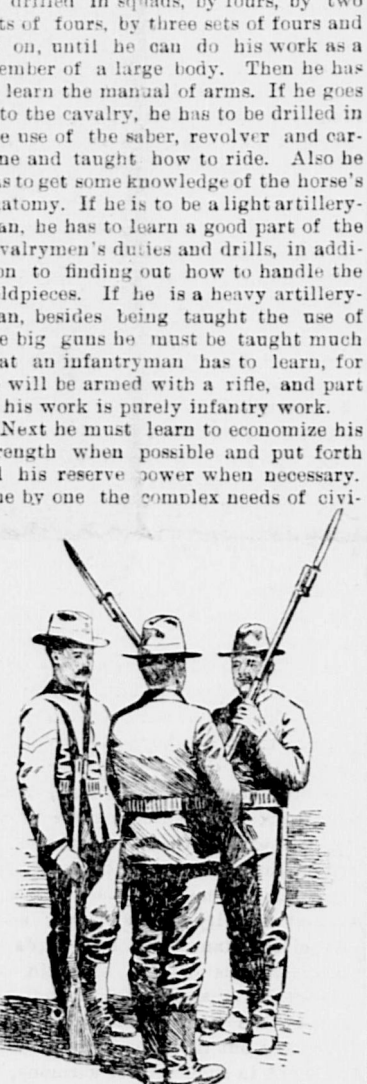


PITCHING TENTS.
The seasoned soldier does not thus expose himself to disease and illness. You don't catch him eating all kinds of fruit, ripe or unripe, sitting around in wet clothes when he can get into dry ones or standing in the sun when it isn't necessary. He doesn't hanker after the cucumber pie or other such luxuries, but he makes the most of the government ration, is careful of his drinking water, trenches his tent properly and retains his health in almost any climate.
But most important of all is the discipline, for no matter how vigorous a soldier is he is not useful unless he can be controlled with prompt exactness. An army is a machine and every man is a part of the machine, allowing for the intelligence of the individual at that.
The shrewder, keener, the more thoughtful each man in the machine is so much the better. The intelligence of the individual might be characterized as the temper of that part of the machine which the man constitutes. But still the army is a machine which is ideally perfect when it is under perfect control.
That desirable co-ordination of all parts of an army is only secured when every soldier is soaked and saturated



REAL SOLDIERING—RELIEVING GUARD.
lized life must be lopped off. Just now it is probable that his feminine friends and relatives have lumbered him up with all sorts of alleged comforts. When he goes south, he will begin to get rid of them, and his trail will be strewn with discarded knickerbockers. After his first 30 mile march he will conclude that if he is going to be a soldier he cannot be a pack horse.
Another lesson of self preservation yet awaits him. When he gets away from the latitude and longitude of home, he must learn to stick to the army ration when he eats and have a care when he drinks. Nothing so crumbles up the young recruit as his habit of eating and drinking everything that comes handy. Reveling in a magnificent appetite and a glorious thirst, it is hard for him to be discreet, and, as Kipling says, "he wonders why he is frequent deceased."
The seasoned soldier does not thus expose himself to disease and illness. You don't catch him eating all kinds of fruit, ripe or unripe, sitting around in wet clothes when he can get into dry ones or standing in the sun when it isn't necessary. He doesn't hanker after the cucumber pie or other such luxuries, but he makes the most of the government ration, is careful of his drinking water, trenches his tent properly and retains his health in almost any climate.
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with the idea of discipline. It is something a little harder for the freeborn American to attain than for any other kind of man. Your American is prone to criticize, to judge, to complain. He isn't exactly insubordinate or unruly, but is as free of thought and speech as he is of birth.
It takes him longer to control his feeling of independence than it does the man of less independent notions, and the machine of our army is a little longer getting its finish on that account, but at last it is the finest army on earth, because the first difficulty that it bore, just mentioned, makes for fineness of temper.
This last perfect state comes when the soldier's response to any command, any kind of an order, so long as it is given by one who has a right to command, is instantaneous and thoroughly instinctive. When the volunteer arrives at this stage, he has learned not only "how to stand upon his feet," but "how to play the game," and man for man he is the equal of any soldier on earth and the superior of most.
LIEUTENANT H. R. GAHAN.



WORK OF POPE LEO XIII.
An Estimate of the Pontiff by a Member of the Apostolic Delegation.
One of the most adequate tributes to the life and work of Pope Leo XIII, says the Boston Pilot, is the following brief extract from an address recently delivered by Mgr. Donato Sbarretti, auditor of the apostolic delegation:
"The person of Leo stands gigantic and shining as light in dark places, as a bright sun in our restless and turbulent age. The loftiness of his intellect, the integrity of his life, the purity of his purposes, the nobility of his enterprises, the youthful enthusiasm for good to all Christendom and mankind command and win the esteem and admiration even of the enemies of our holy church. He is the Mæcenas of fine arts and sciences; he is a poet, a philosopher, a theologian, a statesman. His power and determination of will are indomitable—combined, however, with exquisite meekness and gentleness of heart. He personifies in himself all the rare and high qualities of pontiff, king and father. He studied all needs and faced and solved the most trying problems."
"With the keen penetration of his mind, he saw that the principal dangers of our age were positivism and materialism in philosophy, and their consequences anarchism in the family and in civil society. He offers as a substantial remedy the return to Christian philosophy under the safe guidance of 'The Angelic Doctor.' To overthrow the teachings of anarchy, he points out the holiness and indissolubility of the marriage tie, the source and foundation of the family; the mutual rights and duties between subjects and rulers, and in an admirable encyclical he points out the relations between labor and capital with so much love of justice and so much affection and interest for the laboring classes as to win from them the glorious title of 'The Pope of the Laborer.' But he perceives at the same time that the full solution of every social question consists in seeking first the kingdom of God. Therefore, as another St. Paul, he invites all to the unity of faith, knowing with certainty that this is the victory which conquers the world—our faith."

MOTHER KATHARINE.
MISSION OF THE NUN WHO WAS FORMERLY MISS DREXEL.
Her Work Among Negroes and Indians. Children of Both Sexes Are Trained by Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament—An Institute Founded by Miss Drexel.
It was stated recently that Mother Katharine, formerly Miss Drexel of Philadelphia, had purchased the sanitarium at Cascade, in the Black Hills, S. D., for the religious community which she founded. This report is doubted by persons who should know the facts, but it serves to draw attention to the work she is now doing.
In 1891 Miss Katharine Drexel founded the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament with the object of converting and educating Indians and negroes. According to an article in the April number of The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, this order is unique among American sisterhoods. Miss Drexel entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Mercy at Pittsburgh in 1869, intending to devote her life and her great wealth to the elevation and conversion of the aborigines. To her original purpose she later added the conversion of the colored race. The Institute of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament was the result of her endeavors, and it practically dates from February, 1891, when Miss Drexel was appointed mother superior of the community of 13 novices by Archbishop Ryan. About two miles north of Eden Hall, at Cornwells, Pa., St. Elizabeth's convent, the mother house of this order, was immediately erected. It was not formally opened until December, 1893, but in the meantime Mother Katharine and her coworkers were not idle, having established themselves in St. Michael's, the Drexel residence near Eden Hall. The sisters have now in training 165 colored children in the Holy Providence House, adjoining their convent. These children are of all sects and are mostly orphans and foundlings from all parts of the country. Girls are in the majority, and they have the benefits of a home and a school until they are 21 years old. They receive a training of the head and hand intended to make them independent and self supporting after leaving Cornwells. They receive a good common school education, one half the day being spent in school and the other half in domestic service. Each girl is thoroughly instructed in all the branches of domestic economy. Some take a course in dress making, others learn in a well equipped laundry all the details of laundry work, while baking and cooking classes are provided for still others. The boys are transferred to other trade and industrial schools in their twelfth year. Until that age they are educated like the girls.
The same work is being done for the Indians in St. Katharine's Indian school at Santa Fe, N. M. Nine sisters went there from Cornwells in 1894. They have about 120 children under their care, and from time to time visit the various pueblos about their school for a radius of 80 miles.
A branch school was opened at Rockcastle, Va., in the center of a thickly populated colored district, three years ago. This school is known as the St. Francis de Sales School For Girls. The Christian Brothers have an industrial school for boys near by.

AN ORIENTAL PRELATE.
Bishop Anzer Has Thirty Thousand Christian Chinese Under His Charge.
Bishop Anzer, the celebrated Catholic prelate of northern China, who on various occasions has been honored by the Chinese government, arrived in San Francisco recently and went directly to the parochial residence connected with the church of St. Boniface.
Bishop Anzer's diocese in China has developed from German missionary work, which proved very fruitful. The bishop has under his charge 30,000 Christian Chinese, whom he regards as models of Christian virtue. He says that their daily life resembles that followed in religious orders. They attend mass every day, even when obliged to travel long distances to do so, and say their morning and evening prayers. His experience has led him to consider that the people as a whole are ripe to receive the truths of Christianity. About 3,000 Protestant missionaries are already in the field seeking converts.
The bishop has under his jurisdiction 35 priests, 8 religious brothers and 150 teachers. These are all supported and chapels built from the funds advanced by the Society For the Propagation of the Faith. But the moneys received, he says, are totally inadequate to meet the necessary expenses. There are, including those in the dependencies, 1,200,000 native Catholics, 600 European priests and 450 native priests. The work of Christianizing he does not consider can be carried on as encouragingly here as in China. The very fact that the people are here only temporarily makes the effort less promising in results.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Geo. E. Allen of Sanford, Me., has kept a dairy for 24 years; not a day has been missed.
Agent—Allow me to show you, sir, our wonderful new talking machine, which—
Hy Peck—Great Caesar's ghost! I have one at home; I'm a married man.

The Quincy Monitor.

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All articles and correspondence intended for THE MONITOR should be addressed to the Editor of THE QUINCY MONITOR, Quincy, Mass. All in possession of news of interest to MONITOR readers are requested to send it to the Editor. Secretaries of Catholic societies should furnish the paper with news concerning their respective societies, and promptly send copy of resolutions.

MAY, 1898.

THE PRESENT LESSON.

From this time on we expect to hear no more of the mutterings of those who would, and who have, challenged the loyalty of Roman Catholics, particularly the Irish and Irish-American members of the church, and who have in the past few years showered upon us contumely and insult, seeking to impeach that most laudable of all qualities—loyalty. But the hearty response which greeted President McKinley's call for volunteers must have given the doubting Thomases all the ample, though but cumulative, evidence of the fealty of those we have now in mind. This loyalty, this devotion to the national standard, we share with no other class, and we look in vain for similar manifestation on the part of others. Our best services are given without measure, and our greatest sacrifices are ready to be made without complaint.

The lesson which the American people must learn from the happenings of the past few weeks is obviously one of appreciation. If every man in Bonaparte's army was fit to wield a marshal's baton, every citizen who willingly jeopardizes life or fortune in time of strife should be at least eligible to the emoluments and honors of his nation. If there was any silly suspicion that we were not heart and soul with the government of the United States it must be completely dissipated by this time. In return for our services we ask not for favors but for justice in all things. We give without restraint our confidence, and in like manner we ask for the confidence of those with whom we are pleased to mingle day by day.

Probably there is no person in all Europe or the world who regrets more than Leo XIII. the hostilities that are now on between this country and Spain. The Sovereign Pontiff put forth his utmost endeavors in behalf of the maintenance of peace, and how deeply he feels in the matter may be judged from what he said after his mass one day: "I have prayed to God with the whole force of my being, with the deepest fervor, to avert war, and not to allow my pontificate to end amid the smoke of battle. Otherwise, I have implored the Almighty to take me to Himself, that I may not behold such a sight." When the news of the terrible carnage and loss of life at Manila in the Philippines was conveyed to the Holy Father, he showed unmistakable evidence of his grief at the terrible consequences of the conflict he had done all in his power to prevent. Leo abhors the gruesome reality of war, and it is a pity that the sober Christian sentiment which he holds had not been more favorably received by the parties at issue. As regards the expressed sympathy of the Pope for Spain, one will have to look in many directions for a satisfactory solution. From the head of the church Americans have always received the kindest greetings, and if his well-wishes are now temporarily removed, it may be that the Holy Father may see in the inequality of the conflict an injustice that he cannot sanction.

Admiral Gherardi in the run of an interview, expresses himself as follows concerning the Cubans:

"I must say that I have no very exalted opinion of the people we are fighting for. I do not see how the Cubans are much better, if any, than the Spaniards. It is my belief that if the Cubans are given control of Cuba—and that will naturally follow, as there is no doubt of Spain's ultimate overwhelming defeat—the people of the United States will rue the day they went to war for them."

The admiral voices the distrust in the Cuban people which thousands of good Americans fear. We have never thought that our good offices should be exercised in behalf of these people, but as it is the rule of the world that unworthy people should be benefited equally with the worthy, we must bow to the inevitable. The United States in this war should take and hold every Spanish possession that may be deemed of sufficient strategic importance, and in due time to provide for these possessions such government as may be equitable and ample. Cuba, the cause of all our uneasiness, will be assured

DRAFTS ON IRELAND.

Passage Tickets
to and from theOLD COUNTRY
for sale byJOHN O. HOLDEN,
154 Hancock St., Quincy Centre.

of a safe government only at the hands of this government. The Cubans are selfish and vicious, and it is the opinion of keen observers that the poor blacks will be in a more pitiable condition under distinctive Cuban rule than they are at present. It will be poor satisfaction, if, in correcting a largely assumed wrong, we initiate one of immeasurable magnitude.

Commodore Dewey, the hero of Manila, is the first American officer in the active service of his country, to direct the movements of the newer style of battleships in actual combat, and consequently had the honor of first testing the feat of the armored boat. One other American officer, Capt. McGiffin, was engaged by China to direct her naval affairs during the late war with Japan, and in person directed the fierce battle of the Yala river, in which contest the naval force of China succumbed to the prowess of the Japs, though the heroic McGiffin, then only thirty-four years of age, directed the fire and the manœuvres of the Chinese fleet with such consummate skill that for five hours the fierce onslaughts of the enemy were withstood. McGiffin suffered many wounds during this memorable combat, and immediately after the capitulation of the Chinese forces was brought to his American home, but he only lived a short time after reaching here.

Mr. John P. O'Brien of Hancock street, has been re-used a common victuallers license by the City Council, notwithstanding that he held a license last year. As was stated in the Council the place is neat and attractive, and undoubtedly serves a number of people, who during the hot months find it a most convenient place, and no good reason can be ascribed for the refusal to continue the license. The Council in refusing to grant this license is undoubtedly obeying a capricious and silly sentiment, and in so doing discommodates many persons.

Archbishop Ireland labored heroically even if he did not succeed, in behalf of peace at Washington, and he has no reason to blush for the efforts which he put forth to avoid war. Monsignor Ireland's loyalty and patriotism are away beyond question, and there are few more ardent Americans than he. His present attitude has been declared by himself, and Spain has no deadlier enemy here now than the patriotic and peace-loving St. Paul prelate.

It seems to be settled now that Patrick Mullen, gunner on the gunboat Nashville, fired the first shot in the present war. Patrick's fame and name are now secure, and the historian will have to add another tribute to the power of Erin's sons.

THE NATION'S VOICE.

Over the plains and the meadows—
Out of the lights and the shadows,
There's an echo that thrills
In the rush of the hills,
And rings from the hearts of the firm-founded hills:

"The star-spangled banner,
Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave!"

Over the roar and the rattle—
The clang and the clash of the battle,
There's a song that shall rise
And shall ring to the skies—
Where the patriot lives and the patriot dies:

"The star-spangled banner,
Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

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AND
Moist Tobacco,
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38 Hancock St., Quincy St.

LOCAL NOTES.

The St. John's society received Holy Communion on Sunday, May 1.

Mr. Thomas McGrath of West Quincy has gone to Pontiac, Michigan.

The St. John's society intends to hold a dance about the middle of May.

Mr. Edward J. Bean has been chosen as superintendent of St. John's Sunday School.

The Knights of Columbus now meet in French's hall, on the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

At the last meeting of Division 18, A. O. H., it was voted to pay the dues of all members who should enlist.

Miss Nellie Coffey (Ellenore Carroll) Quincy's well-known actress has finished her engagement, and is now at her home.

Quincy Council, Knights of Columbus, has many applicants awaiting the conferring of degrees. It is quite probable that the third degree work will be exemplified about the middle of June.

A splendid set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and also the Encyclopedia of Universal Literature are offered at a great sacrifice. Address THE MONITOR for further particulars.

Those plumbers and carpenters who sought to down Inspector Kenley have received a proper rebuke by the findings of the Board of Health on those trumped-up charges. It was a pretty mean crusade.

The work of renovating the interior of St. John's church, which was begun last summer, but stopped late in the fall, has been again undertaken, and when completed the church will be second to none in the diocese.

The local press speaks in a complimentary manner of Misses Elizabeth and Frances Sullivan concerning the appearance and work of these young ladies at an entertainment given in the Rockland Opera house the latter part of the month.

For the second time Paul Revere Post 88, G. A. R., will attend services in St. John's church, this year on Sunday, May 29. The address will be delivered by Rev. Julian E. Johnstone, and it may be said without reserve that this address will take foremost rank among the Memorial Sunday addresses. Fr. Johnstone has pleased the parishioners of St. John's on more than one occasion by his masterly discourses, which are always well thought out, entertaining and extremely instructive.

Rev. John Purcell of this parish, is an intimate friend of Fr. Chidwick, the past chaplain of the Maine, and in conversation Fr. Purcell informed us that the newspaper praises of the Maine chaplain were but commensurate with the noble work which he did among the sailor boys of the American navy. Fr. Chidwick, being a thoroughly companionable man, reached the heart and better nature of Jack more easily than most men. A chaplain in the American navy is truly a man among men if he reaches the fullest capacity of his power and in no circumstance are the words, and ministrations of the chaplain more acceptable than aboard a battleship. Out of the twenty-nine chaplains in our navy but three are Catholics, but all work in such perfect harmony, and so completely in many instances outside the portals of their respective churches, that the whole body receives the benefits of that sound and commendable Christianity that appeals most strongly to men of all classes. The result of this work is seen in the personnel of the navy, and our boys, above all others, obey the moral law better and more willingly than those of other navies, and much better, indeed, than did their predecessors in the day of Hull, Perry, Farragut and Porter.



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THE MISSOURI MULE.

OUR ARMY COULD NOT GET ALONG WITHOUT HIM.

He fought with the Continental Army and has been at it ever since—Speculations to which the Army Mule Must Answer.

The army mule figured prominently in the first hostile act of the present war. A batch of mules destined for the Spanish army in Cuba were seized from a Spanish steamer at New Orleans. When the war finally closes, the army mule will probably be somewhere on the spot and in between he will be making himself useful and entertaining, hauling the ammunition wagons to the front just in the nick of time and varying the monotony of camp life by exercising his uncultured voice and his hair trigger heels.

Uncle Sam's army would not be complete without the mule. What the elephant is to the Anglo-Indian army the mule is to our fighting brigades. True to traditions, the moment trouble began to seem imminent we began to collect mules. Nearly 2,000 of them had started for the front before the war resolution was signed by the president and since then other thousands have followed. In every land battle the mule will have a share and when it is all over no small portion of the glory will be his.

The first thing the United States government did when it decided to go to war was to call for mules. Men are quite necessary in war, but mules are indispensable. Of course the government agents went to St. Louis, the distributing point for Missouri mules. The government wanted good mules. None but Missouri mules would do.

The first call was for animals 15½ hands high and weighing 1,200 pounds. The price paid was \$94 a head. Since then some unpatriotic mule dealers have tried to corner the market and the price has been higher.

The serviceability of the Missouri mule for war purposes is recognized by the Spaniards and Cubans, as well as Americans. Within the past three years 10,000 mules have been bought and shipped via southern Atlantic ports to Cuba. Most of them were bought by the Spanish government. The insurgents bought some, but as a rule they found it cheaper and more convenient to capture them from the Spaniards.

The qualities which make the mule more serviceable in battle than the horse are his hardiness, his equanimity and



ARMY MULE TEAM.

his judgment. This last article has been named stupidity. That is a libel. The Missouri mule is conservative, but well balanced. He never loses his head. He does not get excited. Even when he is indulging in a runaway he keeps cool and steers clear of danger, where a horse would plunge blindly into it.

For army purposes mules are divided into four classes. There are wheel mules, swing mules, lead mules and pack mules. So, you see, the mule is a diversified species, after all. The wheel mule is the largest, and is so called because he is hitched nearest the wagon. He is the king of army mules. Sixteen hands high and upward is the required size. He is the long legged, big eared, short backed animal that is supposed to bunch himself up and pull like blazes when the wagon gets stuck. This is merely a supposition, however. Maybe he will do all these commendable things and maybe he won't. It depends entirely on how his last meal agreed with him and whether he woke up in the right humor.

Uncle Sam's animals are no different from any others in this respect. In addition to being 16 hands high, the wheeler must weigh at least 1,200 pounds. When he throws that weight of bone, muscle and stubbornness into any cause, be it good or bad, something is sure to break.

The swing mule is the middleman in a six animal team. He is the chap that takes up all the slack left by the wheeler. He must be 15½ hands high and must weigh about 1,050 pounds. So far as his other peculiarities are concerned he is much like the wheeler, only a shade smaller.

The lead mule is the animal that pulls along to suit himself ahead of all the rest. He is a chunky, 15 hand animal and weighs about 950 pounds.

Last, but not least, is the pack mule, a blocky animal, 15 hands high and weighing an even 1,000 pounds. The pack mule is supposed to carry a load larger than himself. It has never been definitely ascertained just how much he can carry. At any rate, the packer always feels justified in strapping on his back all that can be piled on.

George Washington is responsible for the mule in this land. It was the Father of His Country who first imported a jack-ass into the United States for use upon his Virginia property.

JOHN F. WILLOUGHBY.

OUR STOCK OF

CANNED GOODS

IS THE LARGEST WE HAVE EVER CARRIED.

Owing to great scarcity of green fruits in the market, all canned goods have advanced in price. We have made no advance, owing to having goods brought early.

Tomatoes,	10c can,	\$1.15 doz.
Corn,	8c "	90 "
Maine Corn,	10c "	1.15 "
Ruby (fancy)	13c "	1.40 "
Peaches	12c "	1.40 "
California Peaches,	18c "	2.00 "
Fancy Cal. Peaches,	25c "	2.75 "
Best Maine Squash,	12c "	1.35 "
Good Squash,	8c "	90 "
Sweet Peas,	13c "	1.40 "
Marrow Peas, 8 and 10c		
Prunes, 90 to 100,	5c lb.	
Prunes, 70 to 80,	7c lb.	4 lbs., 25c
Prunes, 50s,	10c lb.	3 lbs., 25c
Cal. Apricots,	10c lb.	
Raisins,	5c lb.	

BOSTON BRANCH GROCERY

Durgin & Merrill's Block, Quincy.

IDEAL

FOR SUMMER USE.

The Barge Merriam has just arrived
at Quincy Point with a cargo of

Red Ash Nut Coal

It is a very deep Red Ash, and free
burning, which together with the
fact that it is freshly mined, makes
it the ideal coal for summer use.

Yours for trial,

C. PATCH & SON

A Nobby \$10.00 Suit

Is Our . . .

Black Clay Worsted.

EITHER SACK OR FROCK.

All the virtues of Fit, Wear and Style are compressed in it. You couldn't find a better \$10.00 Suit if you searched the State with a microscope.

Drop in when you need a Suit, or any Clothing need. You'll find we'll treat you right in every respect.

Who is Your Hatter? Try Us.

Granite Clothing Co

DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK.

Catholic

Prayer Books, Pearl Rosaries, Silver Rosaries, Photo Medals,
Books of Devotion, Gold and Silver Medals, Statuettes, Pictures, etc.

FLYNN & MAHONY, 18 and 20 ESSEX ST., BOSTON.

Drafts for \$1 and upwards.

Agent for all the European Steamships

COMPETITION KNOCK



No matter how much others may offer, we
know, and that this is known to be a fact, is our
business. Our honest method to guarantee
refund, cheerfully, all money on unsatisfactory
front rank of competition.

All our Clothing is made by the well known
Boston.

GIVE US A CALL.

C. F. DEE

BANK BUILDING, Q.

J. F. Sheppard

— DEALERS —

The Best Quality Lyken's
and White Ash and

COAL

PRESSED HAY, HARD AN
AND SPLIT KIND

Wharves, East Braintree and Quincy Point.

Telephone Numbers: Quincy, 33-3; East Braintree,
Postoffice Box: 19 Granite Street, Quincy; Weymouth,

Persistent

Headaches

are almost invariably caused
by defective eyes. Some
people are ill-tempered,
some appear lazy and their
business ventures suffer in
consequence.

Step in and get your eyes
examined by the most ap-
proved methods.

WILLIAMS,

Refracting Optician,

QUINCY.



No. 12 Quincy Avenue.

HORSE SHOEING

Done in all its branches.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

DANIEL DESMOND, - Proprietor.

Telephone Connection.

OUR STOCK OF CANNED GOODS

THE LARGEST WE HAVE EVER CARRIED.

Quality of green fruits in the market, all canned goods have made no advance, owing to having goods bought

10c can,	\$1.15 doz.
8c "	90 "
10c "	1.15 "
13c "	1.40 "
12c "	1.40 "
Peaches, 18c "	2.00 "
Peaches, 25c "	2.75 "
Squash, 12c "	1.35 "
as, 8c "	90 "
as, 13c "	1.40 "
Peas, 8 and 10c "	
0 to 100, 5c lb.	
0 to 80, 7c lb.	4 lbs., 25c
0s., 10c lb.	3 lbs., 25c
rots, 10c lb.	
5c lb.	

BRANCH GROCERY
in & Merrill's Block, Quincy.

SUMMER USE.

The Large Merriam has just arrived
at Quincy Point with a cargo of

Ash Nut Coal

It is a very deep Red Ash, and free
burning, which together with the
fact that it is freshly mined, makes
it the ideal coal for summer use.

C. PATCH & SON

\$10.00 Suit

Wear Worsted.

HER SACK OR FROCK.

Values of Fit, Wear and Style are con-
sidered. You couldn't find a better \$10.00
sack or frock in the State with a microscope.
When you need a Suit, or any Clothing,
find we'll treat you right in every way.

Is Your Hatter? Try Us.

the Clothing Co.

DURGIN & MERRILL'S BLOCK.

Public

Books, Pearl Rosaries, Silver Rosaries, Photo Medals,
of Devotion, Gold and Silver Medals, Statuettes, etc.

& MAHONY, 18 and 20 ESSEX ST., BOSTON.

Agent for all the European Steamship

COMPETITION KNOCKED OUT.



No matter how much others may offer, we can always give a little more, and that this is known to be a fact, is proved by the steady increase of our business. Our honest method to guarantee everything as represented, and refund, cheerfully, all money on unsatisfactory purchases, has placed us in the front rank of competition.

All our Clothing is made by the well known house of Leopold, Morse & Co., Boston.

GIVE US A CALL.

LOWEST PRICES.

C. F. DERBY,
BANK BUILDING, QUINCY.

J. F. Sheppard & Sons,

— DEALERS IN —

The Best Quality Lyken's Valley Franklin, Red
and White Ash and Cumberland

COAL,

PRESSED HAY, HARD AND SOFT WOOD
AND SPLIT KINDLINGS.

Wharves, East Braintree and Quincy Point. Yard, Granite Street, Quincy

Telephone Numbers: Quincy, 53-3; East Braintree, 68-2; Quincy Point, 53-2.
Postoffice Box: 19 Granite Street, Quincy; Weymouth, 102; East Braintree, 6.

Persistent Headaches

are almost invariably caused
by defective eyes. Some
people are ill-tempered,
some appear lazy and their
business ventures suffer in
consequence.

Step in and get your eyes
examined by the most ap-
proved methods.

WILLIAMS,

Refracting Optician,

QUINCY.

CHANCEOCK ST.

SWITHIN BROS., REAL ESTATE

Having opened a Real Estate office in
Durgin & Merrill's Block, we are prepared
to show plans and give prices on some of
the finest house lots offered for sale in this
city in recent years. These lots are em-
braced in the following tracts of land:

President's Hill,
Cranch Hill,
Dell Estate,
WEST QUINCY
Hillside Terrace,
GROVE STREET
Wollaston,
BATES AVENUE.

Will be on land at President's Hill every
afternoon from 2 to 4. Parties desiring
lots or any information on the above
properties, please call at Room 12, Durgin
& Merrill's Block.

JOHN HALL,
Hack & Boarding Stable,
90 Hancock Street,
Quincy.

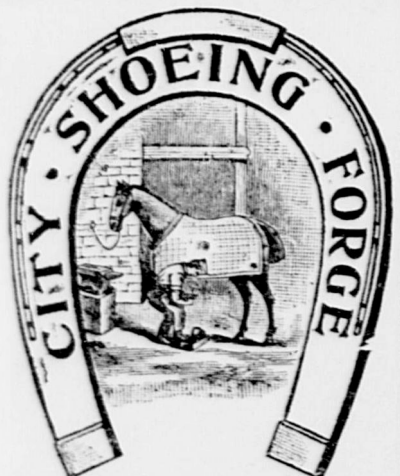
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W. E. BROWN,
UNDERTAKER,
Cor. Canal and Mechanic Streets,
QUINCY.

Residence, - Mechanic St.
Connected by Telephone.

CHARLES H. JOHNSON,
Houses to let in all parts of Quincy.
REAL ESTATE,
Insurance, Mortgages,
AUCTIONEER.

Rents Collected. Justice of the Peace.
Office, Room 3, Adams Building.
Residence, 16 River Street.



No. 12 Quincy Avenue.

HORSE SHOEING
Done in all its branches.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

DANIEL DESMOND, - Proprietor.

Telephone Connection.

POPE AS PEACEMAKERS.

It is not an uncommon thing for the
Pope to act as peacemaker between
two countries in dispute; neither is it
without precedent at this late day. It
ought not to be regarded as an inter-
ference, because His Holiness only in-
terests himself when called upon by
one or both parties in contention,
writes Rev. H. A. Brann, D. D., in
the New York World.

History furnishes numerous in-
stances of the intervention of the
Holy See in the interest of peace.
The early Popes were mediators, ar-
biters and judges, sometimes between
contending kings and nations and
sometimes between the king and his
own people.

The gratitude of the barbarian kings
and people who had been converted to
Christianity made them give to the
head of the church the highest place
in the political economy of their
country. All Europe was Catholic,
Church and state were united, and by
international custom and law there was
practically only one head in temporal,
as there was actually only one in spiri-
tual matters.

The religious schisms of the six-
teenth century, the ambition of the
civil rulers and the loss of Catholic
faith by the people, destroyed the
Pope's temporal prerogatives, weak-
ened his authority and brought it to
its present condition.

It may be said that the power of the
Popes was used to protect the weak
against the strong. A cry for justice
arising from an oppressed people was
always heard in Rome. The popes
championed the people.

against despots. And while by faith
all were for peace rather than war,
they did not abuse their mandatory
powers in stopping the progress of
nations or in stifling the aspirations of
a people who believed themselves
wronged to such an extent as to make
war a natural consequence.

The Popes of the middle ages had
three means of maintaining their ab-
solute power. These were excom-
munication, interdict and deposition.
Excommunication was then a terrible
ban, but an interdict was even worse.
By that the Pope not only suspended
the solemn rites of the church to the
ruler, but to all the people of the
nation, and to peoples of that time
such a penalty was more terrifying
than the approach of death.

In almost every instance, when an
interdict was declared, the people com-
pelled the King to right the wrong of
which he was accused and bow to the
decision of Rome.

King Philip Augustus of France
divorced his wife, Queen Ingeborger,
and she appealed to Rome for justice.
The King breathed defiance and his
kingdom was put under an interdict,
which forced the King to take back
his wife and ask pardon on his knees.

KINGS AND EMPERORS
were dethroned by the Pope for op-
pression, and an outraged people
leaned upon the Papal power as on the
strong arm of justice. Gregory VII.,
"Hildebrand," dethroned the Ger-
man Emperor Henry IV. for infamous
conduct and violation of public rights.
The people of Germany were the
Emperor's accusers. This monarch
attempted to ignore the decree of re-
moval, but finally bowed in submis-
sion and humiliated himself by long
and harsh penance at Canossa in north-
ern Italy.

Pope Alexander III. dethroned the
German despot Barbarossa, for which
act even Voltaire praised the pope,
and said the human race owed him
gratitude. Pope Innocent IV. de-
throned another German despot, Fred-
erick II. Boniface VIII. excom-
municated Philip the Fair of France,
among other reasons, "for loading his
subjects with intolerable burdens."

THE EARLY ANGLO-SAXONS.
always felt as a last resort that they
had a refuge in the benevolent inter-
vention of the Pope on appeal. In
the year 806 the rebel subjects of King
Eadulf asked Pope Leo III. to settle
the dispute between them and their
sovereign. In the year 796 the same
Pope excommunicated King Eadulf
for oppressing the people of Kent.
Pope Leo IV., in the year 855, hark-
ened to the voice of the English people
and issued a decree forbidding any
ruler, civil or ecclesiastical, to put
Englishmen in irons outside their own
country. Some of the continental
princes, it seems, were accustomed to
punish Anglo-Saxon pilgrims and
travellers in that way.

War between nations has several
times been averted by the friendly
mediation of the Pope. Pope Alex-
ander VI. was a Spaniard, yet John
the King of Portugal, in the begin-
ning of the sixteenth century, accepted
him as a mediator in a dispute as to
the boundary line between Spain and
Portugal in their South American
possessions. Ferdinand, King of
Spain, was the other party to the con-
troversary. Diplomacy had been ex-
hausted and war was imminent when
the Pope was asked to act as mediator.

It is not necessary to go back so far,
though, to find an instance where the
Pope has been a successful mediator
between two great powers, one a na-
tion of opposite faith. For the pur-
poses of this article I deem it unneces-
sary to consult a book of reference to
give the exact date of the difficulty
that arose between Germany and
Spain.

REGARDING THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.
But it is within the last ten or twelve
years, if my memory serves me.

This was a serious matter. Much
feeling existed in each country against
the other. All means of a peaceful
settlement through representatives of
either government had failed. Each
country was getting ready for war and
something unusual had to happen to
prevent it.

Something more than unusual hap-
pened—something remarkable, in fact.
It was Bismarck who once said in ad-
dressing the Reichstag in regard to
some Catholic question, "I will not go
to Canossa," which was a scornful
reference to the recantation and pil-
grimage of Henry IV. of Germany,
before mentioned, yet when Emperor
William agreed with Spain to submit
the question to the Pope as arbitrator
and be bound by his decision, Bis-
marck announced that "they had re-
course to the Pope as sovereign; a dig-
nity that history and law and right had
for centuries accorded them." In an
official communication during the ne-
gotiations Bismarck addressed the Pope
as "sire," a term never applied ex-
cept to a sovereign. So even Bis-
marck went to Canossa.

MRS. MICHAEL McGRATH.

Mrs. Michael McGrath, formerly of
Quincy, died in New York city the
later part of last month. Mrs.
McGrath had been in poor health for
some time. Her maiden name was
Cullen, and she was well known and
much respected in Atlantic. She leaves
a husband and one son.

Some time ago the Dublin Freeman's
Journal the most influential of all Irish
papers, took issue with the American
people on the question of the righteous-
ness of the armed assault against
Spain. This paper is supposed to
represent the views of Mr. John Dillon,
Irish parliamentary leader, and Irish-
men in America were much disturbed
that one of their number should coun-
tenance an attack upon the motive of
the United States government. But it
should be remembered that the Journal
is published in Ireland, and reflects
the views, in such matters, of the
Irish people at home, and if these
views are hostile to American, no more
attention should be paid to them than
would be paid to the hostile views
of the English, German or French
press. Irishmen in America are loyal
to the government, and the loyalty or
disloyalty of those not responsible to
American sentiment is of small
moment. The German government
and the whole press of Germany are
bitter against the government of the
United States in the present trouble,
but who on this account would believe
that the Germans here are anything but
loyal, in view of the splendid services
rendered by them in the past. The
Irish people outside the United States
may be divided in their sympathies
at this time, but that Irishmen and
those of Irish parentage here are loyal
and steadfast are matters that concern
us, and for which we are alone re-
sponsible.

CORNELIUS KELLIHER.

Mr. Cornelius Kelliher, life-long
resident of Quincy, died at the Quincy
hospital, April 28 in his fifty-first year.
Mr. Kelliher was for a number of years
the trusted foreman of Packard & Co.
of this city, but was compelled to
leave this employment a few years ago,
for the reason that the peculiarity of
the work was undermining his health.
But it was found out later that he
quitted his post too late, and the
troubles that beset him were beyond
treatment. The deceased was of quiet
and generous nature and had many
sincere friends. Mr. Kelliher was a
widower, his wife having died some
twenty-two years ago. The funeral ser-
vices were held in St. John's church, and
the interment was at the Old Dor-
chester Burying Ground. A mother,
two brothers and a sister, all now resi-
dents of Boston, but formerly residing
on Quincy avenue, survive the de-
ceased.

Catarrah Cannot be Cured.
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they can-
not reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a
blood or constitutional disease, and in order to
cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's
Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts
directly on the blood and mucous surfaces.
Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quick medicine.
It was prescribed by one of the best physicians
in this country for years, and is a regular pre-
scription. It is composed of the best tonics
known, combined with the best blood purifiers,
acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The
perfect combination of the two ingredients is
what produces such wonderful results in curing
Catarrah. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A happy family recently arrived at
Newport, Me., by express in the same
box, four hens, two cats and a white
rat.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

May is the Blessed Virgin's month,
as all the world knows, and special de-
votions in her honor will mark every
day of its duration. Other May feasts
of note are S. S. Philip and James', 1;
St. Athanasius', 2; Finding of the
Cross, 3; St. Monica's, 4; St. John
before the Latin Gate, 6; St. Boni-
face's, 14; St. Sophia's, 15; St. John
Nepomucene's, 16; St. Pascal Baylon's
17; St. Peter Celestine's, 19; St. Ber-
nardine of Siena's, 20; St. Philip
Neri's, 26; and St. Angela Meric's, 31.
Archbishops Elder, Corrigan and
Kain, with Bishops Moore, Spalding,
Rian, McCloskey, Chatard, Gabriels
and Bourgade will keep anniversaries
of their consecration during the
month.

Catholic loyalty is being demon-
strated these days in a striking but
very natural manner. Priests are
offering their services as chaplains,
sisters are volunteering as nurses, and
Catholic institutions are being put at
the disposal of the government for
hospitals, if needed. The Sisters of
the Holy Name Convent, Key West,
have offered their institution for such
purpose, and their offer has been
gratefully accepted by Commander
Sampson, who styles it "a generous
and patriotic tender." Monsignor Jes-
sing of the Columbus (O.) Josephi-
num has made a similar offer, and
there are others.

If the rumor proves true that Bishop
Matz of the Denver diocese is apt to
become the next archbishop of Santa
Fe, which see has been vacant since
Archbishop Chapelle was transferred
to New Orleans, the Denver diocesan
will be relieved of a charge which he
tried, ineffectually, to resign a year or
so ago. Dr. Matz, who is a very
learned prelate, has not had the most
pleasant sort of an experience since he
succeeded to the see of Denver, debt
and other difficulties uniting to bother
him; and he would doubtless welcome
a transfer from Colorado to New
Mexico.

Of course the apostolic delegation
will take no sides pending hostilities
between this country and Spain. It
represents the Holy See here in an
ecclesiastical sense, and therefore
neutrality is the only policy it can fol-
low. With the American hierarchy
and priesthood, however, the case is
altogether different, and there is no
question where the sympathies and
good wishes of those ecclesiastics will
lie during the crisis through which the
country is now passing.

Evidently ritualism is not altogether
on the wane in England, at least to
such a great extent as an article in one
of the English magazines recently
stated it. A London letter of recent
date declares that never before were
palm branches so generally seen in the
British metropolis as on Palm Sunday
this year, the Catholic ceremony being
extensively imitated by many of the
Anglican churches. It seems, too,
that England now gets regular palms,
as this country, and has discarded the
custom, abolished here generally some
years since, of using other branches
instead.

Catholic Chicago, according to the
official report issued in that city, is
growing very rapidly, and seems bent
upon catching up with Catholic New
York if such a feat is possible. The
archdiocesan population is now stated
to be 651,000, a gain of 16,000 over
last year's figures; and there are
nearly 2000 more children in the pa-
rochial schools this year than in 1897.
In the matter of school attendance
Chicago has for several years past led
the whole country.

It is to be hoped that the United
States fleet will not find it necessary to
bombard Havana, for that would prob-
ably mean the great injury, if not total
destruction of the Catholic churches
and other religious establishments
which abound in that city, as well as
great damage to other property.
Havana has some historic churches,
not a few of them dating back cen-
turies; and their destruction would be
an irreparable loss, since it would be
impossible to restore them as they now
stand.

When some troops of the regular
army started from Columbus, Bishop
Watterson's episcopal city, last week,
for Florida, one of the features of
their departure was the decorations
shown by the Cathedral clergy, who
had the rectory fittingly embellished
with bunting, while Old Glory was
flung across the street from the cathe-
dral towers. As the troops passed the
cathedral the bell boomed out a fare-
well to the soldiers, many of whom
had become members of the various
Catholic congregations of the city dur-
ing their stay there.

The number of people who attended
the obsequies of the lamented Cardinal
Taschereau at Quebec was immense,
and the spacious basilica wherein the
services were held could not begin to
receive the multitudes who wished to

enter its portals and pay their last tri-
bute to the dead divine. A good many
French-Canadian priests, now doing
duty in the United States, went to Que-
bec for the occasion, and several mem-
bers of the American hierarchy also
assisted at the obsequies.

Cardinal Gibbons, who went to Que-
bec for the obsequies of Cardinal Tas-
chereau, who became a member of the
Sacred College contemporaneously
with the Baltimore prelate, was made
the recipient of many honors during
his stay in the Dominion. The car-
dinal stopped over at Montreal, and
delighted the English-speaking Catho-
lics of one parish there by preaching
on Sunday in their church.

Here is what one Jesuit, Father M.
P. Dowling, pastor of the Gesu, Mil-
waukee, said from his pulpit on the sub-
ject of war the other day and the atti-
tude of Catholics: "We love peace be-
cause it is one of the greatest blessings
of God and the natural inheritance of
America; but if war must come, we
are with our country first, last and all
the time. We will stand where every
patriot should stand under the flag of
our country, under the folds of the
stars and stripes." That sort of lan-
guage does not sound like what might
be expected from an enemy of Ameri-
can liberty and institutions, such as
the A. P. A. represents every Jesuit as
being.

WORLD DEFYING ARMY.

New York, May 5.—A banquet at the
boys' orphanage was attended by about
400 clergymen, including archbishops,
bishops and priests. It followed ser-
vices at the cathedral yesterday in honor
of Archbishop Corrigan's jubilee. The
three archbishops, 12 bishops and four
monsignors, who attended the celebra-
tion in the cathedral, occupied seats at
the guests' table with Archbishop Cor-
rigan and Monsignor Martineau.

Bishop Farley, toastmaster, read con-
gratulations from Cardinal Rampolla,
the pope's secretary of state, in the name
of the pope. The apostolic delegate,
Monsignor Martineau, responded to the
toast, "Our Holy Father," in Latin,
praising the work of Leo XIII. and de-
claring that his acts in behalf of hu-
manity would stand as a lasting monu-
ment to his honor and glory.



BISHOP McQUAID.

In introducing Bishop McQuaid of
Rochester, who spoke to the toast, "Our
Country," Bishop Farley said that this
was one of the greatest countries that
man ever lived for, bled for and died for.
Now that it was engaged in a deadly
struggle, the Catholics of the country
would be among the first to risk their
lives for its defense, more than one-
third of the navy being Catholics.

Bishop McQuaid was received with the
singing of the "Red, White and Blue,"
led by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia.
His speech was along patriotic lines.
In conclusion he said: "We want a
country unshackled by the chains of
European customs. Our forefathers
laid down for us principles that are
abiding, and I am not so much a be-
liever in the army and navy as I am in
the good common sense of the American
people. I believe in an army that will
embrace all the people, which will en-
able us to defy the world, and in time of
war to call not a million, but ten million
men into the field. They shall be able
to dictate to Europe and the world
the doctrine of peace."

Archbishop Williams of Boston spoke
of New York and New England and paid
a tribute to the memory of Archbishop
Hughes. Rev. Father Dougherty, Vicar
General Mooney and Monsignor Doane
of New Jersey also responded to toasts.

Spain's Coal.

In the discussion of this naval situa-
tion there is one fact always to be kept
steadily in view, and it is a fatal one
for Spain. That country has no coal of
its own, and it has no coaling station
nearer our shores than the Canary is-
lands, 1,000 miles away. It cannot keep
its war craft afloat except with our con-
sent, and this is especially true of tor-
pedo boats. They are practically useless
any great distance from their base of
supplies, as they have no cruising ca-
pacity in their coal bunkers.—Chicago
Tribune.

J. W. McANARNEY,

Counsellor-at-Law,

QUINCY, MASS.

Room 1, Durgin & Merrill's Block.

Saturdays at the office of J. E.
COTTER, 190 Washington Street, Boston

Dr. G. R. England
DENTIST,

14 Chestnut Street,
Quincy.

Connected by Telephone.

CUBAN ARMY CORPS.

THEIR STRENGTH, RESOURCES, DISCIPLINE AND COMMANDERS.

Clemency of the Cubans to Their Prisoners—The Army's Excellent System of Information of the Enemy's Movements. Great Need of Arms and Safe Hospitals.

In a recent article written for the New York World Tomas Estrada Palma, delegate of the Cuban revolutionary party, says:

The army of the republic of Cuba is divided into six corps, and these are divided into divisions, brigades and regiments.

The three eastern corps—namely, two in the province of Santiago and one in the province of Puerto Principe—are under the superior command of General Calixto Garcia. The individual commanders of these corps are General Jesus Rabi, General Pedro A. Perez and General Lopez Rocio. The fourth army corps is commanded by General Francisco Carrillo, in the province of Santa Clara. The fifth and sixth corps are under the superior command of General Jose Maria Rodriguez. These last two occupy the province of Matanzas, Havana and Pinar del Rio. The commander in Matanzas is General Pedro Bontancourt. General Alejandro Rodriguez commands the province of Havana and General Pedro Diaz the province of



Pinar del Rio. General Maximo Gomez, commander in chief of all the forces, has his headquarters in the central province, Santa Clara, the better to direct operations in the east and the west.

In the three easterly provinces there are about 20,000 men under arms, while in the rest of the island there are about 10,000 additional. This number does not, however, include the entire number of Cubans in the field, as there are many thousands waiting for rifles, cultivating crops for the sustenance of the army and otherwise rendering useful service to the armed forces and the government. General Garcia has a train of artillery, consisting of two 12 pounders and a pneumatic dynamite gun, with which he has been very successful in the capture of towns and fortresses.

All prisoners captured by the Cubans are liberated, with the exception of a few who have been utilized as prisoners of war in tilling the soil. This policy of liberation was adopted for several reasons—first because of the impossibility of keeping a large body of prisoners, as they would eat up the food required for our own army, and since with the knowledge that their lives would be spared the Spaniards would not resist to the utmost, and, surrendering with their accoutrements, would increase the supply of arms and ammunition of the Cubans.

The Cuban army lives on the country and in the eastern portion of the island still enjoys a fair supply of meat. There are depots for the making of salt. Contrary to the general belief, the Cuban army has not been supplied with rations from abroad, but as operations on a large scale will now have to be undertaken there will have to be provision made from abroad for the establishment of a regular commissary department, as in the present devastated condition of the island it will be impossible for a large body of troops to subsist on the local supplies. This would be especially true in case of sieges.

A great difficulty with the Cuban army has been the impossibility of establishing and maintaining safe hospitals for their sick and wounded. This has always seriously impeded active operations. The Red Cross society was not permitted by the Spanish to exercise its functions. On the contrary, wherever a Cuban hospital was found by Spanish troops the inmates, nurses and physicians were all massacred. The Cubans have established various factories in the eastern provinces, where powder, saddles, knapsacks, shoes, etc., are manufactured for the use of the army. Many of the Cubans employed in the factories had on the fields have seen service during the present war, but owing to the scarcity of arms and ammunition it has been the policy of the Cuban officers to disarm part of their forces at times, so as to enable the new recruits to be properly drilled and disciplined. If the Cubans should now receive an abundant supply of arms, the army could speedily be doubled in number by re-enlisting these former soldiers.

In the eastern provinces the cavalry regiments have played a very active part in the operations as well as in the celebrated invasion of the west by General Gomez and General Maceo. The Cubans are excellent riders, and their horses, although small, are capable of great endurance. A march of 45 miles in one day has often been accomplished by cavalry regiments. The personal escort and immediate command of General Gomez are entirely made up of Camaguey cavalry, the best in the island. The Spanish cavalry is practically only

mounted infantry, and there is no instance in the present war of these Spanish troops engaging the same branch of the Cuban army. The Cubans have always been successful, thanks to this superiority, in outflanking the enemy.

Another superiority of the Cuban army has been its excellent system of information of the enemy's movements. The Spanish Cubans, before the reconcentration edict was enforced, were giving accurate information to the Cuban forces of the strength and plans of the enemy. Cubans in the cities also co-operated in this way with their brethren in the field, and the latter were accordingly enabled to avoid a superior force or prepare an ambush to receive it.

If properly armed and equipped, an acclimated Cuban army of sufficient strength can be placed in the field which will be able to drive out the Spanish army from Cuba, in co-operation with the American fleet and some American troops, especially artillery, thus saving the lives of possibly thousands of American soldiers.

THEIR METHODS OF BATTLE.

Cubans Fight in Open Order, Spaniards in Line of Battle or in Squares.

From the outset the Cubans realized the impossibility of carrying on a warfare of pitched battles, with the difficulty of obtaining sufficient arms and ammunition. When it is remembered that at one time Spain had as many as 220,000 soldiers in Cuba, the wisdom of guerrilla warfare is evident. Thoroughly acquainted with every foot of the country, the Cubans always choose their ground. They cannot be severely defeated, because where victory is impossible they scatter only to reunite at a place agreed upon. It is like striking at a swarm of mosquitoes; you may crush a few, but the rest escape to trouble you anew.

The Cubans fight in open order, while the Spaniards invariably fight in line of battle, or in squares. Whenever threatened by Cuban cavalry the Spaniards form into square, thus offering a broad mark. When the Spanish vanguard is attacked on the march, it generally falls back on the main body, which then forms for action. Thus it is that a few Cubans will harass a Spanish column for miles, retiring slowly, forcing the regulars to form time and again, inflicting numerous losses, and goading the enemy to madness at the impossibility of retaliation. Often they draw the Spaniards slowly on into the ambush previously prepared, which the luxuriant vegetation renders it comparatively easy to do.—Horatio S. Rubens in North American Review For May.

SPAIN'S COLONIES.

Her Possessions in Both Hemispheres Aggregate 405,348 Square Miles.

We should disabuse our minds of the impression that Spain's colonial possessions in the old world are restricted mainly to the Philippines. While poor even to beggary in comparison with what she once possessed, Spain lacks much of being wholly and actually bereft. Her possessions in Asia include the Philippine islands, containing 114,326 square miles and 7,000,000 inhabitants; the Sulu islands, containing 950 square miles and 75,000 inhabitants; the Caroline islands, containing 560 square miles and 36,000 inhabitants; and the Mariana islands, containing 420 square miles and 10,172 inhabitants.

Her possessions in Africa include Rio de Oro and Adrar, containing 245,000 square miles and 100,000 inhabitants; Fernando Po Corsico and San Juan, containing 850 square miles and 30,000 inhabitants; and Ifui, containing 27 square miles and 6,000 inhabitants. Spain's colonial possessions in both hemispheres aggregate 405,348 square miles and 9,659,000 inhabitants. We have not the figures at hand showing the extent of her interests in the Canary and Cape Verde islands. In regard to Cuba and Puerto Rico sufficient is known already. Cuba comprises only one-ninth of Spain's colonial area and only one-sixth of her colonial population.—Atlanta Constitution.

SPANISH CHICKENS.

They Are Persons Non Grate in Michigan Since the War Began.

Captain Nichols of Northville, Mich., is a chicken breeder of more than ordinary repute and has several varieties of thoroughbreds, which are greatly admired. Among the lot is a pen of choice Spanish Minorcas, which have hitherto been allowed the freedom of the yards and gardens of the neighborhood residents.

After the news of the declaration of war was received the other day the neighbors notified the captain that the first Spanish chicken entering on their premises after 4 p. m. on that day would meet with the fate of the battleship Maine. The captain has placed the Minorcas under lock and key, and they will not be liberated until the stars and stripes float over Morro Castle.—Detroit Free Press.

Will Carry a Historic Sword.

Charles Weaver, a Butler county boy, now captain of a company of troops at Hot Springs, Ark., who will serve in the present war with Spain, will have the honor of carrying a sword never drawn but in a righteous cause and never sheathed in dishonor. It was first carried by his great-grandfather in the Revolutionary war, again by his great-grandfather in the war of 1812, and next by his uncle, who was killed in the war of the rebellion at the battle of Arkansas Post.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lee Knows Cuba.

The wisdom of General Lee's suggestion of linen uniforms for our soldiers operating in Cuba will be recognized by all who are familiar with the Cuban climate. It is understood that the plans of the war department contemplate such a provision.—Boston Journal.

COWBOY TROOPERS.

WHEN THEY CHARGE, SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO GIVE WAY.

Will Go Into Action With a Six Shooter in Either Hand and Their Mustangs on the Jump—The Men Who Will Lead Them.

Fully as unique as the zonaves of the civil war and probably far more efficient for the purpose intended are the cowboy cavalry regiments now being organized.

The cowboy just fits our idea of what a mounted soldier should be like. He is



LIEUTENANT COLONEL ROOSEVELT LEADING HIS COWBOYS.

the best rider in the world; physically he is "hard as nails;" he can shoot quicker and faster and straighter than any one else in the business, and he would "sooner fight than eat."

What will become of the Spanish regiment of drafted striplings which gets in the way of these daredevils of the plains is almost pathetic to contemplate. Ordinarily cavalry would not be sent against infantry, but the cowboy regiments will be able to cope with anything except machine guns and heavy ordnance. The average cavalryman guides his horse with one hand and with the other uses either his saber or his revolver. The rifle slung across his back he uses only when dismounted.

But the cowboy cavalryman will go into action in a far different manner. Guiding his well trained mustang only with his knees and with a six shooter in either hand, he will charge on the jump. Where he charges something will give way too.

The first regiment to be raised is commanded by Colonel Leonard Wood and Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Colonel Wood is also Dr. Wood, for he is the army surgeon stationed in Washington in care of the health of officers and their families, and is also attending physician to the president.

It was Mr. Roosevelt's own selection that he should be made second in command under Dr. Wood on account of the latter's thorough knowledge of military affairs. The doctor is already famous as a soldier, having won a medal of honor for his distinguished gallantry while commanding a detachment of troops in the hard Apache campaign against Geronimo.

Secretary Alger selected Colonel Wood and Mr. Roosevelt for the places because he felt that their training and experience in the past peculiarly fitted them to do good service with such organizations. Mr. Roosevelt, who resigned the post of assistant secretary of the navy in order that he might have a chance to do actual fighting when the time came for the invasion of Cuba, ought to make a dashing leader for such a dashing troop. He has been a cowboy himself, has killed big game in the Rockies and is an expert rifle shot. As for his belligerency, toward Spain or any old thing that merits the hostile feeling of an honest man, it is never failing.

Judge Jay L. Torrey of Wyoming is the man who has asked permission to raise the other regiment of cowboys. Judge Torrey is a wealthy rancher who spends his summers among his cowboys and his winters in Washington.

Concerning the uniforms and equipments of the men, the plan is to have a distinct uniform which will be both serviceable and ornamental and charac-



DR. LEONARD WOOD.

teristic of them. Their equipment is the best that the world has ever seen, and they will probably be permitted to retain it. As to arms, they would wish to avoid everything that is useless or simply ornamental, including sabers, and to be furnished, if possible, each with a couple of six shooters and a long range rifle.

Said a western congressman in speaking of the cowboy regiments: "Wherever they strike, they will make things hum. When they reach a town, the inhabitants will think that several circouses and several kinds of a disaster have broken in upon them."

ANDREW DOWNS.

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

The Message on the Bank Note—A Baffled Tigress—The Dentist's Chance. Willing to Assist Him.

Some years ago the cashier of a Liverpool merchant received a small Bank of England note, which he held up to the light to make sure it was genuine. In doing so he noticed some indistinct brownish marks as if words had been traced on the front of the note and on the margin. Out of curiosity he tried to decipher them. In a weak solution of acid the words came out much more legibly, and he was able to read the following sentence:

"If this note should fall in the hands of John Dean of Longhillmar, he will learn thereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers."

Mr. Dean, when the note was shown to him, lost no time in asking the government for assistance and finally secured the freedom of his brother on payment of a ransom to the dey. The unfortunate man had been a prisoner for 11 years and had traced with a piece of wood for pen and his own blood for ink the message.—Gentleman.

A Baffled Tigress.

An officer of the Bengal lancers, who was seized by a tigress owed his escape to a curious accident. The tigress seized him by the breast of his coat and shook him till he became unconscious. On recovering he heard a strange noise at a little distance, as if somebody was



THE TIGRESS SEIZED HIM.

sneezing violently. It was the tigress herself. He slowly turned round and gave a furtive glance in that direction.

He could hardly believe his eyes. There was the tigress slinking off with her tail very much between her legs and sneezing most violently and making the most piteous grimaces. The truth dawned upon him like a flash of lightning. In the operation of shaking him his snuffbox had flown open from his waistcoat pocket, and the tigress had received the contents thereof full in her face.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Dentist's Opportunity.

"I was particularly busy on last Tuesday," said the dentist. "My office was crowded all day, and one of the last patients to be attended to was a big, fat, middle aged woman. She had been waiting for nearly three hours, but at last it was her turn, and she moved up to the chair with all the airy grace of a steam roller. Apparently the crowd in the office had impressed her deeply, for the first thing she said was:

"Doctor, you was doing a good beesness."

"Yes," I said, "I keep pretty busy." "My, but you must be making a big lot of money! Say, doctor, was you a single man?"

"This was getting rather interesting, but the question was fired point blank, at short range, and I felt that I had to answer, so I admitted that such was the case. By this time she had hoisted her self into the chair, and she gave me a look that—well, you remember the picture entitled 'The Amorous Hippopotamus'?"

"Say, doctor," she said, "und I vat a single woman?"—New York Sun.

An Ingenious Romeo.

The parents of a Bethany (Mo.) girl objected to her suitor and to keep her from running away locked her in her room. Her "dearly beloved" was not to be outwitted, and remembering that she had a few weeks before taken a scarfpin or ring belonging to him, he had a warrant issued for her arrest and sent the officer to serve the paper. While the officer was taking her to town the lover met her on the road and, having all preparations made, went on her bond and drove with her immediately to the preacher's house, where they were made one.—Exchange.

This Terrapin Has a Diamond Back.

A "genuine diamond back terrapin," as it is termed, is displayed in the show window of a jeweler on South Gay street. The terrapin is small in size, but sports on its back 13 large diamonds, valued at \$2,500. The largest diamond, a 4½ carat stone, is in the center of the back, and from it radiate four rows of diamonds, three diamonds being in each row. A silver bowl in which the terrapin is placed prevents it wandering away. The jeweler says jewels thus set are worn by the women in Paris.—Baltimore Sun.

Willing to Assist Him.

When Marion Crawford was here, several persons asked for his autograph. Among them was a little girl, who said, with charming frankness:

"I have never read 'Mr. Isaacs,' but if you'll write your name in my album I'll promise you that I'll buy the book and help you out!"

Mr. Crawford coughed and said he didn't have time to write anything just then.—Atlanta Constitution.

SPANISH SOLDIERS.

THE KIND OF MEN WE ARE TO DRIVE FROM CUBA.

The Private Is a Slouch Who Prefers a Cigarette to a Gun, While the Dandified Officer Has More Gold Lace Than Brains.

Without questioning his valor or saying a word as to his fighting ability the Spanish soldier, the man we are going to drive out of Cuba, looks like a mighty poor warrior.

He is a slouch for one thing, both in clothes and action. He looks most natural when sitting down, his back braced against something stable and a cigarette between his lips. This, by the way, is his favorite attitude.

He handles his gun as if he didn't know exactly what to do with it, and he doesn't. The expression of his eyes betrays but little intelligence. None is concealed, however. He shows as much as he has. You can hardly expect much of him mentally though. The opportunities of the Spanish peasant for becoming enlightened are limited.

The uniform of the Spanish soldier is made of blue and white striped cotton denim. We use lots of it in this country—not for uniforms, but for bed-ticks and pillow bags. This good, honest material the Spanish tailor cuts up in the most original fashion. He makes the seat of the trousers come just a little above where the knee bend ought to be. If the soldier is a short legged freak, the uniform fits, but if his legs are long the bottoms wave some five or six inches above his shoe tops. This is not because the tailor is sparing of his cloth, for he makes the waist long enough to reach the armpits.

Thus attired the average Spanish soldier is not an object to inspire terror or even respect. Then he is undersized, often manifestly underfed, slouching in gait and hangdog in general appearance, about as wide a contrast as can well be imagined to "the West Point cut," which is the American standard of what a warrior should be. These may understand the theory and practice of war all right, but somehow the true martial order does not seem to extend down into their backbone and legs.

The uniforms of the officers are of the same material, but each one wears a few gilt stars on his coat sleeve and a white canvas hat. The enlisted men wear hats of panama straw turned up on one side and fastened with a rosette.

The Havana volunteers, corresponding to our national guard, act as adjuncts to the city police. Their guard mounting and inspection every morning in the Prado are worth going far to see. It seems to be a sort of "go as you please" arrangement, each man choosing his own gait and deportment. Talk-



SPANISH INFANTRYMAN—HIS FAVORITE ATTITUDE.

ing in the ranks at all times and even cigarette smoking are allowed. At inspection the men become silent and immovable only when the officer approaches them and relax into sociability the instant his back is turned.

But if the common soldiers are a sorry looking lot some of the high commissioned officers make up for it all by their own magnificence. Their uniforms are gorgeous. The slouchy looking soldiers, however, may be capable of fighting like crazy fiends under the spur of excitement, but the officers have proved their inability to fight time and time again.

"Braggarts in peace, cowards in war and thieves at all times"—such was Sir William Francis Napier's summing up of his opinion of the Spanish soldiers. But the severe criticism of the distinguished English officer and historian was directed more toward the generals than the privates. During the whole war in Cuba the Spanish officers have been outgeneraled. One striking feature is enough to prove this. Nine different times, through sheer imbecility of their commanders and deceived by adroit movements of the insurgents, have Spanish columns engaged in bloody fights among themselves.

Military writers of repute, while recognizing the merit of Gomez and Maceo's march upon the western provinces of Cuba, have declared that whatever the boldness, shrewdness and courage of the two rebel chiefs their famous raid could never have been carried out but for the folly of the Spanish commanders.

To crush Antonio Maceo General Weyler threw 85,000 soldiers into the small province of Pinar del Rio. Bloody fights were fought, in none of which could any one of the Spanish generals boast of having obtained a victory over that extraordinary Cuban leader. When the time came for Maceo to leave Pinar del Rio, he crossed the so called impassable trocha, and so this bulwark, Weyler's pride, the building of which cost Spain millions of treasure and thousands of lives, proved to be futile. Maceo was later killed, but, as the Spanish press has repeatedly said, his death was due to hazard, not to the skill of any of the leaders of the Spanish army.

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